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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XXI

January 1909

No 3



*"My lady comes away
like a guilty witch"
SEE "LADY ISABEL'S DAUGHTER."*

Published at Augusta, Maine

COMFORT

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In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Holliness is the symmetry of the soul.
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.
Quarrels would never last long if the fault were only on one side.
He is great who is what he is by nature and does not remind us of others.
Men who know the same things are not long the best company for each other.
Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.
The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome.
He who loves with purity considers not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver.
Every mother wishes one son to be a genius, though all the others should be mediocre.
A woman has this quality in common with angels, that those who suffer belong to her.
Leisure for men of business and business for men of leisure would cure many complaints.
The search after the great is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood.
Have more than thou showest; speak less than thou knowest; spend less than thou owest.
Vulgar minds refuse and crouch beneath their loads; the brave bear theirs without reaping.
Thought makes purposes; purposes, actions; actions, character; and character fixes our destiny.
Hope is like the sun, which as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.
We should never remember the benefits we have conferred, nor forget the favors we have received.
Gold, like the sun which melts wax but hardens clay, expands great souls and contracts little ones.
Recreation is not the highest kind of enjoyment, but in its time and place is quite as proper as prayer.
Every tomorrow has two handles—we can take hold of it by the handle of doubt, or the handle of faith.
An egotist is a man who talks so much about himself he gives the rest of us no time to talk about ourselves.
The custom and fashion of today will be the awkwardness and outrage of tomorrow, so changeable is man.
If your whole life is guided by religion, the hearts of others may be touched by this mute language and may open to the reception of that spirit which dwells in you.

Current Topics

Donald Grant Mitchell ("Ike Marvel") author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," died Dec. 15.

Vaccination against typhoid fever has been under consideration at Washington recently, by medical men.

To prevent the theft of electric light bulbs a socket is now made which locks with a key, so that removal is impossible without the key.

The battleship Maine heads the squadron, where the fleet is to take part in the inauguration of President Gomez at Havana Jan. 23.

After the ceremonies the fleet is to meet the home-coming battleship fleet and escort it to Hampton Roads.

Bronze medals are to be presented by the President to employees of the Isthmian Canal Commission who have served two years or more on the Isthmus.

The Woman Suffrage Association of New Jersey recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Lucy Stone by letting her household goods, including her baby's carriage, be sold for taxes in Orange as a protest against taxation without representation.

COMFORT'S Calendar for January

Moon's Phases.	Eastern Time.	Central Time.	Mountain Time.	Pacific Time.
Full Moon.....	D. H. M. 6 9 13Morn.	D. H. M. 6 8 13Morn.	D. H. M. 6 7 13Morn.	D. H. M. 6 6 13Morn.
Last Quarter.....	14 1 11Even.	14 0 11Even.	14 11 11Morn.	14 10 11Morn.
New Moon.....	21 7 12Even.	21 6 12Even.	21 5 12Even.	21 4 12Even.
First Quarter.....	28 10 7Morn.	28 9 7Morn.	28 8 7Morn.	28 7 7Morn.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Light and Dark Moon.	Place.	Calendar—N. States, Lat. 42°+	Calendar—S. States, Lat. 33°+
				SUN Rises. Sets. H. M. H. M.	SUN Rises. Sets. H. M. H. M.
1 Fri				7 30 4 39 2 20	7 3 5 5 2 8
2 Sat				7 30 4 40 3 30	7 3 5 6 3 11
3 Sun				7 30 4 40 4 41	7 3 5 7 4 16
4 Mo				7 30 4 41 5 46	7 3 5 8 5 19
5 Tu				7 30 4 42 6 48	7 3 5 8 6 18
6 We				7 30 4 43 rises 7 3 5 9 rises	
7 Th				7 30 4 44 5 40	7 3 5 10 6 9
8 Fri				7 29 4 45 6 40	7 3 5 11 7 5
9 Sat				7 29 4 46 7 40	7 3 5 12 8 1
10 Sun				7 29 4 47 8 40	7 3 5 13 8 57
11 Mo				7 29 4 48 9 42	7 3 5 13 9 52
12 Tu				7 29 4 49 10 45	7 3 5 14 10 49
13 We				7 28 4 50 11 45	7 3 5 15 11 42
14 Th				7 28 4 51 morn 7 3 5 16 morn	
15 Fri				7 27 4 52 0 47	7 3 5 17 0 37
16 Sat				7 27 4 54 1 53	7 2 5 18 1 38
17 Sun				7 26 4 55 3 2	7 2 5 19 2 40
18 Mo				7 26 4 57 4 11	7 2 5 19 3 44
19 Tu				7 25 4 58 5 21	7 2 5 20 4 51
20 We				7 25 4 59 6 28	7 1 5 21 5 57
21 Th				7 24 5 0 7 27	7 1 5 22 6 58
22 Fri				7 24 5 1 sets 7 1 5 23 sets	
23 Sat				7 23 5 2 7 3	7 0 5 24 7 22
24 Sun				7 22 5 4 8 23	7 0 5 25 8 36
25 Mo				7 22 5 5 9 43	6 59 5 26 9 49
26 Tu				7 21 5 7 10 57	6 59 5 27 10 54
27 We				7 20 5 8 morn 6 58 5 28 morn	
28 Th				7 19 5 9 0 10	6 57 5 29 0 1
29 Fri				7 18 5 10 1 23	6 57 5 30 1 6
30 Sat				7 17 5 11 2 33	6 56 5 31 2 10
31 Sun				7 16 5 13 3 40	6 55 5 32 3 13

WEATHER FORECAST FOR JANUARY.

1st to 4th—STORM WAVE. Much cold, squally weather, with snow blizzards generally in the north-west. Dangerous gales over the Great Lakes and New England. General rains in Gulf and South Atlantic States.

5th to 9th—COLD WAVE. Zero weather in upper Missouri and Mississippi River valleys. Blizzard storms over Rocky Mountain highland and the Middle West. Snow squalls in New York and New England.

10th to 15th—MILD PERIOD. Generally open, clear weather in northwest portion and throughout upper Lake region. Slush and mud general in States of the central and lower Mississippi valley basin. Fair and frosty conditions in Middle Atlantic and New England States.

16th to 20th—STORM WAVE. Unsettled and stormy on Pacific slope, the Rocky Mountain highland and States west of the Mississippi river. Strong gales and unusually stormy conditions over the Great Lakes. Great danger to all sail craft on lakes and in North Atlantic coast waters.

21st to 25th—COLD PERIOD. Cold nights and mornings over all northern and northwest portions. Fair weather in west and southwest sections. Cold and blizzard in Middle Atlantic States.

26th to 31st—UNSETTLED PERIOD. Fair and frosty in the northwest. Stormy and unsettled in the southwest and over west Gulf States. Much fog and dampness in Lake region and New England States. Rain period on south Atlantic slope.

Is January Your Birthmonth?

January, which is the first month of our year, derives its name from the Roman God, Janus, who was the two-faced God, and his name was given to this month because it occupied a position in the calendar which enabled it to look backward upon the old year and forward to the new. January was not recognized generally in Great Britain as the first month until 1752, when a law was passed declaring it to be the first month all over the kingdom. Previous to that, the Julian not the Gregorian calendar was in partial use, and March 25th was the first day of the year in many parts of Britain.
January's chief day is New Year's, and it is a day of more or less celebration everywhere, although less observed now than formerly. The other notable days are January 8th, anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, a legal holiday in the state of Louisiana; 10th, birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and a legal holiday in Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, and Arkansas. There is no legal holiday in the month observable by all the states, although New Year's Day is a legal holiday in all states except Massachusetts, Mississippi and New Hampshire. January is not a month of any unusual great events, although two presidents were born in it, Fillmore and McKinley, and Americans think that the battle of New Orleans was something of a fight. Lincoln announced the Emancipation Proclamation January 1st, 1863; Ben Franklin was born January 17th, 1706; Gen. R. E. Lee, 19th, 1807; and Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany, 27th of January, 1859.

What the Astrologer Says if You Were Born in January

Astrologically January includes the tenth and eleventh signs of the zodiac, Capricorn (the goat) influencing until the 20th, and Aquarius (the Water-bearer) until the close of the month. Persons born under Capricorn will have much marital trouble as they are aggressive, warlike, enthusiastic and vehement. They are slow to wrath, but slow to forgive and though they have strong will power it will vary. But they will reach their goal at last. They are usually people of brusque manners. The man born in Capricorn is fond of fine clothes and good living. He is conceited but not cowardly, and has more friends than enemies, especially among the fair sex. The woman is apt to be high tempered and queer, but she may overcome her faults and become a most excellent woman and wife. She will have but few children and they will not be particularly creditable to her. She will not have much trouble or illness. Persons born under Aquarius will have a special fondness and ability for the fine arts, and the men may become very popular orators. They will have plenty of will power, but it will not be under good control. They dream of riches and honor, and they will make good rulers and managers. They will gather much property, but lose it repeatedly through intrigues of their enemies. They will inherit property and have trouble with their relatives over it. They will travel much but it will bring trouble to them and their health will suffer on account of it. They will have many reverses, but win finally. They will have many enemies, but more friends. They run many risks by reason of their rashness, and they should at all times restrain their impulses or serious results will follow. Aquarius brings twins very often and death in child-birth is not improbable. Children will be delicate and hard to raise. Marriage with artists or actors is probable. Aquarius women are hard workers and careful in money matters. They are apt to be nervous from too much work, and will have fits of depression. Aquarius people are subject to accidents and sudden deaths may be expected among them. They are of simple and straightforward natures, but are passionate and strongly convincing. Gout, rheumatism and stomach troubles are the diseases most common to Capricorn people, while those born under Aquarius, that is after the 20th, are subject to troubles of the stomach and lungs with sick headaches and neuralgia of the brain. Liability to these diseases may be lessened by change of climate.
Saturday is the unlucky day to those born in Capricorn, but Thursday is a lucky day for the month. The best days in the month for love, business and all affairs are the Thursdays, also the 4th, 10th, 15th, 19th, 24th, and 29th. Bad days for all are the 3rd and the 20th, and for women the 12th and 13th. The last day of the month is one when no long journey should be taken nor important business be likely to lose her husband soon and suddenly. The best hours of the lucky days are before twelve noon, and the worst hours of the unlucky days are from three to five in the afternoon. Whatever you have to do on those days get it done early. March and November are the lucky months for Capricorn people, and April and August for Aquarius people. Saturdays are the bad days and Wednesdays the good days for Capricorn, the year around, and for Aquarius, Thursdays are lucky and Wednesdays unlucky.

Told Around the Stove

Big Fires

"The great forest fires following the drouth of September and October last," said a man in a white necktie and glasses, "burned over thousands of acres of woods and took a number of small towns in their path, involving considerable destruction of life and millions of dollars in property, but the big fires of the world have been found in our cities, where the territory is not so extensive and property is much more valuable. New York for example, away back yonder in 1835, had a fire destroying 674 buildings worth \$17,500,000. Hamburg, Germany, had one in 1842 destroying 1,992 buildings valued at \$35,000,000. Constantinople, in 1848, lost 3,000 shops and houses worth \$15,000,000; and in 1870 had another which destroyed 7,000 houses worth \$25,000,000. Portland, Me., in 1866 had a \$10,000,000 fire. St. John's, N. F., a small city, had a \$5,000,000 fire in 1846 and a \$25,000,000 one in 1892, while St. John, N. B., had a \$15,000,000 fire in 1877 with a loss of 100 lives. Boston's big fire burned up 748 of its best business houses, aggregating a loss of \$70,000,000, in 1872. The great fire of Chicago, in 1871, burned 18,000 buildings with a loss of \$165,000,000. St. Hyacinth, a small Canadian town, had a \$15,000,000 fire in 1876, and in the same year Quebec had a \$6,000,000 loss. Baltimore, in 1904, had a \$50,000,000 fire, taking 2,500 buildings. Guayaquil, Ecuador, had a \$22,

000,000 fire in 1896. The biggest fire known to history was that of San Francisco, in 1906, when aided by an earthquake, the loss reached \$350,000,000. In 1851 the same town lost 2,500 buildings worth \$3,500,000, all by fire. Fires entailing a loss of a million or over may be numbered by the hundreds, and the record shows that the largest cities of the world have better facilities for fighting fires. However, when a fire does get a good start in a big city it does a lot of damage before the very best appliances can put it out."

Fatality of Peace

"We are generally supposed to believe that war is a much more bloody proceeding than peace," said a man who might have been a minister of the gospel, "but figures show that peace has more victims than war. For example, in the two bloodiest wars of modern times, the Civil War in the United States and the Russo-Japanese war, there were in the first 150,000 killed on both sides, and in the latter, the total killed and wounded amounted to 333,786. That looks like a good many, doesn't it? And it is, but let us look at our peace accident list a minute. On the railways alone in this country we kill over 10,000 a year, and in coal mining, 1500 a year are killed and 8,000 are injured. In our build-

ing and manufacturing we have about 425,000 accidents a year, and in all our industries about 525,000. And these accidents cost \$348,000,000 a year, which is more costly than war—nearly a million dollars a day. In Europe, where they are much more careful of human life, accidents will occur, and in France, with only half our population and ten times our precaution, public and personal, there are over 200,000 accidents a year. Most of the victims of peace are, fortunately, not killed but wounded. Just the same, we are too careless and more efforts are being made now to reduce the risk to human life than has ever been made. We cannot possibly prevent all accidents, but we can reach a minimum, and the time has come when we must do it and will do it."

A Million a Minute

"A million dollars a minute looks like a good deal of money to spend, doesn't it?" said a civil engineer from New York. "But that is what every minute of time saved by the New York Central and Pennsylvania railroads is costing them in making their time saving terminal facilities at New York City. Two hours saved in getting trains in and out of the metropolis will cost those roads 120 millions of dollars, if not more. The Pennsylvania over its entire line to Pittsburg is spending 220 millions in improvements to save time. Seventy millions were spent between Pittsburg and Philadelphia in lowering grades to save ninety minutes, or about \$800,000 a minute. Between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, 105 miles, an hour has been saved at a cost of \$13,000,000, an average of about \$100,000 a minute only. Only a hundred thousand dollars a minute? That is not much, is it? To save three minutes between Philadelphia and Trenton, cost \$200,000 a minute, nearly. The Southern Pacific saved two hours by the Lucin cut-off across Salt Lake, at a cost of about \$35,000 a minute. The Missouri Pacific has been spending immense sums in improvements, and every minute saved has cost about half a million dollars. Railroad men estimate that the roads have spent 750 million dollars in the last few years in tunnels, bridges, grade improvements, cut-offs, etc., all to save time. The old saying, 'Time is money,' is true enough of the railroads, sure."

The Richest Man

"When we talk about John D. Rockefeller as the richest man in the world, or any other man, except the Czar of Russia, we are off the count," said a traveler who had been to that big country. "The Czar has more of this world's goods than any other man on earth. To start with, the imperial house of Russia, which is the Czar's family, has \$7,500,000 a year from the government, mostly for palace expenses, servants, etc. His wife and the Dowager Empress have \$100,000 each a year for pin money, and every child of the Czar until it is twenty-one has \$20,000 a year with \$50,000 a year extra to the heir to the throne. But the main source of the Czar's supply is the imperial domains comprising 21,323,000 acres, that is about as much as the entire acreage of the State of Maine. Mines, mills, fisheries, farms and all other sorts of industries thrive on these acres and the yearly income to the Czar is about \$10,000,000. That looks like enough, doesn't it? But he has more. The Cabinet properties, so called, belong personally to the Czar. Most of this property is in Siberia and comprises 115 million acres, or nearly four times the size of all New England. This land is rich in minerals, but as yet it has hardly been touched, and what the Czar would be worth if it were developed would make our biggest fortunes look like thirty-five cents. Still he is not happy, and the fuse of a bomb may be sizzling under him this very minute."

Our National Representatives

"It's getting better to be a member of Congress these days," said the old party with a red nose, "and I'd like to go there myself. It used to be only \$5,000 a year, with his office in his hat; then the member got a clerk; now he gets \$7,500 a year, and pretty soon he will have a marble palace, costing \$3,000,000, where he can have his own office and receive his constituents in the proper manner. This new structure, the largest office building in the world, contains 500 offices, is a third of a mile from the Capitol and is connected with it by a subway through which an electric railway will carry the tired members back and forth. Oh, I tell you, it's fine. But it isn't fancy; it is very useful, indeed, for the Capitol was so crowded that there wasn't room for members to get around in at all and attend to business, outside of the House. A similar building is to be erected for the Senators, but theirs won't be ready for some time yet. All the offices and furnishings in the members' building are exactly alike and the rooms are the same size, 25x16 feet, and every modern convenience has been supplied. Some of the wayback members won't feel quite at home, I reckon, when they first get into their palatial surroundings, but they'll get used to them, and they won't blow out the gas because the building is lighted by electricity."

50 Cash Prizes for Children Only

Every Boy and Girl Should Read This

Little George Young entered the subscription prize contest for November, competing with the grown-up people and won one of the 124 November cash prizes. Not one of the children's prizes such as we are going to tell you about, but one of the regular monthly prizes. And if he is smart enough to win a monthly prize again in December we double it for him. Almost no children have entered, but we want them to enter and do their best to win a monthly prize like Little George Young. So we shall distribute 50 Cash Prizes of One Dollar each among the boys and girls under fifteen years of age who enter and do their best to win a monthly cash prize in January, but do not succeed in winning. We shall give these fifty \$1.00 prizes to those whose enterprise and diligence seems to us to be most worthy of reward.

Now boys and girls enter at once by sending in a club of two or more subscriptions, and then keep at it through the rest of the month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of the month will count on that month if the postmark on the envelope shows it.

When you enter, be sure to give your age, and every time you send in your subscriptions be sure to write us that they are to go on the Subscription Prize Contest.

Remember, also, that you have a right to all the nice club premiums which the subscriptions that you send in earn you, besides any cash prize you win or you are given by us. These regular club premiums will pay you well for your time. Write for our latest premium catalogue sent you free on request.

Read on page 30 about this great prize contest, and on page 41 how Little George Young won a prize. Write to COMFORT Prize Department, Augusta, Maine.

A Few Words by the Editor

ANOTHER year with its record of joys and sorrows, happiness and misery, sunshine and shadows, good deeds and bad, is now buried in the cemetery of time. The record of 1908 is now a sealed volume, the recording angel has laid it away against that day when all our actions will be reviewed by the Great Judge.

How Time flies! We can almost hear his wings, as he sweeps upon his rapid flight. The bells which solemnly tolled the requiem of the dying year, in tones, deep, full, and sad, now merrily usher in another year, which we hope is to be one of happiness, joy, prosperity and contentment for all our readers.

Is the world growing better or worse? Many elderly persons who live in the past, and see only the bright side of the days that are gone, are strongly of the opinion that the world is growing worse instead of better. This, however, is far from the truth. The world is still full of wrong, but it is infinitely better now than it has ever been.

In 1775, in Yale College, there was but one professing Christian among the entire student body. In Harvard matters were just as bad. Atheism and unbelief were rampant, and infidel clubs among both people and colleges were one of the great features of the time. Today there are hundreds of colleges and institutions in this country supported by Christian churches. In the early days of our republic, there was but one member of a church to every fifteen of our population, and one minister to every two thousand people. Today we have one minister to every 750 persons, and one church member to every three of our inhabitants.

Three hundred years after Christ, there were in the whole world but five million Christians. Today there are nearly five hundred millions. No longer do men and nations fly at each other's throats, as they used to do. Instead of rushing into war, everything possible is done to prevent it. Duelling has been abolished. Cock fights, bull fights, and other savage and cruel sports are now a rarity. In the olden times nearly all our ministers were moderate drinkers, some quite immoderate. Today there is scarcely a minister in the land who dare openly confess that he imbibes alcoholic drinks.

Apart from the barbarities of Rome, and the horrors of the Inquisition, our glorious old colonial days were full of instances of intolerance, and downright cruelty. One has only to recall the punishment meted out to the so-called "witches" for proof of the intolerance and superstition prevalent in the "good old days." But enough of the past, let us look into the future.

At the beginning of the New Year it is customary to make resolutions. This is a very good habit, but unfortunately these resolutions are so extravagant that it is impossible for us to keep them, for at the best the flesh is weak, and what we ought to do is to make a determined effort to lay out our work for the year on sensible, rational lines, and then do what we set out to do and do it with all our might. Remember, dear friends, we have but one life to live, and life at the best is ex-

tremely short. Let us then get all the good we can out of the short existence that is allotted to us. Let us try to do some small thing well first of all, for if we begin and accomplish little things we later can perform greater ones.

Remember, though we plan for the future, the present alone is ours, so let every day tell, every day brings forth its harvest of good deeds, for we know not what the morrow may bring forth. The future is God's, not ours. Never do a thing which you are sure is not perfectly right. Many times during the year you will ask yourself whether it is quite right to do so and so. If your conscience tells you that it is not exactly right to do a thing, don't do it. Never trifle with your conscience, for unless the conscience is clear there can be no real happiness in this world. So many of you keep your smiles for the outside world, and your frowns for those at home. This is wrong. Your smiles and kind words should be first lavished on the members of your own family. They are more to you than anyone else in the world. If they are not you are not a normal being. Try to make somebody happy every day of your life. If you cannot hand out money, you can at least hand out kind words and smiles. But remember, though your kind words and smiles may grease the wheels of life something more substantial is required to keep them revolving. Kind words and smiles should be backed by more substantial things.

Let us journey forth then into the New Year full of hope and faith. God has led us through the centuries, and has always led us onward and upward. Let us place our hands in His and walk bravely and trustfully on, doing our very best as citizens and brothers to make this world a better place to live in. From hearts that beat in unison with yours, hearts animated by a common devotion to all that is noblest and best in life, we wish our readers a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

THE International College on Tuberculosis, which met recently in Washington, caused a great amount of interest all over the world. No new remedy or panacea for this terrible disease was offered to the public as a result of the deliberations of the hundreds of medical men and men of science who journeyed from all over the world to take part in this great Congress on Tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis in the United States costs the nation 138,000 lives a year, an estimated yearly money loss of more than one billion dollars. The blight of consumption, and possible death by that disease, is, at this moment, hanging over five million of American citizens, unless drastic means are taken to prevent the scourge. This is equal to all the deaths from typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, appendicitis, spinal meningitis, small pox and cancer all put together. It generally takes three years for the victim to die, and during this stage he or she can earn little or nothing. The scourge picks out its victims when they are young men and young women, at the very time when they are beginning to earn money. The minimum cost of such items as doctors' bills, medicines, nursing,

and loss of earning power, and death, amounts to more than \$2,400, while the earning power, which would have been, if death had not come, brings the total cost up to at least eight thousand dollars. Multiply this amount by one hundred and thirty-eight thousand deaths, and you will find that it is more than one billion dollars. Half of this amount usually falls on the victims, the other half on their friends, as each death means anxiety and grief for a whole family. It is estimated that there will be over twenty million persons rendered miserable by these deaths.

These figures were given by Prof. Fisher of Yale. A Russian surgeon said that numerous autopsies show that every man over thirty years of age has the old remains of tuberculosis infection.

Consumption has been called the poor man's disease, as it is largely due to overwork and poor food. These are the great predisposing causes of consumption. It is the young girl in her teens, working from fourteen to sixteen hours a day in a New York sweat shop, or in a stuffy unwholesome room in a tenement, and living on rye bread, pickles, salt fish, and delicatessen food—such as bologna and half cooked ham—that quickly becomes a victim to the white scourge. The great enemies of consumption are sunshine, fresh air, and good food. To show you how greatly fresh air, or the lack of it, affects the health, let us cite an instance. In one big room in a factory where several hundred operatives were at work and where there was no ventilation to speak of, the operatives were constantly remaining at home owing to sickness. There were hundreds of sick days to be deducted from the wages of the workers during the year. As a test, the room was properly ventilated and the absences of the operatives, owing to sickness, decreased seventy per cent.

This will show you what a great part fresh air plays in our lives. It is impossible to keep well without it.

In spite of the disheartening figures we have published consumption is a vanishing disease. Probably no cure for it will ever be discovered, but a cure will not be necessary. Consumption will banish as education advances. Fresh air, good nourishment, proper care of the body, the segregation of those infected, and the punishment of the careless consumptive who infects others by expectorating in public places will banish consumption. It is by building up the body and preventing the spread of the disease that we shall gradually rid the world of this deadly scourge. It has been estimated that if the eight hour law were rigidly enforced death from consumption would at once drop to less than one half of what it is at present.

One thing our readers should remember. The talk about night air being bad for consumptives is all nonsense. Keep your bedroom windows open at night, even in the coldest weather. A possible sleep on the porch and have your bed in the open air the year round. Consumption can be cured, but it must be cured by common sense, and not by drugs or codding.

Comfort's Editor.

A SPECKLED BIRD

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Egbert Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Egbert. She only wants her father. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Egbert. She hears her grand-mother call "Egbert." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Egbert. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House. He inquires of Egbert and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The pastor of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. A sob and tears follow. Egbert recognizes in a cash box the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nina Dane, has the glove counter at Fourteenth St.

Noel and Egbert drive to a department store. Egbert makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Noel Herriott offers to Egbert the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life. Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane, and asks to take the boy to ride. His mother refuses all help. Egbert realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law frees her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Egbert's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. Her father warns her of bitter consequences. Egbert questions Noel why her father resigns the senatorship. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother—" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Egbert's assurance that Mr. Herriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one cannot avoid. Egbert goes to walk. Herriott finds her in the old Greco-Roman theater at Aix-les-Bains and he realizes an undisputed annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Egbert break her heart over his selfishness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. Dying she forgives everything. Egbert and her father return to Nutwood, Mrs. Maurice's old home. Mr. Whitfield continues his stewardship. Judge Kent is called away. He refuses an explanation and Egbert fronts the world with calm defiance. She learns from a newspaper clipping the cause of her father's resignation.

Father Temple tries to dissuade Mr. Herriott from his

proposed Polar trip. Egbert receives and reads a letter from Mrs. St. Clair concerning Mr. Herriott's future plans. Egbert hears footsteps, and her father's voice, "Egbert will become soon." Herriott is glad to talk in her absence. Judge Kent knows the deplorable matter to which he refers. Duncan Keith dying exacts an oath from Herriott, that he take a box to his boy when he is twenty-one—the proof of his innocence is in it. Judge Kent knows it will disgrace him and break Egbert's heart. She listens numb with shame, she will secure it at any cost. She meets Noel and begs him not to leave her. If he goes it breaks her heart. If he must go will he take her with him. They can be married at night. They board the train. There is only one proof that will convince her she is first in his heart. Give her the box of papers that will incriminate her father. He refuses and she admits her object in marrying. She cannot get possession of what she purchases. She has no papers and he no wife. He requests the ring. Will she allow him to throw it away. He has no right to it—it is hers. He places it back. It is the badge of his loyalty—not his. Nothing avails to abate the rage of his disappointment.

Noel receives a telegram announcing Duncan Keith's death, and her father's shame is shielded. Judge Kent receives a telegram requesting him to meet Egbert at Philadelphia. Mr. Herriott takes Egbert to his old home. Amos Lea meets them at the door. Going to Noel's room, Egbert realizes for years he has been entirely hers. She begs for one word of forgiveness—he shall never be out of her life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I REFUSE TO BELIEVE YOU WRONGED HIM."

THE resumption of cordially affectionate relations between Judge Kent and his daughter was marked on her part by increased tenderness and deference, on his by demonstrative caresses particularly conspicuous after years of alienation. His exactions upon her time became despotic; he was dissatisfied when she was out of his sight, and if within reach his hand usually rested on her arm or shoulder. The paramount aim of her life was attained. She was assured that she reigned supreme in her coveted kingdom—his heart. Freed from dread of public exposure, his spirits rebounded, and his jovial, self-indulgent nature enjoyed basking once more before the fire of financial prosperity, exulted in the consciousness that at last the long desired Maurice fortune was at his command. Egbert wondered that from the hour he met her in Philadelphia he asked no questions concerning her bridal journey—no explanation of her unexpectedly hurried return.

He sedulously avoided all mention of Mr. Herriott, except to rail at the imbecility of Arctic explorers, and suspecting that he smarted from the humiliating knowledge that his son-in-law had possessed proofs of his guilt, she welcomed silence as balm for her sore heart. From the day of her return to Nutwood she severed every social tie linking her with Y—. Of visiting she made an end, all invitations were declined, and she was seen only at church, beside her father. They rode, drove, walked together. On his fishing jaunts she read while he wandered from pool to pool, and made tea for him when tired and thirsty, he came back to a shaded spot where she waited. Now and then a few of his friends spent an evening in the billiard room, or played cards in the library, and discussed Republican policies. At night Eliza Mitchell usually brought her sewing to the table, Judge Kent smoked in his easy chair, and Egbert arranged the chessboard at his elbow, or read aloud from

some volume he had selected. It rarely happened that she received his good night kiss until she had played a nocturne or an etude for which he asked. He had an ardent, sensuous love of beauty in color, form, sound: impassioned poetry, deep, ch melody, and subtle harmonies entranced him, dimmed his fine, eloquent eyes. His musical taste had been cultivated in accordance with classical standards, and while his daughter's proficiency was not extraordinary, she played skillfully and with a tenderly magnetic touch that justified his compliment: "My daughter has tears in her pretty fingers."

When a proud, reticent, beautiful woman suddenly takes an unusual and totally unexpected step, abrogating fashionable conventions—when, keeping her own counsel, she disdains explanation and shuts herself away from curious questioners—the hounds of gossip are unleashed, and beagles and fox-terriers follow in full cry. Outraged Y— hummed like a swarming hive.

"Married without a sign of a trousseau, on a few hours' notice, with barely time to get a license, a ring and a minister, and to pack her trunk! Disgraceful!"

Rumors of Mr. Herriott's wealth swelled to fabulous proportions. A sister of Dr. Burbridge, whose young cousin was employed in the office of the telegraph company, plied him with questions, until indiscreetly and reluctantly he confided to her that two telegrams sent by the groom showed that he had not come to Y— Intending marriage; whereupon she set afloat information which merely increased the complexity of the problem. Judge Kent had been so long the community scapegoat that in the final public solution and adjustment of disreputable responsibility, an additional load of selfish, wily iniquity was laid on his sin-stained shoulders. By cunning chicanery he had forced his daughter's sudden marriage, hoping that Arctic dangers, often fatal, would soon make her a widow dowered with millions.

Even the few who witnessed the ceremony, and recalled Egbert's inscrutable white face, understood as little as the resentful uninvited, yet when questioned they loyally maintained reserve. Bishop Vivian, Mr. Whitfield, and the Egglestons warmly defended the girl, whom secretly they pitied, but society pilloried her.

"She was shamelessly mercenary, absolutely devoid of womanly delicacy, and a shocking disgrace to her poor mother's family."

Henceforth the anti-Kent social element in Y— resolved itself into a vigilance committee to watch her behavior as a married woman. Into the whirlpool of tittle-tattle Mrs. Mitchell wisely abstained from plunging. Her own information was too meager, her uneasiness concerning Egbert's stubborn silence and inexplicable manner too profound to admit of discussion, even in defence. She staid at home, bided her time, and held her peace. Moreover, she was wrestling with conscientious scruples regarding facts known only to herself.

The second night after his daughter's departure, Judge Kent had indulged in stimulants to an unprecedented and alarming extent. With a decanter of brandy at his elbow, he dozed in his armchair until roused by Aaron, who delivered a telegram. Eliza was going up-stairs to her own room, when the boy rang the bell and handed in the message.

"Lock up the house, Aaron. I think the judge is sleepy and will soon go to bed."

An hour later she sat reading her Bible, and

heard a sound as of some heavy object falling. Snatching her lamp, she went swiftly to the library. The overturned decanter was slowly emptying itself on the table, and Judge Kent lay on the floor, his head resting against the cushioned seat of his chair. Evidently he had risen, slipped on the polished floor, dropped the decanter, and lost consciousness.

His face was purple, his breathing stertorous. Holding his head, she pushed the chair back and laid him flat on the floor.

Was it apoplectic seizure or intoxication? Her inexperience justified no independent action, yet if drunkenness explained existing conditions, she shrank from publishing the disgrace that would mortally wound Egbert.

Bathing his head and face, she administered such restoratives as she possessed, and loosened his vest and collar. Finally it seemed necessary to summon Aaron and send Oliver for the doctor, but as she rose to ring the bell Judge Kent opened his eyes. A dark, turbid red still stained his face, but his respiration was less labored.

"Don't move. After a little I can get Oliver to help you into bed."

"I had a fall?"

"His utterance was thick, his articulation indistinct, and he hiccupped."

"Yes, sir. You are better, I think, and if you will only lie still a while you can soon be made comfortable in your own room."

She went into the adjoining apartment, saw that the bed had been prepared, and a lamp lighted. When she returned he had struggled into a sitting posture, his arms clasped around his knees. She sat down and waited. On the table lay the brandy-stained telegram sent by Mr. Herriott after he had burned the papers at Carville. She picked it up, read it twice, and laid it down.

"Mrs. Mitchell, if you will help me I can get into a chair."

She took his extended hands, and he rose slowly, staggered against her, and sank into his chair. Five minutes later he slept, but gradually his face resumed its usual color. Eliza brought a basin of water from the bedroom, washed away the brandy streaks from the floor and table, and with a silk handkerchief dried and polished the fine old mahogany, already whitening from its alcoholic bath. She went to an open window and waited. The night was balmy, and loitering, thievish puffs of air came laden with ruffled sweetness from multitudinous lips of forest and garden bloom. Far away the muffled melody of the river falls rose towards the stars, whose light wove a golden braid across the water's quivering crystal plunge over granite crags. In the dense shadow of the walnut grove a squirrel barked, and from their red cedar covert the game cocks shrilled midnight.

After two hours Judge Kent awoke and groaned. Mrs. Mitchell handed him a goblet of iced water, which he drained.

"Shall I go and rouse Oliver, or would you prefer Aaron to assist you?"

"I don't want either. If you will help me over this infernally slippery floor to my bedroom sofa, I can manage."

"You do not wish the doctor sent for?"

"No."

She took his arm, guided his unsteady steps to the sofa, arranged a pillow, and unlaced his shoes. Very soon his deep, regular breathing assured her the worst had passed. Was it the brandy, or the telegram or both? What were the "Ely Twigg's" papers, of which Egbert must know nothing and why was she coming home immediately, instead of going to Sydney, or at least as far as Boston? Could Mr. Herriott have been a party to some scheme whereby she was entrapped into that sudden marriage?

At three o'clock she looked from the library

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

A Fateful Wedding Eve

or, The Pirate's Daughter

By Ida M. Black

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Moonlight everywhere, and Aunt Hope Hastings declares it's bright as day and there is no risk in a ten minutes' run to the village, and she asks Carlyn if she's scared. She is not, but takes Duke for company. The sands are a little lonely. Fifteen minutes pass and Carlyn is not in sight. Aunt Hope calls again and again. She is startled by Jack Devere, who tells her that King Carl is off the coast and there is a chance to make a cool thousand if they catch him at his old trade. Carlyn, heedless of her danger, goes on her errand. A tall, powerful man places his hand on her shoulder, asking, "In the name of heaven, who are you, girl?" In an instant Duke is at his throat. Carlyn hears the muttered oath and springs to defend Duke when she catches the stroke of the keen blade. She begs to be carried to Aunt Hope and swoons, and the man mutters, "What have I done?" He takes her to the cavern of the cliff. "This once, if never again can I hold you to my heart. I can press a father's kiss upon your unconscious lips and before God and my lonely heart call you my own."

Dame Trott throws open her parlor to Captain Jack Devere. Pat Burns declares he sees King Carl carrying off Carlyn Durham. If harm comes to the girl, neither God nor man shall save Burns from Devere's vengeance. Aunt Hope wonders how he came to claim his child? Captain Devere offers four thousand dollars for the capture of Carlyn Durham alive or dead. He springs forward—loses his footing, the earth opens beneath him, and he falls down. Regaining consciousness he finds himself the center of a group of men. He hears Pat Burns' voice. A keen dirk is raised. A strange spasm of pain darkens King Carl's countenance, and he orders Dallas to take the prisoner into the inner cavern. His life is the forfeit of their laws. Jack appeals in the name of God and man that their law may reach the villain who has Carlyn Durham in his power. Jack Dallas enters. The men swear Devere shall never leave the place alive. King Carl has reason to hate the name of Devere, and he exacts an oath from his prisoner that he will never reveal aught he sees or hears, and as he deals with Carlyn Durham's loving heart, so may heaven deal with him.

Carlyn regains consciousness and the old hermit bids her sleep and gives a soothing drink. She sleeps in safety and a bearded man bends over and kisses her with the purity of a father's farewell.

CHAPTER V.

DEVERE MANOR.

THE mighty cliffs that raised their granite fronts so fearlessly to the sea, sloped backward in gentle undulations to a fertile, smiling valley, sheltered from every rude blast by these stern guardians.

Beyond this valley a range of hills stretched far inland, and on the foremost of these wooded heights stood the great pride and boast of the neighborhood, Devere Manor.

The rich valley in question was but a portion of the domain owned by Squire Devere, acres of forest land and fishing shore, as well as most of the property in the village of Milton, swelled the revenues of Devere Manor to almost a princely sum.

On the morning after Jack Devere's adventure on the cliffs, old Squire Devere sat in his dressing-room, toying with his morning meal. Wrapped in a gorgeous gown of velvet, his yellow, wrinkled face still unshaven, his grizzled locks unkempt, his shrunken hands trembling even with the light spoon he held, old Jonas Devere looked, in the midst of his luxuries, the picture of a wretched, friendless, discontented man.

"Bah!" he muttered, spitting out the mouthful of coffee he had taken. "Anton is mad! Does he call this cafe noir? Thick, and warm and nauseous as blood, ah, mon Dieu! like blood! It may have been poison, why not? They would kill me if they could, and get my money, my house, my plate, my garden, my—my—Here the old man's excitement was too much for his palsied tongue to express, and shaking in every limb, he pulled frantically at the silken bell cord near him.

"Hortense! Hortense! Send me Hortense instantly. Mademoiselle Hortense!" was the command that he managed to jerk out from his twitching lips.

Immediately a door leading from the veranda swung open and a young girl about eighteen entered—a slight, graceful creature with jet-black hair, caught up in wavy bands at the back of a beautifully formed head; eyes that danced or wept at the impulse of the ardent heart within; and a mouth so rosy and smiling that the dark mourning robes which Hortense Dupont wore were like the garb of night flung over the blushing Goddess of Morn.

"Ah, good morning, dear uncle, I would have been in sooner if I had known that you were awake. Ah! You have not eaten anything. You are not well this morning?" she questioned, anxiously.

"Well enough!" was the peevish answer, "but I cannot eat alone, non! non! I must have de guests—de company. Let me give some of this coffee. It will do you good—great good. What! you will not drink? You do not like it?" "It is so strong," said Hortense, "it is almost like brandy, I cannot drink cafe noir!"

"Eh, but you must, you must!" cried the old man, mad with morbid suspicions. "I say again, that it is as good for you as me. Drink, drink!"

Willing to humor him, Hortense swallowed the distasteful mixture, then said:

"I have breakfasted already. We had a message from Jack. He is at the village inn, he had a terrible fall last night."

"Eh! What! Don't tell me that he did not catch the wretch, I will not, I shall not hear he has failed. A fall? Where? How? When? I—I—I—"

Again the old man's tongue became rebellious, and he could only sit shaking his head and gibbering horribly.

"It is nothing serious, I hope. Good Dame Trott sent me word this morning that he was at her house, so I went there early this morning."

"You went! and—and—and—quick! tell me again!"

"Do not get so nervous, dear uncle. Try to listen quietly. I found him quite sick, it is true, but the doctor thinks that it will not be serious. He had evidently, he could tell us nothing himself, for he was delicious from fever, fallen down one of those terrible chasms in the cliffs. How he dragged himself to the village inn God only knows."

"And—and—the villain—le diable—where is he?" the pale lips frothed with the effort at utterance. "King Carl, where is he? Have they killed him?"

"I—I do not know. I thought only of poor Jack."

"But—but he went to seek him! He had men. Cowards all! Ah, if I were but young, if I had but one hour's strength I would dr-rag him to his death!"

"You must be calm, remember the doctor's orders. Let me pour you out some of your mixture."

"Non! non! I will not be killed, I will not be poisoned! Servants and cooks, and doctors are all against me!"

"You surely cannot think such evil thoughts

of those around you. See, I will taste it, now do take it, you are so weak and nervous. You will not fear to trust me, who owes you everything?"

The child of his only sister—the one being for whom Jonas Devere had retained a spark of natural feeling, Hortense Dupont, left orphaned and homeless in her girlhood, had found a protector in this strange old uncle, who, by sending a trustworthy messenger to her distant home had brought her to America, and given her all the advantages of education his means could command.

There was but one stipulation made in this unwanted generosity. The old man had said: "You shall have de moneys, de dress, de music, de books, de everything—toutes les choses—while I live, but when I die, nosing, nosing. They will tell you that you will be rich, but 'twill be falsehood, I will leave you nosing."

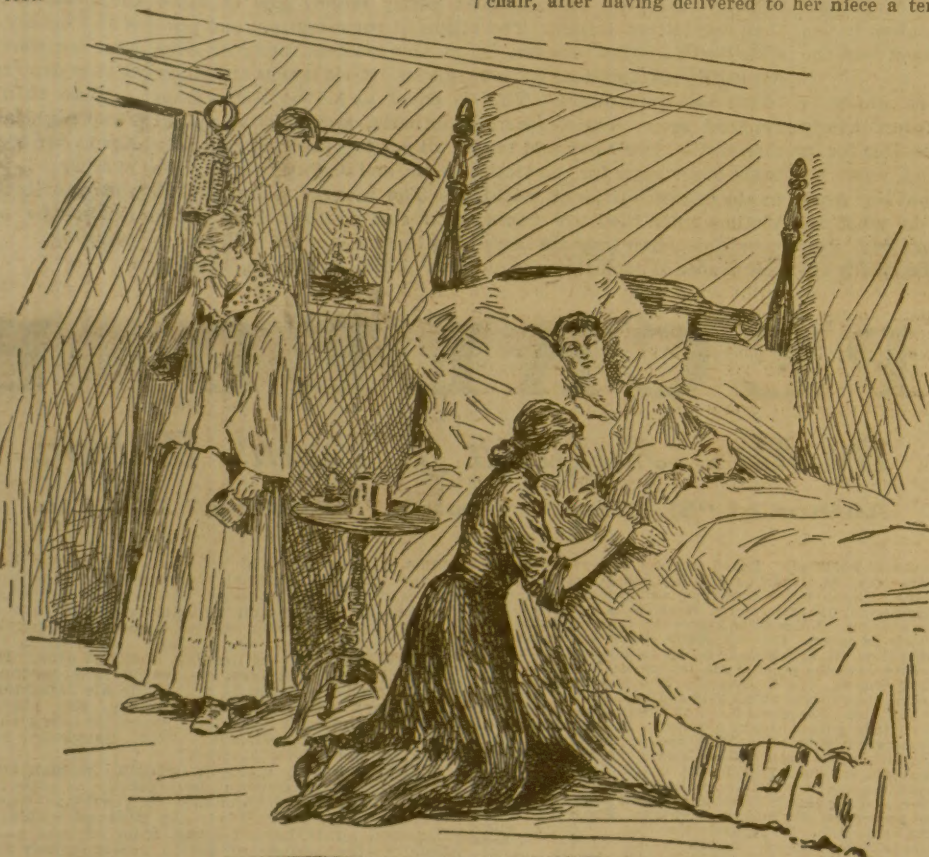
And with this understanding Hortense had completed an education on which she felt that her future subsistence might depend, and had returned four months ago to Devere Manor, where her sweet, unselfish nature had made her a willing slave to the most despotic of masters.

After some further persuasion, the old man took the medicine and then said to Hortense:

"Now go to de inn at de village and find out from Jack all that he heard and saw. He will rave—he will say foolish things in his dreams—and you will listen and tell me all—all! Ah, who knows? He may be in a plot against me! I want no one in the room now. Go! I must be alone."

With this summary dismissal, Hortense escaped from her thralldom and proceeded to Dame Trott's where she found Jack lying on her snowy pillows as white and motionless as a marble statue.

As Hortense approached and laid her white hands upon his burning brow, the dark eyes unclosed and fixed themselves upon her, while the pale lips strove to murmur a question, but ere the words were framed his mind wandered again, and the momentary consciousness was lost.



"SPARE HIM THOUGH IT BE TO BLESS ANOTHER LIFE, TO GLADDEN ANOTHER HEART THAN MINE, SAVE HIM WHOM I LOVE—WHOM I LOVE."

"He's been trying to say something all the morning, poor dear," said the kind-hearted landlady. "What is it, Captain Jack? Here's Miss Hortense come to hear all that you have to say."

"He does not hear you," said Hortense. "Leave him with me, if he grows worse I will call you, I am not afraid to be left alone."

With another glance at the motionless figure, Dame Trott left the room, shaking her head and wiping her eyes ominously.

Hortense removed her hat, smoothed her wavy hair with the unconscious coquetry that never deserts a French girl, and returned to her post by her cousin's side.

For a moment she stood gazing, silently and sadly, at the motionless figure, and with the impulsive abandon of her race she fell upon her knees, kissing the hands that lay so helplessly upon the coverlet, and sobbed forth her grief and her love.

For this one brief moment she was alone—alone with her heart and its unconscious idol.

"Oh, God," she murmured, in a low, passionate whisper. "Spare him! Save him! He is so young, so brave, so beautiful to die! Spare him though it be to bless another life, to gladden another heart than mine! Save him whom I love—whom I love!"

To one like Hortense Dupont, love comes not as a girlish fancy, a bright ideal, a dream that must fade away before the noonday sun. It came, but a human love, with all its weakness, all its strength, all its hope, all its fear. She worshiped an idol, although she knew it clay. Her cousin's faults were no secret to her. Like many other women, as strong and as pure, she had blamed, she had pitied, and at last she had loved.

"I love him! I love him!"

As the last words passed her lips, Hortense felt as though her heart had pledged itself. "Yes, and I will love him always," she added. "I will place no other love, no other tie between us. Poor Jack, wayward, erring boy, though

I may never be to him more than cousin, friend, I will be always his in the depths of my lonely heart, his forever!"

As if the pure, unselfish vow, that heaven alone could hear, had been a spell to recall his life, Jack Devere's eyes unclosed, and the question that had been trembling on his lips all the morning escaped at last.

"Carlyn!" he whispered, eagerly. "Poor, little Carlyn! Is she safe? Where is Carlyn?"

"Carlyn!" The dark eyes of Hortense Dupont suddenly grew hard and cold, for in all his careless confidence she had never heard that name uttered until now. "Who is Carlyn?"

"Truth and I will see the master!"—here the fierce tones of Pat Burns were heard in the hall without—"an if ye don't get out of my way, ye yellow-faced chap, I'll dance an Irish jig over ye. Shure, I will see him. I've got the news that would riz him from the bed of death. She's safe, captain, darling!" shrieked Pat, through the keyhole. "Shure, I saw her sitting in her aunt's door, a moment past, looking as swate and as fresh as a May shamrock. Safe—and the whole gang of us a-howling like madmen over the cliffs until morning's dawn, and me wid me two legs ready to drop from under me, and the poor captain kilt up intirely; and her, surely she must have been whisked back on a broomstick, her as fair and smiling, and swate as iver! Sure, we ought to have known that a woman is the devil's match either by day or night!"

The latter part of this discourse had been a species of soliloquy, as Mr. Burns slowly descended the stairs.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ACT OF JUDAS.

It was the Sabbath evening. As grim and grave, as though the events of the preceding night had been already buried in oblivion; as cold and taciturn as though her heart had forgotten its wild pulsations, its terror and suspense, Aunt Hope sat in her stiff-backed rocking chair, after having delivered to her niece a terse

do with him, it's a bad stock root and branch." Carlyn did not answer, but the dark brown eyes, gazing over the sunset sea, had a musical glow in their limpid depths. The red lips quivered like those of a grieved child.

Aunt Hope went on: "There's that on old Devere's name that all his gold won't cover. Let him spend an hour in the Fisher's Hut," her voice sinking into a strange whisper, "let him kneel there and ask for pardon and mercy; and the waves, and the cliffs, and the sands will mock his prayer."

There was something in the old woman's words and tone that, chiming with the mysterious terrors that invested the Fisher's Hut, fascinated the imaginative girl and awakened her curiosity. Trembling like one that treads the threshold of forbidden mysteries, Carlyn whispered:

"What is the curse upon the hut, Aunt Hope? What is the secret that all seem to know and avoid?"

"Yes, I will tell you, Carlyn Durham," answered the old woman, in a strange, tightened voice, as if of one who choked down some deep emotion, "it is more than an five and twenty years ago that Jonas Devere first darkened these shores with his evil presence. I was a young woman, but I can remember as if 'twas yesterday—a little yellow, wizened-faced critter, that looked as if he was made up of jaundice and bile. He was nigh on to fifty then, if he was a day, yet he kept spying and smirking, a sort of hankering roun' the girls, though there wasn't one that 'ud cast an eye on him."

"What it was that ole Jonas did 'twas hard to say. He tuk a little house up on the mount yonder, 'tis the gatekeeper's lodge now, and he lived mighty stingy and meanlike, but he must have been hauling in the money hand over fist, for he kep' sort of stretchin' out his roots, like a polypus, a-buying up cliff and forest. In less than ten years he owned nigh as much land as would set up a foreign kingdom."

"Things were kind of upset in those times, an' it wasn't exactly cl'ar what was law and what wasn't. Thar was so much fightin' a-go on in France and Spain, and a-go in nigh almost everywhere; an' though we did try to keep our skirts cl'ar, 'twas said that our hands were in the pie pretty often. Thar's neither law nor law-yers on the high seas, and thar was men that didn't come on shore to reckon; and thar was boats that put in them inlets by the cliffs as 'twant very safe to question. Folks around here war pretty much then what they are now. An' their crops to raise and their fish to catch an' their own business generally to manage. Long as the pirates or smugglers didn't bother us, we agreed 'twas jes' as well not to bother them, nuther. But we couldn't help notice that ole Jonas Devere began to grow drefful restless and lawful. He was spyin' round the cliffs, on the dark and stormy nights! he tuk to a-go in' to the town, a-mixin' with town folks and a-swellin' like a frog in the fable."

"The little house that he fust put up on the hill yonder soon got too small to hold him, and he seemed to grow as hard and yellow as the gold that was all his heart seemed to worship. 'Twas his god, his home and his country, folks said that he had sold his soul for his gold."

"Wal, Aunt Hope drew a long breath, as if something pressed heavily on her breast, "tain't with h'm the story altogether has to do. Down in the valley behind the cliff lived a lady, a widow, so folks called her, and her only son. She was a pale, gentle, purty critter, with something about her face as if her spirit was broken through. Thar didn't seem to be any trouble about Oakdale to folks outside. 'Twas a monstrous pretty place, although Master Carroll was too fond of huntin' and fishin' to take much care of the place."

"There wasn't any lack of money at Oakdale, either. Master Harry had everything that he wanted. Folks didn't zactly know how Jonas Devere somehow twisted and wormed himself in with the Durhams—"

"The Durhams!" echoed Carlyn. "Was their name the same as mine?"

"No, no! Dunham, child, Dunham," was the quick reply. "Did I say Dunham? Dunham was the name, it sounds somewhat alike but that doesn't make kinship. Ole Jonas Devere, as I was sayin', got in with the Dunhams but the ole lady seemed allus timid and fearsome-like when he was near, ez for Master Carroll, he hated the ole man like poison, an' didn't take no great pains to let him know it."

"The Hastings was allus a sort of plain, honest folks, that never struv to thrust themselves whar they didn't know that they was wanted. We tended to our own affairs and let our neighbors 'tend to theirs. So we was sort o' taken back, one day, when Mrs. Dunham came up to our house and asked mother to spare her one of her gals to keep her company. She was old and feeble, she said, and was too nervous to be left alone as Master Carroll was away so much."

"Mother wasn't very anxious to part with us, but my heart ached for the poor ole lady, so I went to Oakdale the next morning. Wal, it wasn't the kind of life I fancied exactly, but the ole lady somehow took to me and clung to me like a sick child. I could see that she wasn't long for this world, there seemed to be somethin' weighin' on her mind and eatin' into her heart, somethin' that she daren't tell. She seemed to be lookin' an' lookin' for somethin' that she didn't want to see."

"Then the quare things that were in the house, piled up in rooms, and locked up where no one ever saw them, rolls of silk that never saw the light, and great, big iron chests, that held the Lord only knows whar."

"Once, I was foolish enough to ask her what was in those great boxes, and she was tuk with a sort of trembling and said:

"Don't ask me, child, don't ask me, they were my husband's things. I don't know anything about them."

"The time went on. She kept a-sinkin' and a-sinkin', but always lookin' for a sail that never came. At last, one wild night in December, about midnight she called me to her. She wouldn't have neither doctor nor parson. She was goin' she said, whar there was rest and peace, that this world nor none in it could give her. She had one word to say before she left and she whispered it in my ear as I knelt beside her. It gave me such a turn that I never had before, and I fairly shook as I heard it. For the word was to a husband, who was well and living still, though his name was one she didn't dare to mention."

"And then I knew whar the chests, and the silks, and all the strange, foreign things came from. For her husband was a pirate on the high seas; and it was thinkin' and frettin' about him that had killed her."

"Wal, what the message that she gave me was 'tain't worth while to tell. Scarcely had she whispered the words, when there came sort of a hushed noise below, and the poor critter started from her pillow, all the blood that was left in her body starting to her face."

"It's him!" she said, as the footsteps sounded on the stairs. "Thank God, for this last mercy! I can die in my husband's arms!"

"And true enuff, the door burst open, and in walked Master Carroll, with a brown, bearded man, his own pictur', only gray and older, a man who reached the dying woman before I got my breath, and raised her up, sobbing like a baby."

"Mother, mother," said Master Carroll, "I swore that you should see him once again, and in spite of the winds and waves I have kept my promise."

"And then," Aunt Hope's voice broke and grew husky, "then, child, I stole away, 'twan't no place for me. I stole away and left 'em all together."

"I went up to my own room, and I looked out away on the cliff, a sort of wonderin' if the sail had come she had been so long lookin' for. It was black, and dark, and stormy without, and I could hear the beat of the waves on the cliff shore, as if it were a sofer's death-drum. Way off on the hill was the house of ole Jonas Devere, with one bright light in the attic."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Many good things that you don't know, should know, won't know, can't know if COMFORT don't come next month. Subscribe or renew at once. 6 months 10 cts., one year 20 cts., 2 years' renewal 25 cts. See great subscription prize offer on page 30.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over three times); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over five times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

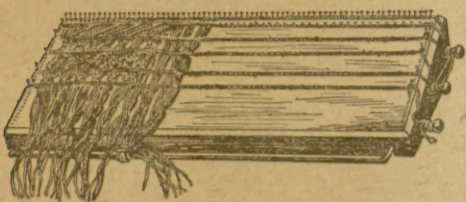
K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Tuxedo Lace

THE new Tuxedo lace is simply a revival of the "Macrame" which was so popular some twenty-five years ago. The word Macrame is from the Arabic and signifies a fringe or knotted lace, or a trimming fashioned by knots instead of needles or bobbins.



FRAME FOR LACE MAKING.

Although this method is centuries old, it is worthy of note that this beautiful work was not introduced in this country until a decade or so ago, when it immediately became so popular that we now feel sure that ladies everywhere will be delighted to know that it is again in high favor.

Regular frames for doing the work can be secured, see illustration, or one can be manufactured at home.

Get a pine board, twelve by twenty inches, and drive nails in each end so the horizontal threads can be wound round them to hold them straight. There are as many horizontal



TUXEDO LACE.

threads as there are lines in a pattern and double as many or of coarser thread than the vertical lines.

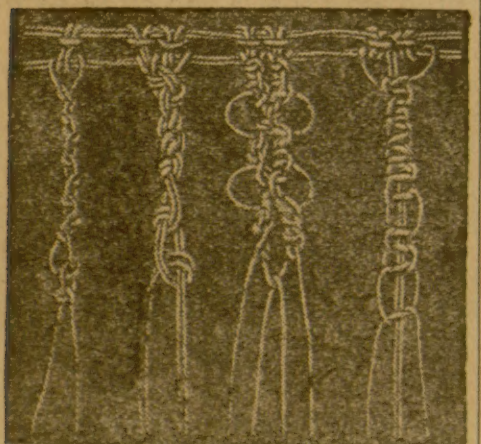
The Different Tuxedo Knots

The knots here illustrated are among the simplest. The first at the left is the single chain formed of two single threads each simply looped around the other and then drawn up tightly. The second is the double chain, which is made in the same way, only using two threads instead of one, on each side, or four all together.

The third, formed of four threads, is made by using only two threads to form the single chain, making four knots with the same thread over, on each side, then tie the threads which have been worked over, together, as shown, and proceed as before, being careful not to draw the first knot down too closely.

The next, which is Solomon's or the flat knot, is used extensively.

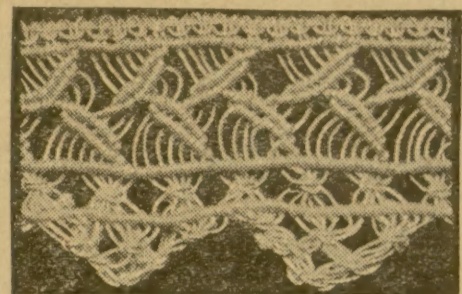
To make it take four threads, hold the center two straight. (It is convenient to tie these center threads to the button on the front of one's waist, to hold them while making the knot with the side threads) pass the thread at the left side loosely over these. Take the right side thread pass it over the first thread, and under the center ones, and up through the



THE DIFFERENT TUXEDO KNOTS.

loop on the left side, draw tightly. Then take the right thread, pass it loosely over the two center ones, take left thread, pass it over this,

under the center two and up through the loop at the right side, and draw it up tightly to meet the first half of the knot.



TUXEDO EDGING.

The numbers of linen thread most suitable for lace for personal wear are 30, 40, 50, although No. 25 ties very lovely belts. It is better to use coarser thread when learning.



HUCKABACK TOWEL END.

To commence any piece of work fasten the horizontal threads across the board, from nail to nail. Be sure that they are stretched tightly and secured firmly. Then beginning with the first vertical thread put it in place by doubling the ends together and place the loop thus formed, under the top horizontal thread, bring it up and through the loop put the ends through and draw up closely.

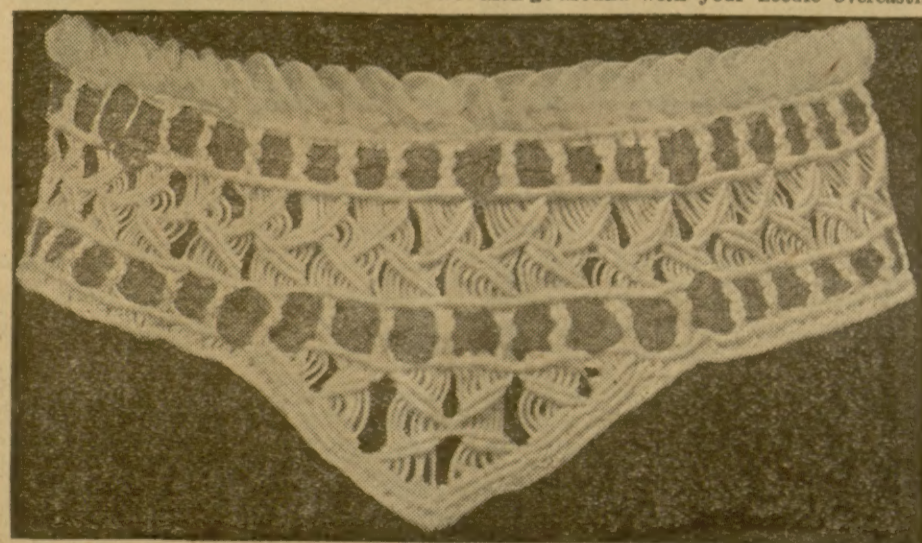
When all the threads are looped on put a pin or tack between every four threads, then loosen the second horizontal thread, hold it firmly with the right hand, and with the left hand bring the vertical thread down and under and then over the horizontal thread to the right, then pass it back of the vertical thread, down and over the horizontal thread, passing to the right the same as before, so that the thread will come out between the two loops.

This is called the beading stitch and all the straight lines as well as the leaves which are formed in most patterns, are tied in this manner.

Tuxedo Lace Collar

To tie a collar like the one here illustrated, cut the threads twenty inches long, double and knot on the first horizontal thread as directed.

Then tie a row of double chain, wide or narrow according to the width of ribbon one wishes to use. Now tie second horizontal



TUXEDO LACE COLLAR.

By S. Viletta Doane.

thread, same as the first, allowing eight threads for each group of slanting bars, knot seven threads twice over the eighth or leader, slanting from right to left. Work across in this way. Then take the fifth thread as leader (counting from the left) and knot seven over it, slanting from left to right. Knot over the sixth thread for second bar. Then tie another horizontal bar. Make the second row of double chain, for ribbon, the same as first, tie another horizontal bar and finish off.

Any figure desired may be tied below the bar in front or the collars are pretty just straight around.

To form the collar simply slip the work on the horizontal bars till of correct shape.

Pretty collars can be made of solid Solomon knots, or any strip of lace for pattern may be used. The strip of lace finished on the bottom with points of Solomon's knots shows how variations may acceptably be made in this work and needs no further description.

The center row of collar alone, makes very firm insertion for shirt-waists, as do also narrow bands of Solomon's knots.

The small sample of lace is set up differently from the collars, a nail driven at the top for each four threads, take two threads, double and loop at the middle over a nail, and tie to it with a single chain stitch so that when re-

moved from the desk there is a very attractive piece along the edge. Anyone who has learned the various knots, can easily make this lace from the sample without special directions. It is handsome for very high stocks, or for belts.

S. VILETTA DOANE.

Huckaback Towel End

As good towels are always a comfort and as many huck ones are homemade and more or less handwork goes into their make up, I thought of working out the word COMFORT in drawnwork, for the finish of mine, and now submit it for the benefit of all our readers.

This word was very easily worked out and close observance of the illustration will guide one more than mere words. The letters are formed by just weaving under and over as in darning. When it is necessary to go from one part of a letter to another, the needle can be run in between the darning so that the thread will be invisible. MRS. MYRTLE RICKARD.

Rickrack Spider-web Lace

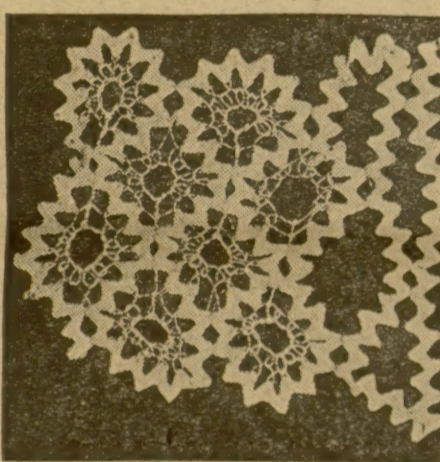
This rickrack is beautiful and will outwear almost any garment it adorns.

It is especially suitable for children's under clothing, white skirts, pillow cases, etc.

To make it use No. 17 rickrack braid. One may make it as wide as desired by proceeding as follows: Catch together two points, then skip five or six and catch the next two, etc., in turning, one extra point should always be allowed. After several rows are caught in this way, fill in the centers. Use No. 38 white linen thread, start with the two points previously tacked together, and take a stitch in each point until the circle is completed.



Finish off neatly where you began then starting from the opposite side, go all around



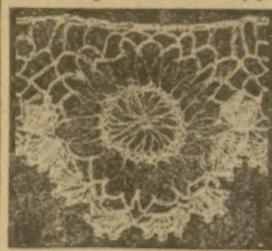
RICKRACK SPIDER-WEB LACE.

again, taking a stitch between each point, then go around with your needle overcasting

of 5, catch in the 6th, ch. of 5, catch in the 7th, ch. of 5, catch in the 8th, ch. 5, catch in 9th, ch. of 5, catch in 10th, ch. of 5, catch in 11th, ch. of 5, catch in group of 9 ch. of 5, catch in group of 7, ch. of 5, catch in group of 5, ch. of 5, shell on shell, ch. of 5, shell on shell, ch. of 5, catch in chain of previous row, ch. of 5, catch in previous row, ch. of 3. Sl. st. in the first st., ch. of 3, sl. st. in same st., ch. of 3, sl. st. in same st. This forms a picot. Ch. of 3, 1 d. c. ch. of 3, 1 p., ch. of 3, 1 d. c., ch. of 3, 1 p., ch. of 3, 1 d. c., ch. of 3, 1 p., ch. of 3, 1 p., ch. of 3, 1 p., ch. of 3, 1 p. Repeat from beginning.

Hairpin and Crochet Edging

Hairpin work for centers is made as follows: Tie a loop in the thread, put on one prong of



HAIRPIN AND CROCHET EDGING.

the hairpin, turn the pin to the left so the thread winds around the other prong. Make 3 s. c. between the prongs, leave the hook in the loop, turn hairpin to the left, draw the thread through loop, on hook draw thread through s. c. and work both loops off in a s. c.; make a s. c. under loop on left prong, turn and repeat. Always turn the hairpin to the left when long enough, break thread and remove.

Hairpin Wheel Lace

Make a piece of hairpin work of 24 loops and join. Catch into a loop and ch. 6, 1 s. c. in next loop and repeat around. Make as many such wheels as you need. To join wheels catch into a chain of 6, ch. 3, join to next ch. 6, ch. 8, join to next ch. 6, and repeat until you have used 12 sps. Ch. 3, and join to another wheel thus; this will be the lower edge of the lace.

For the top join into every ch. 6, with a ch. of 8. Now make a shell under the ch. 3 that joins the wheels, thus, 4 tr. c., ch. 4, and catch to top of last tr. c., to make a p., 4 tr. c., 4 tr. c., 4 tr. c., fasten to ch. 6, on next wheel. Ch. 4, join the p. on the shell and the ch. 8 of former wheel with a s. c., ch. 4, join to ch. 6 of new wheel, ch. 4, cross back, join to ch. 8 of first wheel, ch. 4 across back and join to ch. 6, and continue as in first wheel.

2nd row.—1 tr. in ch. 8, ch. 3, 1 d. in next ch. 8, now 3 ch., 1 s. c. under all but the last 2, ch. 8, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under ch. 8, ch. 3, 1 tr. under ch. 8. Make no ch. of 3 between the 2 tr. where the wheels join but repeat from first.

3rd row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. on s. c., repeat across; this finishes the top of the lace.

For the scallops, 2 tr. c. under ch. 8, 1 p. of 4 ch., 2 tr. c., 1 p., 2 tr. c., 1 p., 2 tr. c., catch to ch. 3 and repeat. MRS. EMMA GARIBALDI.

Four Leaf Clover Knitted Bedspread

(For illustration see page 7.)

Cast on three stitches, knit back.
1st row.—Over at beginning of every row.
2nd row.—K. across, turn.
3rd row.—O., k. 1, p. 1, k. 2, turn.
4th row.—O., k. 2, o., k. 1, o., k. 2, turn.
5th row.—O., k. 2, p. 3, k. 3, turn.
6th row.—O., k. 4, o., k. 1, o., k. 4, turn.
7th row.—O., k. 4, p. 5, k. 4, turn.
8th row.—O., k. 6, o., k. 1, o., k. 5, turn.
9th row.—O., k. 4, p. 7, k. 5, turn.
10th row.—O., k. 8, o., k. 1, o., k. 8, turn.
11th row.—O., k. 5, p. 9, k. 6, turn.
12th row.—O., k. 10, o., k. 1, o., k. 10, turn.
13th row.—O., k. 6, p. 11, k. 7, turn.
14th row.—O., k. 12, o., k. 1, o., k. 12, turn.
15th row.—O., k. 7, p. 13, k. 8, turn.
16th row.—O., k. 14, o., k. 1, o., k. 14, turn.
17th row.—O., k. 8, p. 15, k. 9, turn.
18th row.—O., k. 9, n. by slipping 10 sts. off on needle in right hand, then k. 1, sl. 10 sts. o. the 11th st., k. 11, k. 2 sts. tog.
19th row.—O., k. 9, p. 13, k. 10, turn.
20th row.—O., k. 10, n. as before, k. 9, n., k. 10, turn.
21st row.—O., k. 10, p. 11, k. 11, turn.
22nd row.—O., k. 11, n., k. 7, n., k. 11, turn.
23rd row.—O., k. 11, p. 9, k. 12, turn.
24th row.—O., k. 12, n., k. 5, n., k. 12, turn.
25th row.—O., k. 12, p. 7, k. 13, turn.
26th row.—O., k. 13, n., k. 3, n., k. 13, turn.
27th row.—O., k. 13, p. 5, k. 14, turn.
28th row.—O., k. 14, n., k. 1, n., k. 14, turn.
29th row.—O., k. 14, p. 3, k. 14, turn.
30th row.—O., k. 15, n., k. 16, turn.
31st row.—O., k. 16, p. 2, k. 16, turn.
32nd row.—O., k. 17, n., k. 16, turn.
33rd row.—O., k. across, back and forth three times, turn.

Now make the plain stripe by knitting one row, purl one row till wide as desired. Then thread over and back and forth three times, turn.

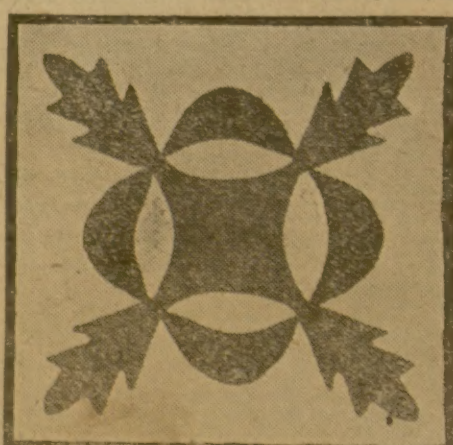
O., k. 2 sts., o., k. 2 sts. tog., continue this across the row, turn.

O., k. across, turn and k. 3 rows 'back and forth, then bind off. When four are made crochet or sew them together.

MAMIE L. POOLE.

California Oak Leaf

Another attractive pattern that is not difficult to make. The leaves and center are of green, the



CALIFORNIA OAK LEAF.

half circles red, and the whole is felled upon a white block.

MRS. E. HINZE.

Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shifflety and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moves to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interferes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Heads and Horns," where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dull boom of a gun, the storm swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Timothy Twiterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and shawl, Charlie wore when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and insinuates Job will want more than he can raise. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood. He takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore, the adopted daughter of the owner of the yacht. Mr. Lynmore will make good Job Seagrain's loss. Job and Charlie sail for home in the new craft, "The Belle of the Bay." Job pays the debt and refuses to sell his place.

Mr. Twiterton endeavors to strengthen the opinion of the firm as to his ability. He discovers an error. Mr. Blastwood, a member of the firm, admits he made the mistake. Mr. Twiterton invites Seth Muggleton, the porter, to drink beer and questions him as to Mr. Vanderwent's wife and last child. Mr. Blastwood calls to see Mr. Twiterton. The cash is short and Mr. Vanderwent is watched with suspicion. Seth Muggleton dies suddenly. Mr. Twiterton is sent to Staten Island to inform Mr. Vanderwent and Mr. Lynmore of the old porter's death. He incenses both men by his manner. The next morning he receives a notice that his services are no longer required. Mr. Twiterton endeavors to convince Mr. Blastwood that he is Charles Vanderwent, Jr. He is advised to state the argument to Mr. Vanderwent. "Squire Peter" buys up Job Seagrain's old bills. Charlie Seagrain examines and finds them outlawed. Job pays the balance and will not sell the place less than thirty-five hundred, and then only for that day. Job and Charlie sail for New Brighton and going to Mr. Lynmore's are surprised to find Mr. Twiterton there. Mr. Twiterton visits Mr. Vanderwent. Pointing to a portrait he recognizes, by a shawl, the first Mrs. Vanderwent as his mother. Mr. Vanderwent doubts his story. Mr. Twiterton is prepared to produce the shawl and makes the monogram "C. V." as it is worked on the night-dress. He shows the shawl and night-dress to Mr. Vanderwent, and tells the story of his shipwreck and rescue by Tom Twiterton. He produces a written narrative. Reluctantly Mr. Vanderwent acknowledges him as his son. He is allowed to take his place, as Cornelius Vanderwent, Jr. He is surprised to meet Job and Charlie at Mr. Lynmore's home. Mr. Lynmore tells Job of Tim's newly found father-of the evidence in the shawl and night-dress, and Job understands why Tim was so anxious to secure them, and when alone with Tim asks him who Charlie is. Charlie secures a position in the store and Cornelius is jealous of the favor shown him. New Year's day Mr. Lynmore gives Charlie a one hundred dollar bill. He shows it to his fellow clerks and lays it down. Mr. Blastwood sends him on an errand. Charlie buys books. Mr. Blastwood puzzles over his cash—a hundred dollar bill is missing. Cornelius insists that every bill of that denomination be looked up. Charlie insists and the cashier goes to the bookstore with him. The missing bill is produced. Charlie asserts his innocence. Mr. Blastwood opens Charlie's diary and takes a hundred dollar bill from it. He believes he is innocent and questions him now he stands with Cornelius. Charlie goes to Oslip and explains why he has a vacation. Job has a talk with Tim Twiterton. He knows he stole the bill and must set the boy right. Tim reluctantly promises he will tell Mr. Leffingwell. He shall see him Saturday and know he makes it right with Mr. Blastwood. Mr. Lynmore's nephew exacts a promise from Charlie that he will not visit the Lynmores for six months. Charlie goes back to the store. The cash is still short. Job goes to New York. He is just in time to see Mr. Leffingwell who is going to Europe. They go to the steamer and to stateroom No. 42. Job thinks the man does not look like a merchant. It's all right with Charlie all he cares to know and he rises to go. Mr. Leffingwell invites him to go down to Sandy Hook. He can return on the tug or with the pilot. Charlie goes home. Job does not return Saturday or Sunday.

Mr. Lynmore insists upon knowing why Charlie does not come to his house. Reluctantly he tells the reason why. Mr. Lynmore demands his nephew sign a paper releasing Charlie from his promise. He gives orders for the servants not to admit him for six months. Cornelius Vanderwent enlists Fred Lynmore's sympathy to help him win Miss Fannie Lynmore. Mr. Blastwood gives Cornelius two five dollar bills to pay for his hat. He requests that Seagrain be sent. Mr. Blastwood is willing. The vigilant shadows him. Mr. Blastwood receives an anonymous letter. The writer's son fills in evil ways and wins twenty dollars from a young man, Mr. Seagrain, in their employ. It means Seagrain. The bill has the cashier's mark upon it. Mr. Lynmore requests Cornelius Vanderwent to visit his house only when invited. Mr. Lynmore cannot think Charlie a gambler and believes the one who put the stolen bill in his diary wrote this letter. The detective arrests Charlie. He sees him pay the bill with ten dollars. Mr. Blastwood orders him to bring Charlie back. Cornelius has the two fives and Mr. Blastwood believes he is the thief. Palling out the money drawer a large sum is found back of the drawer—about one half of that is missing. A commotion is heard and going to the counting-room Job Seagrain is shaking Cornelius Vanderwent.

CHAPTER XIX.

OR SEAGRAIN IS VIOLENT.

W E left Job Seagrain in stateroom No. 42, on board of the ocean steamer about to sail for Europe, the venerable oysterman supposed, for so Mr. Cornelius had stated. Though it was true that the Vanderwent had been pursued by his "shadow," who followed him on board ship and to the shore again, nothing whatever was known at the store in reference to the old man. The detective was paid to ascertain what money the son of his father disbursed, and whether the young man had any bad habits which were more expensive than his salary would warrant. It was not his business to meddle with the old man or the young man in the stateroom, though he carefully noted the incidents which occurred in that little apartment, and reported them all to his principal, who made a good use of them.

Job thought Mr. Leffingwell had very black hands for a merchant, and did not object to a trip in the steamer as far as Sandy Hook. He was in a very happy frame of mind, for all doubt and suspicion in regard to his boy was removed. The partner before him had kindly assured him that Charlie was all right now.

"Your boy is a remarkably fine fellow," Mr. Seagrain repeated Mr. Leffingwell, when Mr. Cornelius and his shadow had departed. "We were actually stunned in the store when we found that bill in his pocket."

"But how came it in his pocket? That's the p'int," demanded Job.

"Why, Mr. Cornelius put it there, of course. He has owned up to that he did it."

"I knowed it."

"It's plain enough now; but he is the son of the senior partner, so we had to hush it up."

"Yes," said the old man, winking rapidly as though he was not a stockholder in this view of the case.

"We proclaimed all over the store that Charlie is innocent, but we don't say who is guilty. Your boy, Mr. Seagrain, will make his mark; in fact he is doing it now."

Mr. Leffingwell talked in this strain till the steamer left the wharf and Job was not averse to listening to the praises bestowed so liberally upon Charlie. The old man felt the jar of the machinery, and heard the swash of the waters behind the great wheels; but his companion con-

tinued to talk, and to repeat over and over again what he had said about the boy.

"Don't you think that we had better go on deck, Mr. Leffingwell?" suggested Job, as he glanced through the port and saw that the steamer was going through the Narrows.

"No hurry," added the merchant, who continued to talk faster than ever about the boy. The old man began to be nervous, for there was a possibility that the tug or pilot might leave the ship without him.

"I guess I will go on deck and see where the tug is, Mr. Leffingwell," said he, rising from the divan.

"Oh, no, don't go yet. It will be time enough when the ship stops," interposed the merchant.

"Sit down and make yourself easy."

"I guess I'll go on deck," persisted Job, who could not help looking at the dark, oily hands of his companion.

"No, no; sit down. I haven't half finished my story, and the tug will not return for a half hour yet."

Job moved towards the door and put his hand on the knob to open it.

"Sit down, I say," said Mr. Leffingwell, in a sharper tone than the oysterman thought was polite.

"I guess I won't stop no longer," replied Job. "I don't want to run no risk of getting left, for I don't want to go to Europe just yet."

The old man was on the point of opening the door, when his companion seized his arm, and wrenched his hand from its hold on the knob. Job thought this was rather rough, and the violence tended to confirm a rather vague suspicion of something wrong, that was lurking in his mind.

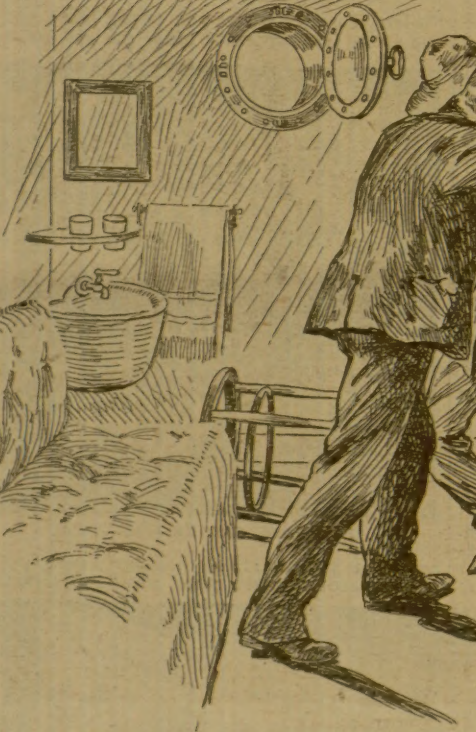
"Sit down, old fellow," added Mr. Leffingwell, crowding the old man back to the divan. "Let us have something to drink before we part, and he proceeded to pour some brandy from a flask he took from his pocket into a glass. "Here is some good liquor; none of your doctored stuff."

"No, I thank ye; I never drink no liquor now," said Job.

"Nonsense, old fellow. Take it."

"Not a drop for me now," persisted the old man. "I'm going on deck, now."

"Not yet," said Leffingwell, as he drank off the contents of the glass, which was half full. "Stay where you are."



THE OLD MAN SPRANG AT THE THROAT OF HIS ASSAILANT.

"I shall be too late for the pilot," said Job, rising.

Leffingwell pushed him back again in his seat. By this time the old man was thoroughly alarmed, and satisfied that his companion meant mischief.

"Keep quiet, old fellow," said Leffingwell, producing a revolver. "You and I are booked for a long voyage in this steamer."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Job, beginning to realize that he must fight his way out of the dilemma.

"Your passage is all paid to Brazil on this steamer, and you may as well make the best of it."

"Who paid it?"

"Cornelius Vanderwent, Jr. He said that you didn't behave well, and that you ought to leave your country for your country's good."

"I don't reckon that I shall," said Job, rising once more, his wrath fully kindled when he comprehended the treachery of the Vanderwent.

"Keep still where you are, old fellow," added Leffingwell, as he pointed his revolver at his victim. "I don't want to shoot you, but I will have to do so, if you don't behave yourself."

"I ain't a-goin' to stay here no longer," said Job, shaking with anger.

"Yes, you are, old fellow," said Leffingwell, as he attempted to shove him back again on the divan.

The old man sprang at the throat of his assailant, who had evidently underrated the pluck and strength of the oysterman. Job felt that he was fighting for life and liberty. He was tough and snappy, and his assault so sudden and unexpected to Leffingwell, that he was not prepared for so much resistance. In spite of himself, the old man bore him under, and he fell, striking his head with so much force on the lower berth, that he was stunned. Job grasped the pistol, which was not cocked, and felt that he was master of the situation. His enemy lay still on the floor, bleeding from a cut on his head, where he had struck the sharp edge of the berth. He was not dead, and satisfied on this point, the old man stepped over the prostrate form, and left the stateroom.

He was just in time, for a pilot boat had hove to, and the steamer presently stopped her wheels. Job asked an officer where the tug was. None had come down.

"But I was told that I could go back to the city on a tug," said Job.

"No tug came down," said the officer. "Are you a passenger?"

"No! Good gracious, no," protested Job.

"Well, you can go off with the pilot."

When the steamer stopped, and the small boat came up to the gangway, the old man dropped into it after the pilot.

"What are you doing down here?" asked the pilot, as the boat shoved off, and the steamer continued in her course.

"I was told that a tug would take me back," replied Job, who did not choose to explain what had occurred in stateroom No. 42.

"Well, I don't know when you can go back to the city. The pilot boat won't go for a week; but we can put you on board the first vessel bound in."

The old man was kindly received on board the pilot boat, where he made himself useful; but on Sunday and Monday a dense fog prevailed, and vessels bound into New York kept off. On Monday afternoon, however, he boarded a steamer from the Bermudas, with the pilot, and reached the city in season to take the train for Oslip, which also carried the letter from Charlie, to the effect that nothing had been heard of Job. Betsy Ann was delighted to see him, and more delighted to see him sober. She actually embraced and kissed him. There was no odor of liquor upon him.

"Where have you been, Job?" she cried.

"I couldn't help it, Betsy Ann."

"You ain't been on a time, then?"

"No; I ain't touched a drop of nothin'; but I had a consarned mean trick played on me," replied the old man, as he took from his pocket the revolver, which he had captured from Leffingwell.

"You ain't a-goin' to shoot nobody, be you?" asked Betsy Ann, alarmed at the sight of the pistol.

Job assured her that he was not going to make any use of the dangerous weapon, and proceeded to narrate his experience in stateroom No. 42. His wife listened, with her mouth wide open, and eyes extended like full moons. When he had finished, she wondered how she had not been killed, and then she wondered how she had ever dared "tackle" a man who had pluck enough to fight another with a loaded pistol in his hand.

"And Tim Twiterton did it," gasped she.

"Yes, he did; and I will clean him out before another sun goes down."

"But he's Mr. Vanderwent's son now."

"No, he ain't nuther," said Job, contemptuously.

"He ain't?"

"No, no more than nothin'; but I know who Mr. Vanderwent's son is."

be on the way to the tropical land of Brazil, where the climate would kill him in a few months. Job marched squarely up to the Vanderwent. The memory of his wrongs bore heavily upon him, stirring up his wrath to a fever heat. The sight of the young man who had acted so treacherously was too much for him, and he sprang upon him, throttled and shook him, till he cried for mercy. By this time, Mr. Lynmore and Mr. Blastwood, with the detectives, came out of the private office, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The officers seized the furious old man, and relieved the Vanderwent from the pressure upon him.

"What are you doing, Mr. Seagrain? Do you mean to kill Mr. Vanderwent's son?"

"Mr. Vanderwent's son!" gasped Job, out of breath, with the violence of his efforts.

"Certainly, his son."

"He ain't his son no more'n I am!" sneered Job.

Mr. Cornelius had not yet recovered his breath sufficiently to speak, and was edging towards the door. Everything seemed to go wrong with him that day. Judging from his action, he meditated an ignominious retreat.

"Don't let him go," said Job.

"I think we had better not," added Mr. Subtile, the detective, as he placed himself between the Vanderwent and the door. "I have some business with this young man."

"But he is Mr. Vanderwent's son," interposed Mr. Lynmore, who was not willing that any indignity should be cast upon the son of his partner.

"I don't know anything about that," added Mr. Subtile.

Mr. Blastwood suggested that they should retire to the private office again.

"Where's my boy?" demanded Job, "I ain't seen him yet."

"He will be here presently," said the financial partner, as he conducted the old man to the private office.

In order to prepare Job for what was to come, Mr. Lynmore told him what had occurred in the counting-room during the forenoon. Before he had finished the story, Charlie, attended by Grawler, entered the room. He looked very sad and despondent, and was evidently deeply grieved by the fact that he had been arrested; but when he saw Job, he smiled, and rushed towards him, with both hands extended. The tears gathered in his eyes as he pressed the old man's hands.

"It's all right now, or will soon be," said the old man.

"Charlie, you are entirely exonerated," said Mr. Lynmore, kindly. "We have ascertained how the bill came into your possession," and he glanced at the Vanderwent, who had been brought into the office for safe keeping.

Mr. Subtile was very anxious to tell his story before the wind was taken out of his sails, for the case appeared to have worked itself up without his aid. Taking from his pocket a roll of bills, he placed them upon the desk. They were all marked.

"Two passages to Rio Janeiro, in the steamer which sailed on Saturday, were paid with this money," said the principal detective.

"One of 'em was mine," said Job.

"I saw you in stateroom No. 42, on the steamer," said the shadow who had attended the Vanderwent.

"They were paid by this young man," added Mr. Subtile, pointing to Mr. Cornelius.

"No, sir. I know nothing whatever about the matter," protested the Vanderwent, who was not yet aware that the leak in the money drawer had been detected.

"The man who sold them to him has been here, and identified him," added the detective.

"The tickets were bought Friday afternoon, and I found these bills before the agent deposited Saturday morning. When Sprowie indicated the man who had shadowed the Vanderwent, I reported to me the facts about the steamer, I went to the office to ascertain who berthed in stateroom No. 42. The name was Leffingwell."

"Perhaps it was, and perhaps it wasn't," said Job, who at this point related his experience in the stateroom, and the manner in which he had been enticed there by "Tim Twiterton," as he still called him. "I supposed I was talking to one of the partners of this consarn all the time," added the old man.

"Who was it, Cornelius?" asked Mr. Lynmore.

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the Vanderwent, in apparent astonishment.

"You told me that he was one of the partners, Tim Twiterton," said Job, savagely. "Did you own up to him that you put the hundred-dollar bill in my boy's pocket, as you told me that you did?"

"I never told you so," persisted Cornelius.

"Whether you are Mr. Vanderwent's son or not, Cornelius, it is useless for you to deny what is fairly proved," interposed Mr. Lynmore. "Mr. Blastwood has shown conclusively that you substituted a marked ten for the two fives he gave you."

"I shall speak to my father, and appeal to him," replied the Vanderwent, sullenly. "If you want to disgrace his family, he ought to know it."

"He ain't your father, no more'n he's mine," added Job.

"Mr. Seagrain, you charge the young man with a very grave crime," continued Mr. Lynmore.

"I can prove all that I say."

"You charge him with an attempt to kidnap you, and get you out of the country. Why should he wish to do such a thing?"

"I told him that he must own up to stealing that bill, or I'd go to his father. I wanted him to clear up my boy's character, and he said he'd do it. Instead of that, he done what I told you. He knows very well that I can prove he ain't no son of Mr. Vanderwent, nor nothin' of the sort. He ain't even a fifth cousin to him."

"I saved the old man's life once," said Mr. Cornelius, bitterly, "and I am the author of his fortune. You see how he rewards me—with slander and treachery."

"I never went back on you, Tim Twiterton, till added Job. "I can stick to a friend as long as any other man, but I ain't a-goin' to kiver up his rascally deed, no how, no more'n nothin'. I want to see Mr. Vanderwent now; and I'll put a streak of daylight through this business, quick-er'n lightning."

"He's not very well today, and will not be here. I think that we had better go up to his house, for he must know at once what his son has done."

"I am willing to go to him," said the guilty young man, impudently. "I shall be able to explain everything, and convince my father that his partners have got up a conspiracy against me."

"There is evidence enough to send you to Sing Sing," added Mr. Lynmore, sternly.

"Do you think that I would steal money from my own father?" demanded the Vanderwent, sharply, though there was a sickly expression on his face that blunted the sharpness of the tone.

"Perhaps you don't call it stealing," added Mr. Lynmore, quietly. "Perhaps you will say that you found the bills on the floor behind the drawer where the salesbooks are kept; but finding is stealing in this case."

Mr. Cornelius was startled.

"I don't understand you, sir," said he, recovering his self-possession.

"We know how the bills got out of the drawer now; and we know where you obtained those which have been traced to you. It is worse than folly for you to deny it."

"You owned up to me, Tim Twiterton," added Jo.

"I did not. I wish to see my father."

"You ain't got no father," protested the old man.

"I'd like to see Mr. Vanderwent."

"We will all go up to his house," Mr. Subtile, you will see that the young man goes to Mr. Vanderwent's house," continued Mr. Lynmore.

"You need not trouble yourself about me, I will go there, whether the rest of you do or not,"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Don't you know that you don't know a whole lot of things that you should know which would make you better if you did know about Washington and Lincoln? Subscribe now for COMFORT and you will know. See great subscriptions prize offer on page 30.



Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged; remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
- Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Just a Few Words

The beginning of a New Year always seems an appropriate time for making a change, so it is with this first issue of 1909 that I have decided to conduct this department in a little different manner. I feel forced to do so as the letters come in so rapidly it is impossible for all those which really deserve a place to appear before they are so old they are rather out of date. Therefore, with the exception of one or two of the very best letters, only extracts, such as suggestions, advice, requests, etc., will appear, for a while at least, as in this way, the same amount of space can be made to serve a much larger number of people. So hereafter in writing, if you are particularly anxious for your letter to appear, make it as good as the best and be very sure you include something which you feel will be of value to many, say something worth while, or if you simply wish to make a request, be concise.

Of course it is always interesting to hear of the home life, hopes and ambitions of each one, and scores of the letters we receive could not fail to please, if they could appear, but lack of space forbids, for while this department is instructive and valuable, it is the combination of all the various departments and features which make COMFORT what it is, so naturally each has to be limited to make room for all.

As these particular columns belong to all COMFORT readers, I invite the comment of all upon this change, which affects each one and shall be anxious to hear whether it meets with general approval or not.

Now wishing you each a most happy and prosperous New Year and thanking all who have remembered me in any way I will proceed by introducing to you a newcomer, "Aunt Allie," a semi-invalid of Chicago, from whose letter I clip the following on equal suffrage; this is a note it would be well to touch on. Are the majority of COMFORT sisters in favor of suffrage or not, let us hear from you.

DEAR EDITOR:

I desire a seat in this corner and a welcome from you, and the vast COMFORT family.

First of all I wish to repeat and thereby impress the greatness of this one sentence from one of COMFORT's editorials, "If the people lose in the great fight that is now on, the glory of the 4th of July will be but an empty tradition not worth celebrating."

Now if we capitalize two words much in use in our land and write it The People do we not mainly refer to labor—the many who have not been thoughtful to vote in their own interests and have allowed of competition in great corporations. I do not think such injustice as *child labor* would have gotten such a hold on America as has been shown by Edwin Makham's numerous great articles—had equal suffrage been granted to the mothers of America as is rightly the right to woman.

But alas few, too few by far, who are now mothers give deep thought to this fact as to woman's rights. Many, because they are well fed, fail to realize that other mothers, underfed and clad, as are the children in the home, must consent to let their babies, often as young as four years, go to work to earn a pittance, because the parents are not paid fair salaries. This indicates a wrong somewhere in government, and promotes a most piteous side to race suicide. Also corporations that provide the milk to cities, which is so impure and watered as to starve the babies in the tenement homes where the cheapest of foods must be bought—and many times mothers and babies go hungry, hungry, hungry all the while.

All these conditions in a land of plenty, and this because The People who are oppressed have little time to reflect or read. Abraham Lincoln saw the cloud and moaned, and the cloud has not passed—there are two sides to all news items or scandal gossips my dears, remember.

"AUNT ALLIE," 6952 Parnell, Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Linden's is the first letter received expressing the pleasure the November COMFORT gave her. She says:

"I want to say a few words and tell you how delighted I was with the Anniversary Number. How much information we gained in regard to our dear publisher, Mr. Gannett, and his family, and how beautiful Uncle Charlie's life is; he surely is good and noble. May God bless his every effort."

"In our own corner I was also highly pleased to see the photos of our editor, the prize winners and others; now we shall surely feel even better acquainted."

"I have received many letters, all of which I would like to answer, but can do so more promptly through this corner. For all who are interested I have sent my recipe for making Mock Turtle and Oyster soup which will appear in another column. To the many who have asked for information in regard to happiness, will say I

will later write on that subject, as I have neither time, stationery nor postage to write each personally. Wishing you all success and happiness, including our editorial staff, your COMFORT sister, Mrs. JOSEPHINE LINDEN, 4 East Clifton, Av., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A well-known sister comes next.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am glad of this opportunity to write for the mothers' corner—some of the dearest memories of my life are bound up in the COMFORT magazine and I think with profound gratitude of the ones who have written to me and in many ways brightened my days here below—there is always in every life some little part which even those dearer than life to us cannot enter. It is the inner life. We do not understand it ourselves. I am sitting alone while my family sleep. The only time I can find to write is at night. I've only two hands, and there are only twenty-four hours in the day. During this quiet hour in the dead silence of the house the clock's regular tick tick is like someone breathing. How many dear shut-ins watch the weary hours go by. They pray for morning, when in pain they watch and pray for night again.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CENTENNIAL comes next February. Read all about it in February COMFORT, our special Washington and Lincoln number. Remember you can now renew your subscription to COMFORT two years for 25 cents. Next month will be too late.

Dear mothers we are prone to speak unkindly. It may be we are not feeling well, something has gone wrong and we speak unkindly. It never pays to wound another by unkind words.

I was born and reared in the South in the midst of slavery and never knew that it was wrong as my people were all slave owners. My children are Western and cannot understand how such things could have existed.

We still live over the water and my little ones daily watch with the little black crabs the return of the tide. How the little crabs wait for it! How they seem to listen for the sound of its coming.

The natural beauty of Washington impresses me daily more and more, and the people are so free and independent. I wonder the whole world does not visit Puget Sound, the most wonderful inland sea on the globe.

Now sisters and friends write me a long letter in reply to this and throw into your words and ideas the beauty and romance that cheered in days gone by. The bitterest tears shed over

so a pure mind means a clean body and an impure one an unclean body.

Holy wisdom is indeed needed by parents, so much sin, suffering and even deformity could be prevented if taken in time. A mother can correct protruding ears, pinch up a nose which is flat and do much towards shaping a head by pressing gently and frequently. Still more can be done for an unborn child, by exercising as to food, and thought. Think of pleasant things, look at the beautiful and live an even, quiet life. Study physiology and live regularly.

Mind influences the body, look forward, not backward and thus would we move forward. My heart goes out in love and sympathy to all suffering, for much of it is so needless.

Mrs. A. D. CHESTER, 401 School and Roch St., Fayetteville, Ark.

A reader from Omaha, Neb., who neglects to give name sends these remedies which may prove beneficial to many sufferers.

The first is said to be the prescription of a noted French physician for

Chronic Rheumatism

Take equal parts of spirits of turpentine, sweet spirits of niter, oil of juniper and alcohol. Shake well and rub the parts affected two or three times a day. At bedtime take ten drops in a little water.

Bitters for Chronic Rheumatism

To be taken in connection with above, one half pound each of pulverized prickly ash berries, spikenard root, yellow poplar and dogwood bark, put all into a gallon jug and fill up with brandy. Dose a wineglass taken three times daily before meals.

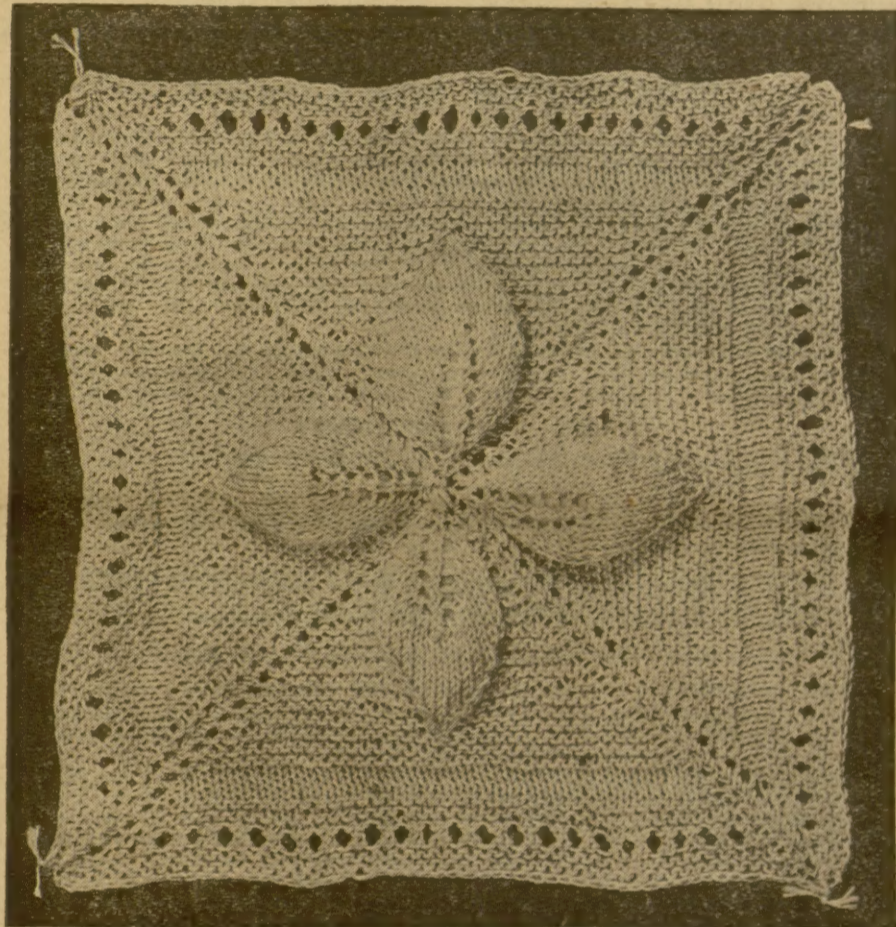
For Inflammatory Rheumatism

Take a good handful of yellow poplar, dogwood, prickly ash, wild cherry and white ash bark, two gallons of water, boil down to one gallon then add one gallon of old rye. Dose a wineglass three times daily, before meals, is said to be a sure cure.

From Idaho comes this advice for the home cure of pneumonia which may prove helpful to those in isolated places, far from doctors.

Give the patient a good dose of physic, then apply a poultice of fresh lard and mustard spread on a woolen flannel, to chest and back from the waist up. Renew when it becomes dry. Keep the patient well wrapped in blanket, but have fresh air in the room, avoiding draughts.

Every hour give the juice of one lemon in one quarter of a glass of hot water, with very



FOUR LEAF CLOVER BEDSPREAD.

By Miss Mamie L. Poole.

grave are caused by the regret that we never said the word or did the deed until it was too late! The golden rule will carry us through.

M. E. OAKES, 422 3rd St., Olympia, Wash.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

How would you all enjoy a breath from the Sunny South this morning? Not a breath laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms but a warm, fresh breath, suggesting spring birds, songs and swelling buds and planting time. If you will permit me to enter I will bring you such from our dear South land.

I want to tell you of a piece of fancy work which is different from anything I have seen mentioned in these columns.

To make a nice warm couch throw, cut pieces any size (mine are five and one half inches by three and one half inches) from woolen goods or men's suits, buttonhole all around the edges with one color saxon then crochet all around with another color wool, then brier stitch from all four sides with a third color and your piece is done, make all different, using three colors on every piece and when put together you will be pleased with the result; it takes about one hundred and fifty pieces the size of mine.

Mrs. McMichael. You wrote from my old home where I lived before I moved to Santa Ga. and I may have known you by your maiden name. Sometime I will write and tell the sisters what a fine country South Georgia is to live in. I would appreciate drawnwork samples and will return samples or equal favors.

Mrs. CARRIE E. DUVALL, Balloon, Clinch Co., Georgia.

KIND FRIENDS:

There has been so much said about cures for the suffering of mankind I feel like suggesting a preventive. Someone said the education should begin one hundred years before the child was born, but I will only go back to the marriage altar, for if there is an unwise union of two people, woe be unto their offspring. Too many couples enter upon married life ill prepared for the responsibilities which follow.

Like begats like and ignorance brings suffering. There are parents whose false modesty prevent them from teaching their children how to care for their own bodies and the sacredness of marriage. The consequence is that much needless misery is caused, often the devil takes advantage of youth's ignorance and a weakened body and mind, till the insane asylum gets the body and the devil the soul. Such results are not uncommon and yet parents do not seem to be alive to the fact that children should be prepared for the graver responsibilities of life long before they enter upon them.

Cleanliness brings health, filth disease and just

little sugar. For food give gruel, toasted bread, chicken or beef broth, skimmed, and a little well cooked rice.

For blood poisoning make a salve of green or dried catnip leaves and fresh butter, pulverizing the leaves and mix well. Apply fresh once an hour. The wound will heal from the bone out and leave only a slight scar.

The writer of the above Mrs. Mary J. Hayes, Orangeville, Idaho, was born in Switzerland and sends a couple of Swiss recipes which will be found in another column. Also announces that her fifth wedding anniversary is Jan. 25, and invites all to visit her via Uncle Sam's mail service, then or later.

1861. What does that mean? Civil war stories. Old war songs. Instructive, interesting, entertaining. All in next February COMFORT. Don't miss reading it. Washington and Lincoln Centennial number.

A Kind Offer

I am not a doctor or nurse but am the mother of four delicate children and because of uphill work in rearing them have learned considerable which I would like to pass on, so if there are those among this band who are discouraged, if they will write me, stating condition and how long they have been so, I will try to advise. Those about to become mothers, who are puzzled about anything I would also like to hear from them. Patterns of baby clothes supplied. In writing to me please remember to enclose a stamp for I am not over supplied.

Mrs. MARJORIE NEE, Wilmington, Mass.

Miss Adele C. Denham. I enjoyed your letter, and love my mother dearly, but I want to speak a word for the fathers. I think they are likely to be more neglected than the mothers, so, I say, dear girls don't forget your old father, give him the little attentions, when he comes in tired, have his paper, coat and slippers ready. How my father loved to have me rub his head. A loving kiss pressed on the forehead means much.

I have not seen my parents for two years but am going to visit them soon, how I have missed them since leaving home nobody knows.

Mrs. EMMA STANBACH, Box 28, Chickasha, R. D. 2, Okla.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Many years ago this paper first found its way into our home, out on the dear old farm, and I can say it has given us more real satisfaction than the higher priced papers and magazines. It is two years and a half since my dear mother was called home and each day seems more lonely and sad to me, we (my father and I) live very quietly, although we are only seven blocks from

up town. Bloomington is a little city of thirty thousand inhabitants, located in central Illinois, and in the midst of the great corn belt. It is quite an educational center as the normal and Wesleyan universities are located here, besides several other splendid schools.

I was sorry to see that cure for goiter in the September number, and think it would be very cruel to bury a frog alive. I never stand by and see dumb animals mistreated. Thank, God, for the humane societies; we have a branch here and I think every city, town and community should have one. I will close by sending another

Cure for Goiter

My grandmother, years ago, was cured by simply painting her throat with iodine, this must be repeated until the largeness disappears. The clear, or uncolored iodine, may be obtained at drug-stores now.

If any of the readers have the name of Lindley or Hummel I would be glad to hear from them. May God bless the shut-ins, COMFORT's staff and every reader.

MISS LURA LINDLEY, 701 East Olive St., Bloomington, Ill.

Dear Lura:

You are not the only one whose tender heart has been moved with pity at thought of burying a poor frog alive. To relieve your mind let me tell you it really would not be a cruelty, for frogs, toads and other animals of this order are made to bury themselves in the mud, and take long sleeps. Frogs have lived for years imbedded in rocks and have been as lively as ever soon after being liberated. I am glad to hear from you and hope more of the Sunshiners will make themselves known.

A Michigan reader comes with some good suggestions resulting from experience.

I am a farmer's wife of thirty, happy, cheerful and much interested in everything pertaining to home. Have only one boy of four and one of the very best brand of husbands. We live near Cass City in rather a new country, pleasant in the summer, but damp and with lots of snow in the winter.

Fancy work lovers will probably welcome my way of filling sofa pillows. I get cotton batting, cut in small squares, put in a baking pan and heat in a hot oven twenty or thirty minutes, each little square will puff up light and feathery and pillows filled in this way will be soft as down.

Flour makes an excellent substitute for starch. Mix one tablespoonful with one cup of water, beat up with an egg beater and add a little bluing. To prevent the iron sticking add wax or kerosene.

When making fudge, add the juice of half a lemon before it begins to boil. The acid cuts the richness of the chocolate and gives a nice flavor.

I could not do without COMFORT. In a way it has taken the place of a mother, and I have learned much from its pages. I have always been alone as my parents, brothers and sister died in my youth. Grandmother cared for me and was always good and kind, still there was the void which only a mother can fill.

Wishing all a Happy New Year and hoping to be favored with a letter or two, Mrs. ROSELLA (HUTCHINSON) CHURCHILL, DeFord, Mich.

Every man and woman will be benefited by reading about Washington and Lincoln in February COMFORT. A great big special number exceedingly interesting. Last chance to extend your subscription two years for 25 cents.

Mary P. writing of one of the newer western towns says: A large crowd of us came here from Arkansas in seven wagons. We were one month and a day on the road and though we had some hard experiences, we also had some jolly good times and the days passed quickly.

Erick is a nice little town which is growing fast, the soil is sandy and productive, climate good, but as everything is new, some things are scarce, such for instance as scraps of silk and satin, I need some pieces, any kind six by six inches will be greatly appreciated. Letters of inquiry relative to this part of the country I will gladly answer if stamp is inclosed.

Mrs. MARY PEARSON, Erick, Okla.

Mrs. Marble writes an interesting letter from which I clip the following:

"I can sympathize with all sorrowing ones for two years ago we had to give up our oldest daughter, the idol of our home, and since then I go out very little; my mail is my greatest source of comfort. Will not some of the readers visit me by letter? I would also appreciate reading."

Mrs. MARY MARBLE, L. Box 247, Northville, N. Y.

The following simple home remedies may be of value:

For itch try the following remedy: Take one ounce each of gum camphor and white wax, two ounces mutton tallow three drams each of red precipitate and oxide of zinc, and one dram tannic acid. Saturate the camphor with a little alcohol, melt the tallow and wax by gentle heat, then stir and rub together thoroughly till cool. Rub a little on affected parts, and where the flesh or skin comes together and chafes, put a bit of the ointment on a soft rag, and place between.

To exterminate bed bugs, get lump alum and pound fine, pour boiling water over it, making a strong solution, clean bed thoroughly, then use the alum water, sprinkling plentifully in every crack, a small brush or machine-oil can will be found very convenient.

For fits here is a tried and true remedy: Pulverize sage until you can sift it through a very fine sieve, add the same quantity of sugar, and give a teaspoonful for three or four mornings every new moon, and between times if the patient shows symptoms of fits coming on.

Mrs. C. SHANOLTZER, El Reno, Okla.

DEAR SUFFERING ONES:

I wish to tell you of a good remedy for dropsy, recommended by a Chicago specialist, which my aunt used with great success.

Take parsley and steep, drink freely. It acts on the kidneys and removes all swelling if persisted in.

For rheumatism steep celery seeds and drink of it freely. Hoping someone may be helped by the above, A COMFORT READER, El Reno, Okla.

The beginning of this letter tells what one sister is doing for the shut-ins.

When I read the shut-ins' names, how I wish I could help them all. I am trying with others to send one shut-in to a doctor and may be able in the same way to help others.

I am on a claim in the northwest corner of N. D., eighteen miles from Mont. or Can. line.

This is where the Indians once roamed and they have a reservation not far from here. We find many Indian relics and graves.

The cactus grow here in abundance also some sag, bush. It is fine farming land though and most of the settlers are farming.

Coal "lignite" is found almost any place and is cheap. At first we were fifty miles from a railroad but now only twenty-two. A general store and post-office is only three miles away, so we do not suffer much inconvenience.

There are three of us, one dear little boy three and one half years, and baby and I are out with papa all it's possible.

Use badger oil for sprains and lameness. It will also grow a new hoof on a horse. Try it.

If any shut-ins will write to me I may be able to give them cheer, with reading material, also information where there is help for them.

I enjoy the COMFORT so much that I want to secure what numbers I have missed. Uncle Charlie is doing good work, too.

I hope to hear from some of the sisters and shut-ins. Mrs. A. BINGHAM, Stady, No. Dak.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and get much help from them. I am tall, have dark hair and eyes, and am nearly twenty-six years old, am married, but have no children. I will try to give

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Lady Isabel's Daughter Or, For Her Mother's Sin A Sequel to "East Lynne" By Mrs. Henry Wood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Hallioun. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison was the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. As a divorcee, Levison, he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Madam Vine, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. The Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleigh's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the Earl's valet to make the yacht unworthy. The valet brings a sign. The Earl finds the mysterious string of pearls Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, partly because she meets Lady Rosamond and Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleigh, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realises her deadliest foe. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulder—what is his name? He is her brother! His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his name to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Cammer. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are hasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives. He goes to Arleigh Towers, where he finds his wife Lady Rosamond. He tells her that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel.

Lord Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhears the woman's refusal to recognize her.

Lady Rosamond and Lady Isabel, accompanied by Lord Beresford, his mother and the Viscount Drinnely, attend the opera. In La Sylphine Lady Rosamond recognizes Aty Hallioun, the woman Pierre Bloushar seeks. Lady Rosamond swoons. Lord Drinnely's admiration is cooled. Lord Beresford recognizes his former valet, Pierre Bloushar. Fate leads him to the opera. Lady Rosamond wins her point. The lost link is found.

Lady Isabel strikes Lady Beresford's pride in refusing her son's offer of marriage. He pleads for her love. She declares the interview over. Repenting she calls Lionel back, and he promises pride shall never come between them. Lady Isabel pleads with Lionel's mother for her love. Lady Beresford turns a deaf ear. Mr. Carlyle receives the news of the engagement. Shall he tell his daughter of the mother's shame? Rosamond begs him to keep the secret and that night the engagement is announced. Lady Rosamond steps from the crowded room and going to the garden meets Pierre Bloushar and Aty Hallioun. They proceed to East Lynne. Lady Rosamond receives a letter from Pierre Bloushar. He finds the grave marked "I. V." The Lady Isabel Carlyle's grave is empty. She carries the letter to Annette Varnell.

Lord Beresford invites the bridal party to the Towers in time to see "Merry Christmas," and make a week's general jollification. The last night of the old year comes and when Lionel bids Isabel good night she wonders how there can be sin and sorrow and suffering in a world where Lionel Beresford lives.

Across shows on the mere and Mrs. Fleck predicts evil things. The wedding takes place and the four lasts until May. On their return a grand reception is given. Lady Rosamond receives a note. Unconsciously she drops it. Lady Isabel goes to her room, and as she leaves her husband radiantly happy he never sees her again. She meets Lady Rosamond whose looks terrify her. She passes Lady Isabel a package telling her it contains an expose of Lady Vane's life. She reads it and learns of Sir Francis Levison's treachery, the dishonored mother, the illegitimate half brother. Her father demands to know who tells her this. Her mother is dead. The child is killed in a railroad accident at Cammer. Lady Rosamond swears the mother is living—she has seen her not at East Lynne. She writes to her, Jeddiah Cioot, telling him Archibald Carlyle has a singular dream relative to the grave marked "I. V." Does he care to read it? The grave is opened but there is no sign of a human body. The lost degraded Lady Isabel Carlyle is Mademoiselle La Sylphine. Lady Rosamond's vengeance is complete. In one hour she is to meet Sir Francis Levison's son and heir. Archibald Carlyle demands of Lady Rosamond to be led to the spot where they are. Looking he doubts no longer. He asks of Lady Rosamond her intention. The moment she speaks he tells the story of her mother's shame. Lord Beresford overhears this conversation, and wonders what the terrible words mean. He goes to his wife's room. He hears sobbing. Tapping lightly Joyce Hallioun opens the door. He makes a step forward. Joyce explains—my lady is sleeping—she is nervous and sick. Sick and dizzy, he reels back and realizes his wife countenances a willful lie. For the sake of the name he bears he must speak with his guests. The Grace of Arleigh promises not to mention it and regrets she lent her hand in furthering this marriage. In all things she holds Lady Rosamond Mount Severn blameless. A girl cooped up for years is not a—

CHAPTER XXX. (CONTINUED.)

THE duchess spoke no more. One look at his face frightened and awed her—she slipped away from his side and went floating down the steps with a pale, frightened face, crept into her carriage, and drew her lace about her with a shuddering heave; for in that moment, Madame la Duchesse had been granted a Sybil's power—the future had been unfolded to her eyes, and she saw and knew how the tragedy would end.

Quite a minute my lord stood there after the carriage had passed out of sight—quite a minute

he looked straight before him, and not a muscle quivered, not an eyelid twitched—quite a minute before he either breathed or spoke.

"God have mercy on me." Those were the first words, and his own mother would not have recognized the voice. "What have I done? What am I yet to do, now that honor has been wrecked? Merciful Heaven, I must go to her—go to Isabel—and speak with her before the day breaks. She shall put me off no more. See her I will, speak with her I will. I shall fall dead with horror if I do not learn the truth."

He swung round suddenly and groped his way into the house. The lights were burning still, as he reached the upper corridor, but he seemed to be in darkness.

"She shall tell me—she shall explain—now!—now! I cannot live like this."

He reeled down the passage to my lady's door, and lifted his hand to knock.

But that clinched hand never fell upon the pretty painted panels. Something lying in a crevice near the threshold attracted his eye. He stooped abruptly and picked it up.

It was a twisted scrap of paper written over in a man's hand, and the thing that attracted his attention was the simple address: "My Lady."

He smoothed the crumpled sheet out and walked to the gaslight to read it. It bore no address save those two words, but it lay at her door and that was sufficient.

"My Lady.—Yours containing remittance received. I am here, enraptured to know that the long wedding tour is over at last, and the meeting my heart has been set on, need no longer be delayed. I fly to execute your commands

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"What has God to do with such a wretch as I am," she answered in a harsh voice. "I have brought shame to a name that never knew it; I have sullied an honor that was dearer to me than my life, and Lady Vivienne Beresford was right, when she said I was not fit to be her son's wife. And I am not fit—I never shall be fit, Joyce. If Lionel knew the truth and came to me tonight and told me he forgave it, would he not the same? The stain would remain; to the last hour of life I should recollect that I had brought dishonor to him, and I could never lift my head and look into the faces of the world, as I looked before, when I believed my honor as spotless as his. The sin was my mother's, the atonement must be mine. And I must continue the hideous farce—God help and pity me, I must deceive my husband to keep him from going mad with horror. I must steal out of the house like a thief and go alone to meet him—to meet—him!"

"My poor lady! can I do nothing to spare you?—do me the thing to save you?"

She shook her tired head and looked spiritlessly away.

"Nothing, Joyce—nothing! Death is the only thing I shall ever crave, ever call a boon, after this. All you can do is to aid me in the wretched work of deceit. Look! it wants but twenty minutes of one o'clock. My—my brother has been waiting out there since eleven, and Lady Mount Severn tells me he will come up and demand an audience under this roof, if I fail to meet him at the foot of the Oak Walk within ten minutes after the clock strikes one. Heaven help me! How shall I do it with the house and grounds full of people? It was madness to demand it tonight of all others, but it was her scheme, Joyce, that I might suffer all the more. Lady Rosamond would be very happy, I think, were she certain I should be discovered."

"Then it is a happiness she shall never know my lady," promised Joyce. "Leave all in my hands and you shall quit the house unseen. My lord believes you are sleeping off your illness—he will not come near to disturb you again until day, and we have nothing to fear on that score."

The Lady Isabel looked up with those wide, solemn eyes, and a pinched expression about her sweet lips.

It is not Lord Beresford alone, but the guests I have to fear as well, Joyce," she murmured faintly. "What if I should be seen creeping out of my own house like a felon, and going to meet a stranger in the Oak Walk? God pity me! there is many a spiteful tongue that would trumpet my shame to the world, and tomorrow all England would ring with it."

She shut her starry hands on the cloudy lace

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dark veil over her head and shut out the sight of that dark, corpse-like face.

It struck one before the arrangements were completed, and my lady shivered as that single note pealed out of the stable clock.

"Quick, Joyce—get me away, or all will be lost!" she cried in a breathless whisper. "Lead me to the door. God help and pity me, I think I am going blind."

Joyce wound her arms about the shuddering black figure and hurried it silently into the little rose and gold boudoir. A moment more and they had crossed the corridor, where the echo of the music floated up from the ballroom—the servants' staircase was reached; my lady gripped the narrow balustrade in her trembling, ice-cold hands, paused a moment to gather strength, and then, with a breath of terror, went gliding down into the blackness below—a dark shadow melting darkly.

The tinkling music reached her ears as she descended, and filled her brain with a sick, dizzy sensation. She reached the lower landing, found the door, groped blindly for the knob, turned it suddenly, and slipped out into the moonlight.

It flooded hill and vale, and dripping fountain, that soft, silvery, mystical sheen. Overhead the starry sky shone like a purple field studded with floating stars, the wind came up from the water sweet with the breath of flowers, the lights twinkled in the green dusk of the boughs like strings of gorgeous jewels, but it might have been utterly dark for all my lady saw or realized.

Gliding down beneath the shadow of the rose-hedge, she found her way to the broad Oak Walk, groped her way into the dark shade of the mighty trees and blindly reeled on.

The darkness was opaque here, save where a stray glance of moonlight shot down through the leaves and traced a silver arabesque on the earth, but she flitted onward still, turned the great bend, started forward breathlessly, and then abruptly—stopped.

A glance of light shot up and blinded her, she reeled with a faint, sick cry and stood trembling and stark in the starshine.

The mere of Ravenswood lay at her feet, aflame with the silver of the May-time moon, and standing there sick and faint with deadly pain, she recalled the prophecy she uttered that day when she paused here first.

"My lord, will you remember what I say to you?" she seemed to hear her own voice say, as it said then. "I shall never like this spot. Something tells me I shall not be happy when I look on the mere of Ravenswood again."

She stood a moment thinking of that presentiment and its dark realization, and so standing, something came out of the shadow of the trees and walked towards her, saying:

"Sister."

She started with a breathless cry and lifted her veil. In the glare of the moonlight serpent and dove stood face to face, and my lady's dark atonement had begun.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE OAK WALK.

For an instant they stood thus and then my lady found strength to speak.

"Don't," she gulped in a faint, sick voice; "don't call me by that name if you would not have me fall dead with very shame. There can be nothing but mutual repugnance between us. Have pity on a defenceless woman and refrain from taunting her."

Monsieur Bloushar shrugged his narrow shoulders and tossed off a wicked little laugh.

"We ride a high horse, sister mine," he said, "unhappily. The Earl of Beresford's spotless bride has no love for the issue of her mother's shame, and yet for all we are brother and sister, and 'mutual repugnance' cannot wash that out. Our precious mamma will feel quite cut up if you come the same caper with her. Better make peace with her, Isabel—a public life has no sweetened her temper and she may feel like claiming you publicly, for very spite."

"Heaven forbid," gasped my lady in a smothered voice. "But I thought she would be here tonight. You said so in your letter."

"And so I believed," responded Monsieur Bloushar, nonchalantly lighting a rose-scented cigarette, "but the fact is, Isabel—"

"Lady Beresford, sir, to such as you."

"Parbleu! I stand corrected, fair sister. The fact is, Lady Beresford, that our respected mamma is like Paddy's flea. 'Every time you put your thumb on him, troth he isn't there.' We were due here at eleven, according to agreement with Lady Mount Severn, but at the last moment, before we left London, there was an invitation to a petit souper given to the ballet of Her Majesty's and—well it was quite too much for mamma's *ma belle!* I left her dead drunk in the Devonshire Arms with a scullery maid overlooking her welfare for the moderate consideration of two and six pence."

My lady reeled with an awful cry and cowered away in the moonlight.

"Intoxicated—horror," she breathed, in a shuddering voice. "Oh, pitiful Lord, could I not have been spared this new shame?"

"Don't take it so hard, sis—it's nothing, when you're used to it," responded Monsieur Bloushar, consolingly. "She'll be a 't' tomorrow—never saw such a brick for getting over a tilt with this Thursday isn't it? Well, you be here Saturday night and I promise you she shall ever dreamed of such a thing as a 'speer'."

A deathly, sickening sensation came over my lady. She leaned against a giant oak and looked straight before her with two glazed and sightless eyes.

"An outcast—a ballet dancer—a miserable drunken wretch and yet my mother," she breathed in a dull, far-away voice. "Oh, surely, Heaven, the cup of my misery is filled. You are created in the shape of a man, Monsieur Levison. Have pity on a helpless woman and pity me tonight."

Monsieur Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"Catch me doing it now," he said, with a wicked laugh. "I think I see myself slaying the goose that is to lay me golden eggs to the end of my precious days."

My lady's lips quivered, and her beautiful eyes were growing large and wide.

"You—you mean to blackmail me then?" she gasped in a faint, sick voice. "You mean that I shall pay you to keep our relationship secret, or—"

"Or I will go straight to Lord Lionel Beresford and 'blow the whole story,'" responded Monsieur Bloushar, complacently. "You've plenty of mamma. Is playing out as far as the ballet goes. In two more seasons Mademoiselle La Sylphine will be too stiff-jointed in the *pas de fascination* to suit the swells of Her Majesty's, and what's to keep us after that, I should like to know? See here, sis, one-sided business won't work with me. You'll have to pension off the mother and keep me square with the world, or up goes the ball and out goes the truth to the Earl of Beresford's ears one hour from the time of failure. I don't want to be too hard on a woman, but if there isn't an order for five Saturday night you can read your interesting story in Monday's Times, or watch the earl read it over his matutinal chocolate. Come now, what do you say, sis? Is it to be a go?"

What my lady said was not told then. Without a hint or warning she slipped away from the great oak and dropped face downward in the mud and mire by the water's edge, and lay there with clinched hands and shut teeth, still and stark in the young May moonlight.

Monsieur Bloushar uttered a sharp cry and sank down beside her.

"Isabel—my lady," he began, in a frightened voice, but the stark figure started upright suddenly, the wide set eyes looked into his, and the corpse-like face was pearl-hued in the moonlight.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Washington and Lincoln

Our two greatest presidents, America's two noblest, wisest, greatest men were born in February. Next February the nation will celebrate the centennial anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday. February COMFORT will be a great special Washington and Lincoln memorial number with a specially designed Washington and Lincoln title page, and will contain an instructive and intensely interesting article on the lives, characters and achievements of Washington and Lincoln, written especially for COMFORT; also a lot of new, bright, bewitching short stories connected with and illustrative of their times and the stirring events in which they figured so conspicuously; new war stories founded on the thrilling events of the revolutionary and civil wars, and telling of heroic exploits on land and sea, of lovers made enemies by war but true lovers to the end.

Also a LINCOLN PRIZE PUZZLE. True and interesting anecdotes of the lives of Washington and Lincoln. Some of Lincoln's most amusing jokes and funniest stories. Lincoln was the wittiest man that America ever produced. Also old war songs that aroused a nation's patriotism.

ALSO VALENTINE GAMES

A big event, two big birthdays and a great, big February COMFORT to commemorate it will contain all this and much more that is of special interest to COMFORT readers. You can't afford to take any chance of missing it. But if you find an ENVELOPE FOLDER SUBSCRIPTION BLANK wrapped in this paper you will know for sure that your subscription expires with this number and that

You Will Not Receive the Washington and Lincoln COMFORT Next Month Unless You Renew Your Subscription at Once

Only 25 cents for two years if you do it now. Don't wait till the subscription price goes up.

February COMFORT will be an educator and is worth many times the price of a year's subscription to you and your family. You will not find these good things in any other paper because they are written especially for COMFORT. Young and old will be intensely interested and every boy and girl should read it for its educational, moral and patriotic influence.

Renew your subscription now for two years while you can do it for 25 cents. We cannot promise to continue the low rate even to our old subscribers. We are likely to advance it at any time after the first of February. Last May we put our subscription rates up from 15 cents to 20 cents a year to all new subscribers, and 20 cents is what all new subscribers pay, but we have continued to let subscribers renew at the old bargain rate of two years for 25 cents. Of course that is very low, and as prices of paper, labor and everything else are so high, it is a question as to whether we can continue this bargain rate for renewals.

Don't wait or you may forget it until it is too late. Fill out your subscription renewal on the enclosed envelope folder subscription blank, wrap a quarter in paper, and bending over the flaps of the envelope place the money inside, stick the edges of the flaps securely and mail it to us at once.

and you may be thoroughly certain that I shall be at the place you designate on the very stroke of eleven. Of course you will take measures to see that Lord Beresford is too much engaged to notice anything when the time comes for the rendezvous. It would be an end to all our pretty little schemes if he noticed and followed. I should be shot dead, doubtless, and life offers too many sweets to lose it yet a while."

There it ended, without a sign or signature—Pierre Bloushar's letter to Lady Rosamond Mount Severn, as you recognized as you read it—the fatal letter that did its deadly work.

For one moment my lord stood utterly motionless, and his doom coming down upon him, found him standing there—a Beresford, the last of a race who had faced death without a moan.

So would he have faced it, but this was not the mercy of death, this was what no Beresford had known before—dishonor. And in the bitterness of his heart, he put out both hands suddenly dropped on his knees with that awful look upon his face, and voiced the dreadful cry:

"My God, a lover—a lover, and she my wife!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The Lady Isabel lay face downward on her lace-clouded couch when Joyce closed the door and Lord Beresford returned to the little amber and gold bed-chamber—just as she had been lying when Joyce first came into the room and learned that all their precautions were useless, her mother's shameful history was discovered.

She had no hesitation in telling Joyce, for the paper Lady Rosamond gave her, contained the firewoman in many an instance—besides, Joyce was closely connected with the tragedy of the Lady Isabel Carlyle's life (for all the secrecy that had culminated in the hapless lady's shame and anguish came out of the murder of Joyce Hallioun's father, and the effort to screen Richard Hare from an unjust condemnation), and the terrible confidence had just been concluded when my lord came to the door and knocked for admittance.

White and shivering, Joyce crept back to Lady Isabel's side, and reverently lifted her buried face.

"My lady, try to bear up beneath the blow—try to take heart, dear, and pray to God for strength."

The beautiful dark eyes that had always been so soft and tender, opened wide, full of hopeless despair.

of the couch as she spoke, and rent the delicate web in her utter despair.

"If I could only die!" she broke out, in a hard dry voice, "if I could only drop dead this minute! But I can't. Heaven has forgotten me, and I can't. I can't."

Joyce dropped down on her knees and wound her arms around my lady's slender waist.

"Hush, hush, in pity," she sobbed. "Oh, my lady, do you want to break my heart? I promised your mother I would watch beside you and shield you from every pang, and no matter what she is now, that promise was given to a pure woman, and I hold it sacred still. Look! the moment's slipping fast. Trust all to me, my lady, and I promise you shall not be discovered. Listen, there is no danger of Lord Beresford discovering your absence, and I will arrange it so that across the passage in the servants' staircase, it leads into the gardens behind the rose-hedge and within a stone's throw of the Oak Walk. Let me furnish you with some of my own garments, and if you are seen you will be mistaken for a servant and allowed to pass unsuspected. Quick, my lady, the time is slipping away, and if you would prevent him coming up here and meeting my lord—"

"Never that—anything but that!" gasped Lady Isabel in a frightened whisper. "Yes, yes, I will do as you say, Joyce—I cannot avoid going, and I will do as you say. Ten



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE



FACSIMILE OF OUR BUTTON.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you one and all. I cannot tell you how good it makes me feel to see all your smiling faces around me. My, how the years do roll around. What a blessed privilege it is to think that we are spared to see this New Year so full of promise, and so pregnant with glorious possibilities for everyone of us.

I noticed with horror and astonishment in our November issue, that good Mr. Gannett had told you something about me, which I would much rather you had never known. However, I presume it is all for the best, and maybe now that you know the truth about me, you may be more ready, willing and anxious to help me in the blessed work we are trying to do with this great organization, COMFORT'S League of Cousins, of which we are all so proud to be members.

Now that Mr. Gannett has let the cat out of the bag, I shall be able to talk more freely on some subjects, on which I have hitherto been compelled to remain silent. One thing let me beg of you, and it's this: I always want you to think of me and picture me as your jolly, care-free, fun-loving old Uncle Charlie. Never waste one atom of pity or sympathy on me, rather instead envy me, for I am always laughing and am as happy as a little dog with sixteen tails. I would not change a single thing in my life. Everything that has happened so far has been for the best. What I have lost in one way has been more than made up to me ten thousand times in other directions. If I had not been a shut-in (this is my twelfth year), I should never have had the precious privilege of knowing all you dear boys and girls, young and old. I should be chasing around all over creation, in a pair of patent leather shoes, with a big cigar in my mouth, having a good time, and just living for myself, living a mere selfish conventional existence—and at the best mine would have been a very narrow, commonplace life. Maybe I should not have had more than one hundred friends all told, whereas I now have millions. Personally I would not change places with the greatest man on earth, with neither kings, presidents nor princes. "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and I feel sure I have been led by hands Divine, to the pages of this great magazine, through which I am able to claim kinship with millions of the biggest hearted and best souls in all the wide world. Now, dear boys and girls, I want you to sit on my knee, just as you did of old, and remember that I am not pretending that I am happy and jolly. I am wearing no mask of fun over a face of suffering. I want you to know that I am actually always just bubbling over with happiness and fun, in fact I never was so happy in all my life, and I am going to keep on being happy just as long as God allows me to live. That is my nature and I want it to be yours, so let us live and be happy as of yore and let there be no hollowness in our mirth, no tears in our smiles. Let us keep up a good heart, and be the happiest, jolliest bunch of kids, young kids and old kids that ever meandered along the pike of Time.

Now remember, that we have lots to do in 1909. You know what that work is, I ought not to have to tell you, but there are so many new members joining our ranks that I have to din into your heads every month, what this League stands for and what we are trying to do. Mr. Gannett gives us a wheel chair for every thousand members that come into this League. I wish we could give ten chairs away every month, and we could if you would really do what you ought to do. I want every subscriber to COMFORT to join the C. L. O. C., and when you send in your subs just add five cents, and we will do the rest. I wanted to have fifty thousand members in this League before 1908 ran its course, but I am still nearly twenty thousand short of that number. Now is the time of year for me to talk to you. In the summer you are too busy to listen, but there is no excuse now for turning a deaf ear. Get busy and bring new members into this League, so that we can win some chairs for the poor souls, who are chained on mattress graves for the want of them.

I want to thank each and everyone of you who contributed to my happiness at Christmas by sending me messages of love and appreciation. If you did not see me crawling down the chimney at Christmas with your share of turkey and pudding, that was your fault, for I was certainly there, if not in the body, at least in the spirit, and a spirit turkey is fine eating, and I hope you enjoyed it.

Uncle Charlie's Poems can still be obtained for five yearly subscriptions to COMFORT, and the subscriptions will be credited to you in the Jubilee Prize Contest. You who forgot to give your best girl a copy of this book at Christmas, work for one and hand it to her for a New Year's gift, or a valentine. Remember there is not a dull page in this book. It sparkles like champagne from cover to cover. Hundreds of newspapers have made this statement, so you need not take my word for it. If you want to know your Uncle Charlie's history it is to be found in this book of side-splitting fun, and a picture of your "Uncle" dictating to his secretary "Maria," who by the way is the Grand Secretary of our League, is presented with each book. Now boys and girls get busy.

The young girl who was looking for a home, was quickly snapped up. Hundreds wrote and are still writing offering her positions. I was sorry to note that very few offered to pay her any wages. Remember friends, that a girl who works without wages will, after she is worn out from toil, be kicked into the poorhouse. That may not always be the case, but usually that's the fate of all who cannot save, and if you can't save unless you have something to save on. All who wrote, requested, nay, many commanded me to write at once and give a full account of this girl's history and all particulars about her. It would have taken me about three years to have done this—and I should have starved to death in the meantime. Strange, isn't it, how little we appreciate the value of anyone's time except our own. I should like to find homes for many girls who write me, but honestly I dare not attempt it. It involves me in such a mass of correspondence I cannot attend to my routine duties.

Shut-ins who need wheel chairs, must send references. These chairs are only for the poor and needy, and not for those who can afford to buy them.

It costs twenty-five cents to join the C. L. O. C.—twenty cents for a year's subscription to COMFORT and five cents for the League card of membership and our handsome badge.

Now for the letters!

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a reader of COMFORT and through it have learned to know you. I have always enjoyed your witty answers to the cousins. My reason for writing you is very serious and important on my part. As you seem to know about everything, I thought your advice would be of advantage to me.

I am a poor country girl with an invalid father and a feeble, worn-out mother, with a large family to support. My course in life is very different from the rest of us. My whole heart and soul is based entirely on the principles of education—my thirst for knowledge is great. Every minute of my leisure time has been devoted to studying and drawing. I have passed the "sophomore year" in high school, but here I'm blocked. First by the magic curse, "poverty", second on account of my papa's illness.

Dear uncle, I am a devoted lover of art, and can paint a scene quite natural. Furthermore from my early childhood, I have been a poetess when I was nine years old I wrote real nice pieces, and have a number of unknown songs in my position. I just sent one of my songs off to a "music composer". The gentleman praised my work greatly, and offered to compose music for a fee of ten dollars. Tell me Uncle Charlie, is there any money in it? (Yes, my dear, lots of it for the gentleman—Uncle Charlie.) Could you tell me the address of some music publisher in New York (city)? Or do you know any possible means of a poor girl to earn money by writing or drawing? I believe I am able to write a short story and draw any picture desired.

Now kind sir, I know you won't refuse to give me some advice and tell me what to do. My lot is a hard one, but you know, "Where there's a will there's a way," and I never cease to hope.

Please sir, tell me what you would do, if you were me? I will await an early reply.

With best wishes of success, I am yours sincerely,
MANDIE SEVERSON.

Mandie, I get hundreds of letters similar to yours, and I cannot tell you how much such letters tug at my heart, and make it ache. I wish I had time to look over your work, and tell you whether you have any talent or not for drawing. You certainly have none for writing, if your letter is the best you can do in that line. I used to think when people wrote me a long time ago, that they could write songs, lyrics, stories, and draw pictures, that they really could do it, or make a fair attempt at it. I could not imagine that anyone, unless they were conceited ignoramus, would call themselves artists or poets unless they had some talent, but after receiving thousands upon thousands of so-called songs, poems and stories, when anyone tells me now that they can draw or write, I make up my mind most emphatically that they can do neither. Ignorance seems alone to be at the root of this matter. The conceit and nerve of those who send doggerel rhymes to editors is simply astounding. I suppose as education spreads and the world gets enlightened, this form of ignorance will vanish. God knows I hope so, as it is so pitiful and heartrending. I am only generalizing at present, Mandie. You may be a Heaven-born genius, and I hope with all my heart that you are, both for your sake and for the sake of those dear to you, though your letter gives not the slightest evidence of any literary talent. But I am not a literary bureau and I positively cannot pass an opinion on the tons of crude rhymes, etc., etc., that are daily sent me from all over the United States. One of the things that has fooled the public for the last few years, and made so many rush into print, has been the specious and cruel advertisements that you have seen in so many publications inviting people to send in song poems, and get rich on royalties. Uncle Sam stopped most of these brilliant (?) get rich quick schemes, and I think it was high time he did so, for nearly everyone who got stung by this shameless fraud, wrote and told me their troubles. If there were one thousand hours in the day, and I had a hundred hands, I could not reply to all the world-be-sore writers who pester me for information about the song business. I will tell you, however, that there is positively no market for what are called the "home-made" song poems except the waste basket. I have read hundreds of those this s, and they are all fearful trash. When these crude jingles are sent to people who advertise for the same, the writers of them get circulars, praising these atrocious efforts to the skies. The foolish writers think the praise is genuine, but it is simply a bait to catch their money. (Send them a Chinese laundry list and they will tell you it's fine and will offer to set it to music.) They dig up ten dollars to get their rubbish set to music. The same old tunes, that are no tunes at all, are fitted to all these doggerel rhymes, and the writers think that if these weird compositions can be put on the market they will immediately get rich. They think the music purchasing public are as ignorant as they are themselves. The man who sets this stuff to music tells them he has submitted their songs to a New York publisher, a fake who stands in with the other fake. The dupe is informed that the publisher regrets that he cannot accept his composition, but will publish it (that means print it) for thirty-five dollars, and give him two hundred copies. He can very well afford this as he will clean up about twenty-five dollars on the deal.

The vain, foolish, would-be song writer, sometimes digs up the thirty-five, but usually he or she get cold feet then the whole bunch of them write to me and ask me for the names of reliable publishers in New York, thinking that they will accept their stuff and foist it on the public? Great Heavens if they attempted to do so they would get killed. The publishers are dead onto all this trash, and it finds its way to the waste paper basket. No honest man could set any of this stuff to music, unless he re-wrote it. My advice to you, Mandie, is to have your work criticized by some educated person in your home town. My advice to you also is to learn to write fairly good English and spell correctly. This is something you cannot do as yet, and must learn to do before you can hope to write for publication. This advice is given in all seriousness, and it is meant not only for you but for thousands of other girls who are spending their time foolishly dreaming of song royalties, and other things which absolutely do not exist. Song publishers only use the work of experts, men who are right in their offices in New York and under contract to them, men who know the public's wants, and can supply these wants. No song ever brings royalties until



JUDSON S. DICK (25),
Zurich, Kans.
Vice-Pres. of Kansas.

thousands of dollars have been spent in advertising it and paying professional singers to sing it. Publishers do not invest their money in exploiting crude trash. My advice to those who have song poems is to tear them up, before the song fakir gets hold of them, and robs them of their hard-earned cash. Mandie, what is a sophomore? Don't you mean a sophomore? There is more money in being a first-class cook than a poetess. Don't call yourself a poetess Mandie, unless you wish to invite ridicule. There are only two poets in the country, I'm one and Billy the Goat's the other.

CARTHAGE, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a rheumatic sufferer, a shut-in, unable to walk or raise up for twenty-one years. My husband died last spring. We had no home and I was sent to a family to be taken care of, but in a few months they sent me to the poorhouse, where I am now, and I cannot stand it here. Another lady says she will keep me for two dollars and fifty cents a week, and I am trying to raise means to get away from this place. I am weak and nervous. I pray God to send me help. Will you please put my letter in your column of COMFORT. Yours in Christ,
MRS. WM. CALLIHAN.

P. S. I refer you to Dr. Barr, Webster, Ill., and L. L. Allen, Postmaster, Webster, Ill.

Cannot we get this dear old soul out of the poorhouse? It is a cruel shame to think that this poor old lady should be ending her days in one of these miserable institutions. Have we not some rich members of our COMFORT family, some bachelors, who have no mothers or families to support, who will contribute fifty cents or a dollar a week for this poor soul's support? Now boys and girls suppose this was your mother in the poorhouse, you would move Heaven and earth to get her out. Mrs. Callihan is seventy-two years of age, her only crime is that she has lived too long and is poor. She has not any of those little contemptible pieces of paper that we call dollars. If she did she would have scores of fawning sycophants ready to do her slightest bidding. Mrs. Callihan has lived a long, blameless life, worked hard and done her duty as a woman and a Christian, and now she is rewarded by being thrown into the poorhouse, which is usually little better than an annex of hell itself. Ask John Gordon what the poorhouse did for him. Ask him what a Nebraska poorhouse did for another poor broken-backed unfortunate. It would cost \$125 a year to keep Mrs. Callihan in a comfortable home with a friend of hers, about half of what the majority of so-called society women pay for a single gown. If Mrs. Callihan were a black-skinned heathen in a distant land, there would be any number of rich missionary societies fairly falling over themselves to take care of her. Being a white woman and unable to get hold of little miserable bits of green paper, she has to spend the last years of her life in a loathsome poorhouse. God pity her, and God after the barbarous system that makes such things possible. Now some of you wealthy bachelors, you cow boys, who ride into town with three months' pay, and spend it on villainous snake cure whiskey, pity this poor old lady, send her fifty cents a week for the balance of her life, and cut out five drinks of whiskey. Thousands of you have only yourselves to support, and it is you who should interest yourselves in Mrs. Callihan and make her few remaining days on earth as comfortable as possible. Twenty-one years unable to walk or rise up, think of that and thank God that you are not similarly afflicted. I wrote Mrs. Callihan and offered her a wheel chair, but found she could not use one. Give women a vote and we shall have old age pensions. Poorhouses in this magnificent land of plenty, a land that could support a thousand millions of people in luxury, are a disgrace to the American nation. When we get really and truly civilized (at present we are only veneered barbarians), such things will be impossible.



CARRIE B. FARENKOPF,
Allentown, Pa.
Winner January Beauty Contest.

A vote and we shall have old age pensions. Poorhouses in this magnificent land of plenty, a land that could support a thousand millions of people in luxury, are a disgrace to the American nation. When we get really and truly civilized (at present we are only veneered barbarians), such things will be impossible.

LOCKWOOD, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Would you mind chatting a while with an Ozark niece? I am twenty-two years old, have dark brown hair, and blue eyes, am five feet, two inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I live in the grand old state of Missouri, in that part called the Ozark mountains, although it is not very mountainous, only just rolling enough to make it beautiful. This is a fast-growing and stock-raising country, some of the fruits that grow here are apples, peaches, pears, plums, grapes, strawberries and blackberries, while the stock raised here, are horses, mules, cattle, hogs and sheep. Some of the Missouri mules are the finest on the market. Uncle you would only have to take one peep into old Missouri to convince you that she's the finest state in the union. If there's any state that can excel her in manners and looks, why, we're "Missourians" and will have to be "shown".

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for more than a year, and think it the finest paper in the land. Cousins what would we all do without Uncle Charlie? He's been in every month in the year? I'm sure we would all die of the blues. Still he never troubles more than any of us; he just gets right out of one trouble into another. No wonder he hasn't but one hair on his head, we wouldn't be blest with even that many if we had the trials and tribulations—that he has. Uncle do you ever get the blues? If you do, just hitch Billy to that air-ship of yours and come over and spend the day, and I assure you you'll never have the blues again. We will feed you on chocolate cake, plum-pudding and apple-sauce till you are full and plumbsaucy.

There will also be a dainty luncheon prepared for Billy, consisting of fried bricks, barb-wire catchup, rock-pudding and sawdust pie.

I am going to try and do my part in bringing in new members for 1909.

Your loving niece, MISS EFFIE HEISEKELL.

Effie, I quite agree with you that Missouri is all to the good. If I had a thousand hearts, I would have to leave nine hundred and ninety-nine in Missouri. I guess too that you would get most of them. You say that you live in a rolling country. I would prefer one that stood still. I would be out of bed and on the floor in a jiffy, so if you want me to visit you, you must pin that country down. I am very much interested in the fruits that you raise. Apples, pears and grapes I have heard of before, but I never heard of a "plumb". Billy the Goat says that a "plumb" is half sister to a plumber, but I never saw anything very fruity about a plumber. Then too at the end of your letter, you mention a "plumb" pudding. My dictionary says that plumb is a weight of lead attached to a line. I got that out of Webster and Webster grunted when he coughed it up. Now if you ever drop a pudding into me attached to a line I hope the line will be good and strong, as there is no telling what would happen to me, if the string broke and you couldn't haul it out. I should like to see the "plumbs" growing on the trees, but I don't think I would care to eat any fruit of that kind. If you were to make me a plum pudding now I might consider the proposition, but I draw the line at plum puddings. I have had lots of troubles, Effie. Remember the Psalmist says, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." I do not mind a few troubles, and as long as you do not throw that plumb pudding into me and cut the string, all my other troubles will be as light as air. Before I eat that pudding Effie, I will have to become a true Missourian and ask you to show me.

LOYALTON, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:
I am five feet two inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. I'm short but I think that is a pretty good weight for a rancher's daughter that is not quite "sweet sixteen," don't you? My

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hair is dark brown and my eyes are a peculiar color, sometimes they are sort of green and again they are brown. I have worn glasses for four months. Now what do you think of me?

We live on a ranch in Sierra Valley, and have about one hundred head of cattle and alive horses. Sierra Valley is about thirty miles long and twelve or fifteen miles wide. Some grain is raised here, very little fruit and a few of the hardy vegetables. I have a small flower bed and have best success with pansies. About three weeks ago my mother, sister, myself and nine others went camping. We went to Weber Lake, which is about forty miles from here. We had a boat and of course, many boat rides. One day

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

A Great Wonder Discovered in Germany.

Here is a vegetable wonder every body wants—a new Strawberry variety, productive, grows from seed, will bear fruit the first season. It is an ever bearing variety, produces fruit continually, and over one-pint of berries have been picked from one plant as late as October. See how in the house in winter will begin to fruit early and bear all summer.

Plants perfectly hardy anywhere.

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Virgie's Inheritance

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

IN order to more fully comprehend the events related in the last chapter we must go back to the day following Lady Dunforth's reception, when Mrs. Alexander's lawyer, Mr. Thurston, called and held a protracted interview with her.

She had consulted him soon after arriving in London, and, after gathering all the information possible regarding her history, he informed her that there would be no difficulty whatever in establishing Virgie's claim, as a daughter of the House of Heath, and this morning he had called to tell her that he was ready to arrange a meeting with Sir William whenever she felt equal to the trial.

"Must I meet him?" she asked, growing faint at the thought.

"It will be best for both you and Miss Alexander to meet him at the outset, for, of course, if he is at all inclined to contest the claim, he will at once demand the proof of your identity," Mr. Thurston replied.

Mrs. Alexander felt that this would be a severe test upon her strength than she had anticipated.

She did not wish to meet Sir William, and yet at the same time there was an almost uncontrollable longing in her heart to see him once more, if she could look upon him without his seeing her, it would be all she would ask; she shrank from forcing herself upon his presence.

Still if it must be, she resolved to brace herself for the interview; she had determined that he should acknowledge Virgie as his child, and nothing should deter her from accomplishing her object.

"Very well," she said. "I will be governed wholly by your advice. But what is this?" she added, as he laid a paper before her.

"I simply desire your signature to this document as a mere matter of form," the lawyer told her.

Mrs. Alexander signed it and passed it back to him.

"Virginia N. Alexander," he read; then he started.

"What is your middle name?" he asked.

"Norton. My grandmother was an English woman, by that name, before her marriage."

"What was her Christian name?" Mr. Thurston asked, eagerly.

"Nora."

"Whom did she marry?"

"A man by the name of Charles Bradford. They went to America soon after their marriage and settled in California," Mrs. Alexander replied, wondering why the lawyer should question her thus regarding her family.

"Did your grandmother have any brothers or sisters?"

"I believe there was a brother—Albert by name—for I have heard my mother, who was called Alberta, say that she was named for an uncle; but I never knew anything of him, as he lived in England, and, after my grandmother's death, all communication between the families ceased."

"It was a whim of hers to call me Virginia Norton, for she said she did not wish the family name to die out entirely."

Mr. Thurston changed color and began to look excited. He drew a set of tablets from his pocket, and, opening them, examined several entries therein.

"Mrs. Alexander," he said at last, "I believe you have at last unwittingly solved a riddle that has been a very complicated one to me and my partner for the last two years, and which we had almost despaired of ever solving."

"How can that be?" she asked, greatly surprised.

"Listen, and I will tell you," said the lawyer. "There is living in Cheshire County, England, a man by the name of Lord Albert Norton—"

"Oh, I do not think there was ever any title in our family," Mrs. Alexander interrupted, smiling. "I am sure they were people in moderate circumstances, as my grandfather went to America to try to improve his condition in life."

"Lord Albert Norton was a comparatively poor man himself until he was over fifty years of age," Mr. Thurston went on, composedly, "when he published some literary works of great merit. He began about that time to interest himself in political affairs, and was created a peer of the realm in 1840. He has been a very eccentric man, has never married, but devoted himself almost wholly to literature and politics. He has amassed wealth rapidly during the later years of his life, for, having no one but himself on whom to expend it, his income has accumulated. He seldom went into society and rarely entertained in his own home. He is now about ninety years of age, and although very feeble in body, his mind appears to be as vigorous as ever."

"Two years ago he applied to us to look up some relatives who went to America many years ago. We were authorized to make thorough work and spare no expense, for his lordship was anxious that his property should go to some of his kindred rather than to the crown after his death. We traced Nora Norton Bradford to California, but she had been dead many years. We found she had had a daughter Alberta who had married a man by the name of Alexander. She and her husband were also dead; their graves were found in the Lone Mountain cemetery, San Francisco. We learned that they, too, had a daughter by the name of Virginia, but she had disappeared from the city several years ago, and no trace of her could be found; not until I saw your signature this morning did it occur to me that I had found the heir for whom Lord Norton commissioned us to search so long ago."

Mrs. Alexander looked up with a pale, wondering face.

"Do you mean to imply that I am Lord Norton's heir?" she asked, in an agitated tone.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Thurston, confidently. "Judging from what you have told me there can be no doubt of it. I suppose that you have proofs of your identity, however?"

"Yes, I have my marriage certificate and an old Bible that belonged to my grandmother, which contains, in her own handwriting, the date of her birth and marriage, also that of her husband's death and my mother's birth."

"That will be ample proof. And now, Mrs. Alexander, as Lord Norton is in a very critical condition, being liable to drop away any day, we must go to Chester immediately. When can you be ready?"

"In an hour, if necessary," she replied, "but it does not seem possible that I can be related to this gentleman! I cannot realize it—a peer of the realm!" she quoted to herself with a strange smile.

"We will submit our evidence to his lordship himself and see what his verdict will be," returned Mr. Thurston, smiling. "A train will leave for Liverpool at two this afternoon. Chester is a few miles this side, and we will avail ourselves of that, if agreeable to you."

"Very well; I submit myself wholly to your guidance, in this matter," Mrs. Alexander responded. "Meantime, I suppose, my other business will have to wait."

"I should advise it; as Lord Norton is in such a critical condition, every moment is precious. It will be far better for him to recognize you as his heir, than to be obliged to prove it after his death; and, madam, you will occupy no mean position if you become the mistress of Englewood, which is the name of his fine estate."

Mr. Thurston then took his leave, promising to call in season to accompany her to the train, and then the still wondering woman sought Virgie and related the marvelous tale to her.

This was the business that called them so suddenly from London, and which was destined to bring about even greater changes in their lives before their return.

They arrived at Englewood late in the evening, and found his lordship's carriage awaiting them at the station, for Mr. Thurston had telegraphed of his coming, and stated that he should bring two ladies with him.

They found Englewood, at least what they were able to see of it, a delightful place. The house, a massive structure of stone, was an ancient affair, but it had been well preserved, and although it was the home of an eccentric old bachelor, was a most comfortable and home-like dwelling. Evidently his lordship knew and appreciated the luxuries of life.

The following morning, Mr. Thurston had an interview with the invalid and informed him of his recent discovery.

Lord Norton expressed himself very much delighted with the news, and appeared very eager to make the acquaintance of his grand-niece and her daughter.

Accordingly, after he was somewhat rested, Mr. Thurston conducted the ladies into his presence, and the moment his eye rested upon Mrs. Alexander, he declared his conviction that she was a Norton; "her features are very like his sister Nora's," he said, "although her grandmother was not nearly as handsome," he added, "with a twinkle of humor about his mouth."

The old Bible and marriage certificate were brought to him, and confirmed his statement regarding the relationship. He recognized his sister's handwriting immediately, and produced some of her letters to compare with it.

"There can be no doubt," Mr. Thurston said, after a careful examination of the chirography, "and I congratulate you, my lord, upon the fulfillment of your desire; and you, madam," turning to his client, "upon having discovered your relative."

"Will you stay with me, Virginia?" the old man asked, turning a wishful glance upon the beautiful woman. "It will not be for long," he added; "the sands of my life are nearly run out;

of life. If he had been something of a miser, as report accredited him, it could not have been in anything relating to his own comfort or taste."

Sir William sat down by a table that was drawn close to a cheerful fire, and, leaning back lazily in the huge lounging chair stationed there, he took up the morning paper which lay open at his hand.

He had read scarcely a dozen lines, when the door behind him opened and someone came forward, saying, in an eager tone:

"Oh, Virgie, I have just found an old Bible up-stairs in which there are records of all family births, marriages, and deaths, or many generations; my grandmother's and my mother's are among them and correspond exactly with those I have—ah! excuse me: sir—I thought—oh, Heaven—"

CHAPTER XLIX.

REUNITED.

Virginia Alexander had gone up to her room less than half an hour previous, leaving Virgie in the library reading, and snugly ensconced in that great lounging-chair by the fire.

While looking for something in a closet, she had come across the old Bible referred to, and opening it for examination, she had found a complete genealogical record covering more than a century and a half.

Delighted with her discovery, she hastened back to Virgie—who meantime had stolen out for a little exercise—eager to tell her news, and, coming into the room turning the leaves of the book, she had not noticed that a stranger was there until Sir William suddenly arose, his heart bounding within him at the sound of that well-remembered voice, and turned toward her.

She had not seen him for more than eighteen years, and he had changed far more than she during that time.

Sorrow had saddened him somewhat; he had grown grave and dignified, and his hair had just begun to be streaked with silver. There were lines about his mouth telling of a grief that he had never outgrown, there was a wistful look in his eyes showing that his heart still yearned for the love of his youth. His form, too, had developed; he was broader-shouldered and stouter.

But he was a grand and kingly looking man, and she knew him in a moment.

The color left her face; something seemed to smite her heart with a heavy blow, almost be-

he had so loved to kiss in those old happy days.

"Your wife! your son!" she murmured, brokenly. "I have no wife, Heaven help me!" he cried, the veins standing out full and hard upon his forehead. "What can you mean? I have no son."

"Are they—dead?" she asked, lifting her eyes to his face for the first time since he had first confronted her.

"No," he returned, briefly, trying to comprehend her meaning, for of course he never knew that she had seen his cousin's boy and believed him his.

"No?" Virgie questioned, catching her breath quickly. Was it possible that the beautiful woman he had married had, after long years, discovered his treachery and forsaken him?

"Virgie, my beloved, I never had but one wife," said Sir William, gravely.

She seemed turning to stone at those words. Had there been some terrible mistake after all? Had she lost eighteen years of happiness when she might have been his loved and loving wife?

"I know," he went on, eagerly, "all about that wretched blunder in the newspapers, when my cousin, William Heath, was mistaken for me. He was married to Miss Margaret Stanhope soon after my return to England, but the notice in the papers read as if I had been married instead. They have a son. Oh, Virgie! is it possible that you have believed Willie was my boy?" he asked light beginning to break in upon his mind.

A moan of pain broke from the pale woman before him.

"But they told me, Lady Linton wrote; ah! those cruel letters," she faltered, in a voice of anguish.

"Who told you? what has my sister—?" Sir William began, but that brave, long suffering heart, could bear no more as it realized all too late, that the bitter past need not have been, and she sank unconscious at his feet before he could complete his sentence.

Sir William sprang forward with a cry of fear, and raised her tenderly in his arms.

He laid her bright head upon his breast; he bent and kissed the fair, pale face with passionate, trembling lips, and held her to his throbbing heart with a clasp that claimed her all his own, in spite of the cruel decree that had parted them for so many years.

But Virgie did not lose herself for more than a moment; the fall partially restored her, and she began to realize what was passing even though she had not strength to assert herself. She knew that she was lying upon the bosom of the man whom she had always loved, and it seemed like a blessed repose to rest there, and to feel his sheltering arms around her after the cares and struggles of the past.

She knew now that he had always loved her, and had been true to her, and that the woman, who for more than eighteen years had been the object of her jealousy and envy was, as far as he was concerned, but a myth—a phantom.

Oh! the delight of knowing that his affection had never wavered, of realizing that he had been as faithful to her as she to him.

Her eyes unclosed and she looked up into the fond face bending over her, and a quick flush of happiness swept up to her brow, as she met the fervent love-light in his glance.

She sat up and gently released herself from his clinging arms, and he raised and led her to the great chair in which he had been sitting when she entered the room.

At that moment there came a knock on the door and the servant announced that Sir William's carriage was ready.

Sir William controlled his emotion as well as he was able, and turning to the man, said:

"I find I cannot leave for another hour yet, please send the carriage back to the stable, and I will ring when I wish it again."

The man bowed and withdrew, and Sir William turned again to his dear one.

"Are you better, Virgie? Shall I call a maid to get you something?" he asked, regarding her still pale face anxiously.

"No, do not," she pleaded, putting out her hand beseechingly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

FOR WOMEN ONLY

100 Extra Cash Prizes in January

WE SHALL PAY ONE HUNDRED (\$100.00) DOLLARS in consolation prizes of ONE DOLLAR EACH to one hundred of the women who enter our subscription prize contest for January and fail to WIN A MONTHLY PRIZE.

In our GREAT SUBSCRIPTION PRIZE CONTEST first announced in November we promised 100 consolation prizes for women for the six months, and that would be about 17 each month. BESIDES THE 134 MONTHLY CASH PRIZES which we paid to November prize-winners whose names are given on page 14, we have also paid a consolation prize of one dollar each to 25 of the women who entered the November subscription prize contest but failed to win one of the 134 monthly prizes.

The CLUBS which they SENT IN WERE VERY SMALL, but we believe that they did the best they could, and so we gave them \$1.00 each BESIDES THEIR REGULAR CLUB PREMIUMS. Their names are

Augusta Gamling, Gadsden, Ala. Lena Leifheit, Pomeroy, Ohio. Mrs. M. J. Beason, Box 82, McLoud, E. D. 3, Okla. Miss Ida May Paine, 50 Exchange St., Providence, R. I. Ellen Pearson, Box 4, Hanson, E. D. 1, S. Dak. Mrs. E. M. Casey, Saint Andrews, Fla. Lena Brown, Fry, Ga. Mrs. L. A. Jeffrey, Boise, Gen. Del. Idaho. Mrs. T. Johnson, Box 34, Eola, Ill. Mrs. Anna Lemon, Anderson, R. D. 3, Ind. Mrs. E. E. Davis, South Berwick, Maine. Lillian Linken, 1013 W. 2nd St., Winona, Minn. Miss Elsie Ehrmann, Elmont, Mo. Lena Scheid, Sayreville, N. J. Miss Sadie Galloway, Copper Hill, Tenn. Mrs. R. H. Pascoe, 39 Woodside Ave., Park City, Utah. Mrs. Mollie Hollis, Bonham, R. D. 1, Texas. Sallie Barker, 333 Church St., Danville, Va. Mrs. C. H. Thueracher, Bay View, Wash. Mrs. Boyd Wallace, 1508 Crescent Road, Charleston, W. Va. Mrs. Minnie Brown, Box 531, Waupun, Wis. Miss Edna Gleason, 959 Main St., Biloxi, Miss. Mrs. Annie Hardesty, Box 56, Arapahoe, Nebr. Mrs. Ida Williford, Bath, N. C. Mrs. Isabel Warmington, Wheeland, N. Dak.

WE ARE ABOUT TO PAY consolation prizes of \$1.00 EACH to 50 OTHER WOMEN who entered the December contest but failed to win a December monthly prize. But for January WE SHALL GIVE ONE HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES OF \$1.00 EACH to such of the women who enter the January subscription prize contest and win no monthly prize as we think deserving of reward for their efforts.

NOW LADIES, TAKE HOLD with vim and try to win a January monthly prize, but if you don't win you are sure of whatever regular premiums YOU EARN AND STAND A CHANCE for a lady's CONSOLATION PRIZE BESIDES. You see we are doing much more than we promised, but we want to show our lady friends that we appreciate their efforts and that we intend to reward them accordingly.

IF THE LADIES DO NOT DISAPPOINT US in January we shall offer them 200 or MORE PRIZES FOR FEBRUARY.

Very respectfully,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS AS FAST as you can, and be sure to write each time that they are to go on the subscription prize contest, otherwise we shall not know that you are competing for the prizes. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of the month count on that month if the postmark on the envelope shows it.

a few days, or weeks at the most, will end my life and it will be pleasant to feel that some of my own kin are near me at the last."

Yes, his niece said, she would stay; her heart went out with a feeling of pity and tenderness toward the man, who all his life, had lived in such loneliness and isolation, and she resolved that she would devote herself exclusively to his comfort during the little while that he remained upon earth.

Mr. Thurston was detained a day or two to attend to some business, relating to the will, which gave everything, with the exception of some annuities to old servants, to Virgie Alexander and her heirs forever.

She had come to Englewood on the very day of Mr. William Heath's accident, and it was the following morning, at the very hour of her first interview with her uncle, that Sir William Heath received the telegram announcing his cousin's critical condition.

He, too, left on the two o'clock train for Liverpool, reaching Middlewich about the same time that Mrs. Alexander had arrived at Englewood the night before.

It was three days later, that in accordance with his proposition to the Duke of Falmouth to act as amanuensis to Lord Norton in his cousin's place, he went to Englewood to begin his work under the old lord's direction, little dreaming of the surprise and joy in store for him there.

When the butler answered his ring, he stated his business, and was shown directly to the invalid's chamber, where he found him propped up in bed with manuscripts lying all about him, and impatiently awaiting his appearance.

He spent several hours, learning the plan of the work, making notes, and even venturing a few suggestions upon some points regarding which he was well posted, and then took his leave promising to get regularly to work the next day.

As he was following the servant down-stairs, the man remarked that his carriage was not ready, but if he would step into the library for a few moments, he would inform him when it came to the door.

He signified his willingness to do so and passed down the wide old hall, which was paneled in oak exquisitely carved, to a lofty room, furnished and frescoed in rich tints, and lined from floor to ceiling with books of every description.

It was a most luxurious apartment, and plainly indicated that the old lord, eccentric though he might be on some points, had loved the elegancies

numbering her, and she put out her hand, catching at the table for support, while the Bible fell heavily to the floor.

But she was very lovely even in her pallor and consternation. She wore a tea-gown of silver-gray, with a dainty fichu of lace and blue ribbons whirled as she arose from the dinner-table an hour before Virgie had selected some pink and white roses and playfully tucked them in her corsage.

Even during that first blissful year of their wedded life she had never seemed more beautiful or more dear to Sir William Heath than at that moment.

"Virgie," he cried, springing toward her, and would have caught her wildly to his breast, the past all forgotten, conscious only that he had found her, his own loved one, once more!

But she rallied instantly, though she trembled violently and still clung to the table for support. She put out her hand to stop him.

"Sir William Heath!" she said, weakly, but with a naughty bearing which became her well, and warned him that he must not approach her, causing him to remember, too, that she was his wife no longer, for that dread decree of the divorce court stood between them.

Yet he loved her madly still; his heart recognized her as his wife in spite of all.

"Oh, Virgie, I have found you at last!" he cried, his voice breaking in a great sob.

"At last we meet," she said, with pale lips, although she thrilled at his words, "but I did not to seek me?"

"No, I came upon business with Lord Norton. I never dreamed of finding you here. Where have you been all these long—these endless years? Where is our child? Oh, Virgie! how can you stand there like that, so cold, so relentless, when you think of that bond between us?"

"But—there is between us a barrier as relentless, as impassable as death!" she murmured, with quivering lips, while a film seemed gathering over her eyes, and her strength almost failed her.

Something in her tone and manner told Sir William that she still loved him in spite of the misunderstanding of the past, and her present coldness, and his heart leaped with a sweet, new hope.

"Virgie, there is no barrier—there has never been any barrier save that which you yourself have interposed between us," he said, eagerly, and venturing a step nearer to her.

Again she put out her hand to check him—that small, beautiful hand whose rosy finger-tips

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Protecting the Skin During the Winter Months

SOMETIME last May I told you how to take care of your skin during the hot summer days and now it seems to me to be equally necessary to give COMFORT girls a few hints on protecting their faces and hands during the winter time. All my letters this month seem to be on open pores and chapped hands and faces. February and March are really the two worst months of the year as regards cold and wind and many a beautiful skin has gotten safely through the preceding months only to be ruined by the cold February weather and blustery March winds. You must begin guarding your complexion, young ladies, because a red cracked skin and an Easter hat won't look attractive together.

What You Must Do

Get a medium heavy chiffon veil, and wear it! Don't wear them on the tops of your hats and down your back, that doesn't protect your skin. Put them over your face so that they act as a buffer to the elements. If you do this whenever you go out you will have less trouble with irritated skins.

Of course before enveloping yourself in your wind veil and sallying forth into the cold, you must be careful to rub on a little skin food. Here is the formula for my favorite skin food:

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange flower water, one ounce.

After you have gone over the entire face with the skin food, take a soft handkerchief and wipe off what the pores have not absorbed. Now powder the face carefully. Do not hesitate to put on a liberal coating as it will help to protect the skin. This does not mean that you are to go to extremes in powdering but your own good sense will tell you how much to use without looking as if you had been whitewashed.

If everyone of my girls will only take these precautions before going out on a stormy day, they will be amply rewarded, as they will come back from their walk unharmed as to complexion.

Winter Complexion Powder

Two ounces each of zinc oxide, and precipitated chalk, one ounce rice powder, one ounce each of talcum powder and orris root. A suggestion of powdered carmine, two drops of oil of roses, sift thoroughly through bolting cloth.

As soon as you have taken off your jacket and hat, go to your looking glass and see if the pores of your skin look coarse and open. Extreme cold sometimes acts on the pores in this manner. If there seems to be tiny little holes all over your face it shows you need an astringent. Get an astringent cleanser and an astringent lotion. Pour a little of the astringent cleanser on a piece of antiseptic cotton and dampen your face with the liquid, going into every nook and crevice. Now take a towel or wash cloth and wipe your face. This cleanser has the effect of ridding the face of all dirt and at the same time contracting the pores. Your face being clean, you should spit in quite a little of the astringent lotion, which renders the skin soft, pliable and at the same time tends to draw together the gaping pores. After you have concluded this "Beauty stunt" (which won't take half as long as it sounds) you will be delighted with your clean, wholesome looking skin and if this treatment is persisted you will eventually have the skin so fine in texture that the pores will not be visible. Always use antiseptic cotton when applying lotions. As astringents are rather hard to obtain I will give you two formulas which are said to be good.

Astringent Cleanser

Tincture of benzoin, fifteen drops, mucilage of Acacia, fifteen drops; lime water to make it one ounce.

Cucumber Astringent Lotion

Oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; fresh cucumber juice, ten ounces; essence of cucumber, three ounces; white Castile soap (powdered) one fourth ounce; tincture of benzoin, two thirds dram.

As it may not be convenient for some in the Pretty Girls' Club to have these astringents made up I would suggest that the beaten white of an egg spread over the face, will gradually contract ugly open pores.

A good steaming of the face once a week during the winter time is advisable as otherwise the skin gets hard and old looking. Steaming also opens up the clogged pores, removes blackheads and refines the skin. The old-fashioned way of steaming your face over a kettle until you looked like a boiled lobster has given place to steaming the face by cloths.

Dip a small hand towel, in very hot water and spread over the face. As this towel cools, replace by another steaming hot cloth. Do this for fifteen minutes, after which massage your wrinkles with skin food. In the winter, one is apt to see many tiny lines adorning one's face. This is because we unconsciously squint up our face when out facing the icy winds. As a result we have ugly lines around our eyes and across our forehead, and sometimes around our mouths. Steaming the face, following it up by a delicate massage across the lines, will soon make your skin as smooth as satin. As an additional help, however (you see I want each and everyone of my girls to be really pretty), buy a piece of adhesive plaster at your drugist and put them on the furrowed lines. Be careful to have the skin held taut as you place the plasters on. Next morning wash off.

Did you every try an Almond Meal Pack? If no I hope you will, as it whitens and plumps the skin and face wonderfully. The beauty shops are all charging one dollar and fifty cents for this Almond Meal Pack, but I will tell you how to make it at home for a cost of about twenty-five cents. So you see you save one dollar and twenty-five cents. To make this delightful bleach you make a paste of almond meal and Peroxide of Hydrogen. Now cut two pieces of thin cheesecloth big enough to cover face and neck, spread the Almond Meal Paste between the pieces and place on the face. Over this "pack" spread a small wet towel wrung out of very hot water, as soon as this towel cools replace by another until fifteen minutes have elapsed. Now remove towel and "Almond Pack" and spread a cold towel over your face. Do this several times, dry face, buff on powder and there you are as good as new. Do this once a week. This Almond Pack is invaluable when your face has become weather-beaten and red from the winter winds. It will

take about ten treatments to perfectly whiten your skin but from the very beginning you will notice a gratifying improvement.

A Non-Greasy Cream

Corn flour, one and one half drams; water, ten ounces; glycerine, five drams.

With a little water make the flour into a paste then slowly stir in the rest of the water. Bring to a boil, when cool add the glycerine.

The cold winds as a rule bring the roses to our cheeks but occasionally there is a girl whose cheeks remain pale even after a most stormy encounter with the winter breezes. As pink cheeks would probably be very becoming to her, I should suggest the use of this pink powder. Rub a little over the center of each cheek.

Carmine, one half dram; oil of almonds, one dram; French chalk, two ounces.

Mix thoroughly. The oil is absorbed by the chalk and carmine leaving it a dry powder but adhesive. Sift through silk bolting cloth.

Let me caution you before I forget, not to wash your face in hot water immediately before going out these winter days. If you do you are apt to have a skin that will make you a sight to behold. Take your hot face baths at night, my dears, until spring comes.

The morning face bath should be of tepid water followed by brisk dashes of cold water over face, neck and chest. This last firm and hardens the skin, rendering it less capable of being chapped and reddened by the blistering icy atmosphere.

To keep your hands and arms soft, dimpled and white so you can wear the long thin net sleeves so popular now without being mortified, it will be necessary to give them a daily bath in warm olive oil. First put your hands in a bowl of warm olive oil and keep them there for about ten minutes. After this rub the olive oil into your arms, rubbing gently so as not to reduce the flesh. If you do this every day or so during the winter you will be minus cracked hands and unsightly rough arms. Vaseline or cold cream rubbed into the nails each night will keep the cold from cracking them.

A Few Words

As I receive so many, many letters from my girls, it is impossible for me to answer each one personally. I wish I could, but as we haven't the space for so many hundred and one answers, will you please read through the columns until you find an answer that tells you what you wish to know? Remember I write each answer not only to that particular girl, but to my other equally dear girls who are interested in the same subject, so you see you are really being replied to individually after all.

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Rose, St. Louis.—Take the skin food and rub it all over the face, then massage very lightly as heavy massage will make your face thinner. The face plumps very slowly. I am sorry to say. Here is a simple complexion powder: Seventy-five parts of prepared chalk and zinc oxide twenty-five parts.

Katherine.—As the remedy you are using removes the tan, I should advise continuing it. To remove blackheads, wash your face thoroughly in hot soapy water every night immediately after which rub into the skin blackhead powder. To prevent irritation of the skin, it is best then to put a little cold cream or skin food on the face. Do this every night. Yes, the soap jelly and orange flower skin food, used as described heretofore in the column of this department will finally banish blackheads. To prevent chapping of the hands, use this pomade: Cocoa butter, one ounce, oil of sweet almond one ounce, oxide of zinc one dram, borax one dram, oil of bergamot, six drops. Shampoo to remove dandruff reads as follows: Two drams of solution of ammonia and three drams of soft soap, dissolved in half a pint of water, into which a well-beaten egg is slowly stirred. Vaseline should be rubbed into an itching scalp. As your finger nails are so soft, rub on carbolized vaseline. If you are nervous see that your bedroom windows are open at night, eat sensible food, exercise in the open air and last but not least drink plenty of fresh milk.

Water Lily.—Massage blackhead pits with Orange flower skin food each day. You can curl your hair nicely on cold curlers. Use pomade recommended to Katherine. Your hair being very full, blooded and should try bathing your arms in cold water. Tan can be removed by using equal parts of lemon juice and Peroxide of Hydrogen.

Troubled Girl.—You are evidently very, very nervous. Take a cold bath every day, avoid heating foods and try not to excite yourself.

A Farmer's Girl.—See reply to Katherine. Lemon juice will generally remove freckles. My hot water cure is good for the blood and will help rid you of your pimples. Yes the rheumatic fever would cause falling of the hair. Massage scalp with yellow vaseline every night. Only wash your hair every two weeks. Considering the state of your hair I do not advise the use of borax. I think your weight and height are about correct. Yes, the Milk Diet cured me of rheumatism. Rain water for the face and hair both is fine.

Bertie.—I think sulphur and molasses a good cure for pimples. Take two desert spoonfuls of sulphur and one desert spoonful of cream of tartar. Pour on enough molasses to make a thin paste. One desert spoonful of this mixture makes a dose. Take one dose a day, before breakfast. I do not like the tonic you mention.

M. N. Christiansen.—Girls of fourteen wear their dresses to the shoe-tops. Your weight is all right for your height and age.

Aline, Okla.—As your face is round, parted hair should be becoming. Your weight and height are correct. Your hair being a reddish brown, you can wear white, green, black, dark blue, reddish brown and certain shades of pink. Massage the scalp with yellow vaseline.

Florentine M.—Don't massage your face until the pimples are cured. See reply to Bertie and in addition drink eight glasses of hot water each day. See reply to Katherine. You probably need to have your eyes fitted with glasses. Don't read so much and bathe the eyes in hot water frequently.

Trump.—The Vaseline Bust Tonic will not increase size of hips or waist. Take this exercise to reduce them. Stand erect with arms outstretched before you, bend, keeping knees perfectly rigid, until finger tips touch the ground. Keep this up for fifteen minutes each day. See reply to Katherine. Yes, I think the Vaseline Tablets are as good as the liquid Vaseline Remedy and much more convenient.

Alice, Meridian.—Use the Vaseline Bust Tonic but in addition massage bust gently with cocoa butter fifteen minutes each day. Before applying cocoa butter bathe the bust in hot water. Every morning dash cold water over bust and neck as this stimulates the growth and firms the flesh.

Red Wing, Mo.—Girlie, you weigh too little for a height of five feet four inches. Weight should be one hundred and forty pounds, waist twenty-three one half inches, bust thirty-eight inches, hips forty-one inches.

Emma J.—A girl of thirteen whose height is five feet six inches should wear her dresses to her shoe-tops. To remove freckles use equal parts of lemon juice and peroxide of hydrogen.

Worried Girl.—I have looked carefully at the sample

of hair and if you want my candid opinion, it is dark red in color, extremely pretty and glossy, and I wish mine were like it. Don't you know that everybody is going crazy over red hair? Peroxide of hydrogen applied with a comb will bleach your hair, but don't do it, it's risky. You never know how home bleaching will turn out. Wear dark and medium shades of green, white, black, reddish browns and grays. Red hair looks stunning with these colors. Sesame oil (if you can get it) is fine for increasing the eye-brow growth. Otherwise heat olive oil and apply. Do not get any into eye itself.

Ugly Agnes.—Don't be discouraged. You can be as pretty as anyone if you try. Wash your hair every eight or nine days, putting one teaspoonful of powdered borax in the water. Do your hair up on wire hairpins or kid curlers. Put the short hairs on neck up on curlers every night, rolling toward the top of the head. See reply to Bertie and drink eight glasses of hot water every day. Use pomade given to Katherine.

Miss M. L. D.—See reply to Alice, Meridian. To lighten hair put a bottleful of peroxide in rinsing hair when shampooing. If your hair is healthy, don't use vaseline as the greasiness makes the hair look dark.

Rita.—To reduce thick nose melt one ounce of some good cold cream, add one melt each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips, let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheese-cloth. You might try massaging neck with warm cocoa butter. An eye cup would probably cost ten cents. Boric acid solution is best for weak eyes. Ask for a small bottle of three per cent. solution of boric acid. If your skin is pale yellowish try my hot water cure. Take plenty of exercise. Wash face at night in hot soapy water and in the morning in tepid water, dashing on cold water at the last. Mrs. G. G.'s skin food is the best. Brush eye-brows to make them soft.

Minnesota Blue Bell.—I am sorry the remedy doesn't relieve you. It is generally successful. Why not continue with it for a while longer? Yes you have been using it all right, although not according to directions.

A Devoted Reader.—With such a fine down, I think it would be foolish to try to remove it.

Happy Jack.—See a Farmer's Girl. If you want a creamy complexion take my hot water cure. Why not bathe your eyes with a three per cent. solution of boric acid? "Variety is the spice of life," so don't mind being sober faced occasionally.

Emma, Bethel, Conn.—I do not think you weigh too much.

Blue-eyed Chatterbox.—You simply make a tea out of sage leaves and put the liquid on the eye-brow. Do not get any in the eye. Regarding the Milk Diet, I guess you are too full bloated and don't need to be built up. How much do you weigh?

L. E. C.—Girls at your age are very apt to have pimples. Do not eat rich foods, candies, pie, cake, pickles, puddings, etc. Take the sulphur and molasses cure recommended to Bertie. To reduce eat less and exercise. You are too fat.

Busy Schoolgirl.—There is no way to reduce except by exercise and dieting. Any medicine that would reduce you, would be injurious. You probably didn't fit the thread tight enough around the mole. Do it in the daytime.

A Downhearted Girl.—You could try taking two tablespoonfuls of Emulsion of Cod Liver before each meal. This might plumpen you, but the milk surely would in three or four weeks, especially the bust.

V. E. W.—As you have tried tonics without results, massage the scalp vigorously for fifteen or twenty minutes each day. This will stimulate your scalp.

Miss Mae, California.—You should weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Wash your hair every ten days, putting a little powdered borax in the water. See V. E. W.

Delta Rose.—Bathe your eyes in three per cent. boric acid solution. Rub cold cream on your nails every night to soften them.

A. D. A. Miss.—My dear child, the reason I didn't answer your letter is because I get hundreds of them from my COMFORT girls and as there is not space, some have to be disappointed. Whiteheads indicate that you have a poor circulation. Get a complexion brush and scrub your face every night with it and soapy hot water. This will also soften and smooth your skin. Rub in a face cream before going to bed. I do not like the massage cream you mention. See reply to Katherine and Bertie.

Troubled.—Just dip the tips of the fingers (first one hand and then the other) in the water in the finger bowl, pass the moist finger-tips of one hand lightly once across the lips, then dry delicately on napkin, after which press napkin to the lips.

Dak. Pearl.—At eighteen you can wear your dress as long as you please. Bust measure should be thirty-six or thirty-eight inches, hip measures forty-one. A pompadour is universally becoming.

Mabel, Georgia.—Your laughing wrinkles can be massaged away. Use good skin food and massage across the wrinkles. See Rose, St. Louis.

Mae, P. I.—You should weigh one hundred and fifty pounds instead of one hundred twenty-five. The Milk Diet is the best bust developer, I ever heard of, and would be all right for you unless you have heart trouble. Take three or four quarts of sweet milk each day, sipping the milk slowly. See reply to Katherine.

A. K. L.—The beautifier you mention is said to be beneficial for the skin. For enlarged pores caused by blackheads and pimples use this: Place in a half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elderflower water, and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and add slowly one half ounce simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elderflower water.

Miss Mary, Danville, Virginia.—If you want to get plump quick, drink milk, which is the quickest bust developer and flesh producer I know of.

Faded Prairie Rose.—See reply to Alice, Meridian and Miss Mary, Danville, Va. Rub warm olive oil on your arms to plumpen them. You can plumpen your hips this way also, but it will be slow. Better take the Milk Diet.

Brown-eyed Spitfire.—You should wear your hair in a full pompadour. Use a pompadour pad under it. Wash it every week or ten days, using powdered borax in the rinsing water. Wave on hairpins. A ten volume solution of Peroxide of Hydrogen put in an equal amount of water is said to give brown hair a reddish tint. Wash the hair in the liquid. Lemon juice will remove tan. Moistens eye-brows with yellow vaseline. Wash your eyes with three per cent. solution of boric acid.

A New Mexican.—See reply to Katherine and A. K. L. Wash your face frequently in water to which a half teaspoonful of powdered borax has been added. This will cure it of its oiliness. Bleach your yellow teeth by brushing them with lemon juice once or twice a week.

R. L. W.—The Vaseline Bust Tonic would be just the thing for you. See reply to Alice, Meridian. A good skin food is this:

Rose water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce. Massage across wrinkles.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

some of us girls and the boys put on our bathing suits and waded out into the lake; some places where we went the water was up to our ears. The boys could swim but us girls could not. The water seemed rather cold so some of them got back into the boat and decided to go back to camp, but one of my cousins and I thought we had not had enough of the water so we said we would hang on to the back of the boat while our uncle rowed back to camp. We had, I guess a quarter of a mile to go and after we hung on for a little while our arms began to get tired and as the water was not very deep, we let go and waded again. At last, they rowed the boat out where the water was deep and then you bet we had to hang on, for if we had let loose we would have probably been drowned. Weber lake is about the shape of a circle and is about a mile in diameter. There are two large hotels and a saloon there. Many tourists stay here during the summer. The morning before we left the lake, two of my cousins and I took the boat and rowed across the lake and back. When we got back breakfast was nearly ready, and didn't that breakfast taste good!

Uncle, I am acquainted with a widow that I'm sure would suit you. Of course, it is quite a ways across the U. S. but by my description of her, I think you will be anxious to see her. Uncle before you come write me a postal that you are coming and I will meet you at the station. You can have board and a room here and papa will let you have our horse and buggy and you can take Mrs. Miller riding. Now this widow is about five feet ten inches tall and weighs not more than one hundred pounds. She is tall and slender you see. Her face is very long and thin, her nose and chin are pointed and if it wasn't for her false teeth, do believe, these points would touch. Her hair, that used to be brown is now a little streaked with silver grey. Now, uncle, don't think that she is old, for she isn't more than forty-five and that isn't old, is it cousins? Her fingers are long and slender. I have to admit that some of the joints are a little out of proportion. I'm sure you will find that she will suit you.

We have a piano and I can play some, I am anxious to learn more about music. Uncle, if you come here to board I'll play for you but I can't sing and I suppose you'll be glad.

I will be very glad to hear from all of the cousins and will do my best at answering all letters containing stamps. Cousins, please give your age when writing.

With lots of love to you all, I am your niece and cousin,
HELEN MCNAIR. (No. 22,695.)

Helen, I am pleased to hear from you, and from your description I gather that you are a charming young lady. I think those boys who made you hang on to the back of that boat, and rowed you out into the deep water, ought to be spanked until their teeth fell out. I would like to do the job, and I would personally see that they had no Sunday editions of newspapers in their pants, while I was applying the raw hide. They would both have raw hides too by the time I got through with them. I am intensely interested Helen, in your description of that dear little widow you speak of who is five feet ten inches tall, and weighs one hundred pounds. I once had a little widow about her dimensions. When we used to go out buggy riding I used to put her in the cockpit where they put the whip. At other times I used to use her for a toothpick. She had a beautiful face, a face you could chop milk with. I used to use it for a can opener. Her nose and chin used to meet and they made dandy nut crackers. That is the girl I told you about, who, when she ate macaroni, could only swallow one stick at a time. One day by mistake she swallowed two, and the pressure inside was so great that she exploded, and that was the last of her. What I like about your widow is, she has nice false teeth, and silver gray hair. I have mislaid my false teeth lately so if I were to marry your widow friend, I could borrow hers. As for that silver hair, if I could extract the silver from that hair I could have a dandy time. I think that widow of yours would just suit me, down to the ground. Maybe she would suit me under the ground better still. Anyway I am willing to take her for three seconds on trial at a million dollars a second, if you will send her along. I have one hair to lose, and I guess she would get it all right, if she was around me long.

SHERMAN, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am fifteen years old, weigh one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. Have black hair.

Uncle Charlie what is good to make a girl love me? I want to know because none of them don't love me. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. The meeting will begin here the third Sunday in this month. Crepus are not good in this country.

Uncle, has Billy the Goat learned his alphabet yet? I learned the most of them last winter. I would have learned all of them but my teacher was too pretty. I could not study much for looking at her.

ALBERT DRISKILL.

Albert I am glad to hear from you, and to know that you go to Sunday school every Sunday. Did you ever try to go to Sunday school on Monday? I did once, and I found it could not be done. There are lots of wonderful inventions in this world, but there is one thing they never will invent, and that is a Sunday school for more than one day in the week. Every time I try to teach Billy the alphabet, I never get farther than the second letter. When I say B he is still. I will tell you why B is so sore point with Billy. Last summer he sat down on a bee hive, and the bees got busy with the seat of William's pajamas, and I have only got to say the word bee to Billy, and you cannot see his tail for dust. I handed him a dozen alphabet books once for a birthday present, but before he would accept them, he made me cut all the B's out of them, and then the son of a gun ate all the books. He said he believed that if a goat wanted to get an education, he should get it

Every boy and girl will be the better for reading about Washington and Lincoln in February COMFORT. Lots else of interest there too.

inside and then he'd be sure to have it hands at all times. Willie is indeed the most educated goat in the world. Andrew Carnegie, gave Augusta, Maine, a library a little while ago and sent it by express. They had no sooner got it from the express office and on its foundations than Billy the Goat went down and ate it. I however had to cut all the B's out of the books before he would indulge in his literary repast. Now as regards making a girl love you. Don't give her any love powders. There is a better way than that. Just get in the vicinity of the lady of your choice, then make a noise like a million dollar bill, and the rest is a cinch—she is yours for life. As you are only fifteen, Albert, I advise you to quit thinking of girls for another ten years at least. For the present apply your thoughts to writing and spelling, you have a lot of work to do in this direction yet. Before you think of girls. You want to go to Monday school as well as Sunday school some time yet, before you have any thoughts of the ladies.

CRANDALL TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I will write you a short letter for the first time. I am twelve years old, have dark hair and black eyes. I live in the country on a small farm in Shady Valley. I am going to school most of the time. Please Uncle Charlie what is the best thing to do to keep from getting a whipping at school? My teacher's name is Miller, and I like the name don't you?

Well, uncle, we are getting along very well considering our circumstances. My mamma did some months ago. Me and papa and my two little sisters keep house. My next sister's name is Myrtle. She is nine years old and Hattie is three years old. So I have a very bad chance to learn much. So excuse me writing and spelling and please correct the same, and your loving niece,
LOIS MUELLER.

Lonnie, You ask me what you should do to keep you from getting a whipping at school. I should say that the best preventive is, to be a good girl, and know your lessons, and I might as well add, to improve your spelling. I have a suggestion to make however, but it is one that

I presume will be impossible for you to act upon, but once the method I used when I went to school is adopted, you never need stand in any awe of the stick, as long as the teacher applies it where nature intended it be applied, and made ample provision for that purpose. In my school days when I knew a whipping was due, and to the best of my recollection one was due about every three seconds, I went to school with the Sunday editions of thirty-seven different newspapers, each containing eighty-four pages tucked into the seat of my bloomers. When the teacher hauled me out in front of the class, and began to apply either a fence rail, or barrel stave to the equatorial regions of my anatomy, I smiled inwardly. It was wasted effort on his part, and the blows fell harmlessly. He was whipping a stand of newspapers, not me. The Sunday newspapers, neatly spread in the regions before mentioned, are the best remedy in the world for anyone who is liable to have a violent attack of spankitis. This prescription, however, is for males only. In my ignorance of the opposite sex, and their structural and architectural proportions, I am at a loss to know whether the methods used to prevent physical chastisement, would prove an entire success. However Lonnie, I have put you wise to your youthful anti-whipping schemes, and it is up to you to say whether you can adopt them to your own personal needs or not. It is too delicate a subject for me to handle except in the most superficial way, but from what I know of the modern young lady, especially those of your age, I don't think that my suggestions will be altogether lost, but on the contrary I am of the opinion that they will be of great and exceeding value to you during your educational period. I think Miller is a very pretty name. I am exceedingly sorry, Lonnie, that your mamma is dead. Poor dear child, you are indeed to be pitied. I don't think however, that when mamma was called away young children should take their places in the home, and that is what generally happens. I think this is a terrible hardship on the children. Every child is entitled to an education, and the state should see that she gets it. When the mother dies, if the father does not re-marry, he should employ a housekeeper. A father has no right to make a drudge of his eldest girl, deprive her of education, and ruin her health, as is generally the case when the mother dies. I am speaking now in a general sense, Lonnie. I know some fathers cannot employ help, but ninety per cent. can, and should be made to do so. There are too many little white slaves on the farm. That is why President Roosevelt appointed a commission to inquire into farm life generally. I wish I were president of that commission, I would right many wrongs that I now know to exist.

BRUFFEYS, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you let a Montana girl in your charming corner? I am five feet six inches tall. Have brown hair and blue eyes and am between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one years old. I was born in Bruffeys P. O. and fifteen miles from Livingston.

Uncle if you will wait three or four years I will marry you. I want to enjoy myself before living in a chicken coop with a one-haired man. I would like to hear from the cousins.

JENNIE FOUTS. (No. 20,999.)

I am charmed to get your offer of marriage, Jennie, and it will certainly be accepted. I am willing to wait for you three or four years, or three or four minutes, whichever you say. My heart says that to wait three or four minutes would be sufficient, more than sufficient, but on mature reflection, am of the opinion that if I waited three or four years, you would be that much more ahead in the money line than you are now. As you know I disdain riches, but must insist that any young lady who regards me with matrimonial intentions, must be a poor girl with lots of money. Don't think for one moment, though, that your enjoyment would cease upon entering my chicken coop. The fact is you would admit that you had never really lived until you had entered its portals, and I may tell you a one-haired man has many advantages over a man whose head is all covered with the usual growth of frog's wool and alfalfa. When we get married I will let you use my head as a match scratcher, the only thing I request and must insist on is that you do not mistake it for a duck's egg, and try to boil it some day for breakfast. You say you are five feet "sicks" inches tall. I am sorry your inches are sick, but trust no serious results will ensue. I am very sorry to hear you have blew eyes. Blew eyes must be a terrible affliction. I know the wind does blow pretty strong in Montana at times, but I never knew it blew any of the people's eyes out. I well remember a friend of mine who had glass eyes, and had it blown out not many miles from where you reside, but I have never seen a young lady with blew eyes, and should imagine they are quite an interesting sight. You must let us know Jennie, how much of your eyes have been blown out and how much remain. I am so fond of Montana girls, having given my heart to at least three or four dozen in my sojourn in that blissful state, that I am willing to accept you, no matter what the condition of your optics may be, so whenever you are ready to blow into my chicken coop, remember the door stands open, and a hearty welcome awaits you, and your "blew" eyes too.

SHELBYNA, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I am seventeen years old, have brown hair, and blue eyes. I weigh ninety-seven pounds, am five feet and six inches tall. I am now studying a commercial course at home, but was a sophomore at the Shelbyna high school.

I cannot write much that will be of interest, but if you and any of the cousins will come and see me when my uncle comes home from San Francisco, you can have a good talk with him. He could talk to you all day and you would not be tired, as he has been to all of the foreign countries and speaks the Spanish, American and German languages. He is a U. S. paymaster.

I will now tell you of my home. It is a lovely farm, situated in northeastern Missouri, about one mile from the town and about one hundred and sixty-seven miles from St. Louis. Our town is situated on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is a pretty little town of about six thousand inhabitants, and has six grocery stores, four drug stores, three blacksmith shops, one flour mill, two feed stores, and a host of livery barns and hotels. It also has eight denominations, consisting of: white and black Methodists, white and black Baptists, Hard Shell Baptists, Camalites, Catholics and Presbyterians. I belong to the Presbyterian church and go every Sunday. I wish you were here uncle to see my home. All the peach trees are in full pink bloom and the plum trees are snow white. The air smells like a perfume factory.

I will try to answer all letters and postals. With lots of love to you, all the cousins, Billy, Toby and Maria. I am your loving niece and cousin,
LILIAN GREER. (No. 22,815.)

Lillian, I would love to meet your uncle, the United States paymaster. All my life I have been living for but one thing, and that has been to meet a United States paymaster, but alas, though I have hunted high and low in every hole and corner of the land, that darned paymaster begins to hike before I can get next to him. I am quite sure that if I could strike that United States paymaster all my troubles would be over. About a million on account, and a million a month for the rest of my natural, is what the United States paymaster must have in his pocket for me if I could only meet up with him. Please Lillian, I am glad you have a livery barn in your city. I have a great fondness for livery stables. I used to work in one once. I was chamber maid in a livery stable, and whenever I was short of clothes, and wanted to go out and see my best girl, I used to borrow a collar from the horse, and a pair of shoes from the mule. I finally got promoted and was ladies' maid to the mule! That was a dandy job. You seem to have

a variegated assortment of religious sects in your town. I should like to see a black and white "Baptist," and above everything I would like to see the Camalites. I suppose the Camalites all go to church on camels, if ever I change my religion I'll think I'll become a Camalite. I must have been cut out for that anyway, as I usually have the hump. Toby says he thinks you mean Baptists and Camalites. What do you think of that sassy Pap daring to correct a real live sophomore! !

NEWTON, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am sixteen years old, have brown hair, dark grey eyes and am about five feet four inches tall.

When I was twelve years old we were living on a large farm, but since then we have moved to Newton, about nine miles west of Kellogg, by rail. We like living in town pretty well, but all have to work.

My sister and I work in a pants' factory here. We like the work, but the factory is going to Virginia about October 1st. I wish the cousins could come and go through our factory and see how it is when all the machines are running at once. They have no idea how pants are made, until they see how many different hands they have to go through before they are finished.

We have several large factories here. We have a foundry, an incubator and washing machine factory, feed works, ice plant, concrete stone works, pants' factory, and several others I won't stop to mention. My brother works at the incubator factory and another for the county grader.

Well, I guess I will ring off as my letter is getting too long. Would like to hear from all the cousins. I am your affectionate niece,
VALIE ANTEL.

Your letter is charmingly written, Vallie, not an error in the spelling, and the words are spread over the pages in real ink. I should think that a pants' factory must be a real romantic place to work in. Pants are such poetic things. Toby has just come in, he has been running around the block, and has come in full of pants. You say that factory is going to Virginia October first. Will it walk, run, or go by rail? What sort of pants will it wear when it hits the pike for Virginia? I hope you will make it an extra nice pair of pants for its southern journey. It must be exciting to watch all the machinery in your factory running at once, and it must be also inspiring to think that all the pants you are making will also be running at once at some future time. - It must be astonishing to see the number of different hands the pants have to go through before they are finished, but that is not a circumstance to the number of different hands that will go through them before they are finished with. I shall never forget my sixty-fourth wife. Her great stunt was going through my pants while I was wandering blissfully in slumberland. She used to wait until I was pounding on the pillow, then take the odd change out of my pants' pocket. After she had done this three or four hundred times, and got away with at least thirty cents, I came

WASHINGTON and LINCOLN specially designed title page for our great February COMFORT, which will contain lots and lots of things of unusual interest to you. You can't afford to miss it. Renew or extend your subscription today while it is ONLY 35 CENTS FOR TWO YEARS.

to the conclusion that it was time I set a trap for her. I borrowed a good sized bear trap, and put it in the pants' pocket, had the pocket enlarged specially to hold it. Then I went out one evening and returned in the morning at sunrise, walked up-stairs on my head, separated myself from my clothing, let out a few Indian whoops, so that she might know that I had been to a prohibition meeting in the early part of the evening, and sitting up with a sick friend for the remainder, slipped the bear trap in the pants' pocket, crawled into the hay, and began to snore as if I had swallowed a car load of hogs. Then I awaited developments. In about 'steen seconds Mrs. Number 64 was groping around for my pants, then I heard a yell. Her ladyship's hand was in the trap all right, and all the neighbors for ten miles around, hearing the racket, rushed in to see what was going on. Instead of tears of sympathy, there were yells of laughter. The old girl was caught with the goods, and ever after that my small change reposed serenely in the pockets of my pants. Moral: "Do not go through people's pants' pockets." When you want to get money out of the old man's pocket, stand him on his head, and shake him until it falls out. It was this method of getting money out of me that made me the bald-headed guy I am today.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, and the members are now mature persons, claiming for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are approved by the club spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by contributing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and only the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of admittance also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending us the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscription now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty-five cents in full, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engraved with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only the COMFORT subscription can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for January

(Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.)

Positively no appeals inserted unless accompanied by references from responsible persons. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel, Pro. Quebec, Canada. Poor suffering shut-in. My last appeal for him brought him four letters, and forty cents. Is that the best you can do? He has a lot of old stamps and a few old coins to sell. His condition is a pitiful one. Can anyone send him a catarrh cure? A teaspoonful of salt, and a pint of warm water snuffed up the nose, or by a nasal douche is an excellent and cheap remedy. H. S. Knight, Prosperity, B. D. 1, N. C. Sick, helpless and needy. Do what you can for this poor soul. Charles W. Berry, Cottageville, W. Va. Got his foot broken, and is unable to work. Will be grateful for assistance; suggest some way to him by which he may make his living by his hands. R. G. Brown, Big Isaac, W. Va. Has not walked, nor fed himself in four years. Send

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Music Lessons Free

IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

Established 1898—have thousands of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 12, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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Having one beautifully engraved, gold finished case, stem set, with 7 ruby jeweled American lever movement. Guaranteed 25 years; with long gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gent.

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LADIES OF 25 CENTS also IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT. Let us send it without expense to you C.O.D. express charges paid by us, for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any \$15.00 gold filled watch pay the express as \$3.75 and it is yours. Machine if you want Gent's or Ladies' time. R.C. PARKER, CO., 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

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With a FOLDING SAWING MACHINE. 9 CORDS by ONE MAN in 10 hours. Send for Free illus. catalogue showing latest improvements and testimonials from thousands. First order secured agcy. Folding Sawing Mach. Co., 158 E. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

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COMFORT'S Publisher Makes His Second Annual New Year's Call

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS:

In fulfillment of my promise of a year ago I am giving myself the pleasure of making my second annual New Year's call on COMFORT's readers. I can scarcely realize that a full year has rolled around since on the occasion of my first New Year's call I sought the privilege of a personal acquaintance with each and all of you,—that is all of you who then belonged to COMFORT's great family circle,—for many of you on whom I take the liberty to call today have joined us since then.

Then, although I had been busily engaged for twenty years in publishing COMFORT, it was my first personal introduction to its readers and so, to make the acquaintance as close as possible at the distance which separated us, I presented you my picture as a substitute for my personal presence.

As this is my first introduction to many of you, I beg you will pardon me for presenting my picture on this occasion also.

I hope you all have enjoyed a Merry Christmas and I sincerely wish you a Happy New Year.

I am delighted to renew my acquaintance with the old friends, and you have no idea how pleased I am after the annual overhauling of COMFORT's subscription list to find that such a very large proportion of those who were with me a year ago are still with me, still on my New Year's calling list which is COMFORT's subscription list, and therefore will receive this, my second annual New Year's call.

As I told you a year ago, I am the founder of COMFORT; I am its publisher; I gave it being; I am responsible for its existence; its growth and development have been my life work, and under my fostering care, to which I have devoted the best years of my life, it has grown to be what it is, and I take pardonable pride in its successful career of twenty-one years.

Through all these years I have labored incessantly for the improvement of COMFORT, always to the limit of my strength and ability and sometimes even to the danger point of injuring my health. But the fact that such a very large proportion of my old subscribers have renewed their subscriptions during the past year is substantial evidence of the successful fruition of my labors and is the most gratifying proof of their appreciation of my efforts.

I hoped that my New Year's call of a year ago would bring about a closer acquaintance, a better understanding, a more intimate community of interest between us to the mutual benefit of all concerned; and my most sanguine expectations have been justified by the results as shown by the kind personal letters which many of you have written me during the past year expressing your interest in the great work which COMFORT is doing for humanity, your approval of its high aims and aspirations, your personal sympathy with my efforts, and pledging me your hearty support. Some of your letters have contained valuable suggestions for the improvement of COMFORT. You have no idea how much your good letters have benefited and encouraged me, nor how highly I prize them. Be assured that I read and value every one of them, although in the press of business I cannot find time to answer them. But I thank you from my heart and I beg you to accept this as my answer.

I am highly gratified and express my thanks for the large number of congratulatory letters on the November Jubilee Souvenir COMFORT which celebrated COMFORT's twenty-first birthday anniversary, and I note with pride that some of them are from persons who have been COMFORT subscribers through the entire twenty-one years of its existence.

To you, on whom I called a year ago and who now receive me into your homes, I again express my sincere thanks.

To my many new friends who were not on my calling list a year ago, at whose doors I now knock for my first New Year's call, I extend the right hand of fellowship and welcome you most cordially into COMFORT's fold. I hope that you will find yourselves at home in COMFORT's great family circle and that the association and acquaintance will prove congenial and profitable, and that next year when I make my annual round of calls I may find your latch strings out for COMFORT's publisher. So here's to our better acquaintance through the coming year, and may it be to our mutual advantage.

No doubt the past year has brought to many of COMFORT's readers their share of the trials and tribulations which under the established order of things fall to the lot of suffering humanity. We all have them, some more in number and some more severe, but more or less and varying in severity we all have our troubles. Some make the worst of them; some make the best of them. Some of our troubles apparently inevitable seem to be ordained by Providence and must be borne with fortitude and Christian resignation in the sublime faith that all which is beyond our power to control is ordered for the best ultimately by Divine Wisdom and Eternal Goodness; but the most of our misfortunes we bring upon ourselves through our own weakness, our folly or our fault. Of these we ought to be ashamed, and it should be our continual effort to avoid them as it is in our power to do so. It is also a good thing to sit down by ourselves on the first day of the new year and take a mental inventory of our errors, faults and follies of the past year, confess them to our own consciences and with unalterable resolution set ourselves to profit in the future by the bitter experiences of the past. Rarely if ever is it too late to mend, and he who learns by Experience, harsh teacher though she be, profits even by his own disastrous mistakes and turns defeat into victory and triumphs in the end. With Christian charity and forgiveness for the faults and shortcomings of others let us deal severely with our own for our own good.

Under all conditions look on the bright side of life, for there is always much to be happy about and to be thankful for, and the person whose lot is hopeless is indeed rare; besides, to talk it and act it makes you and all those about you happier and actually contributes in a large measure to the attainment of success. COMFORT is always bright and cheery and will help to keep you and your family in good spirits from one year's end to the other. To read it at any time is a sovereign cure for the blues.

With the close of the old year the last effects of the panic of October, 1907, and of the succeeding hard times disappeared, and with the country richer in resources than ever before, with more money than ever before, with large crops just harvested and commanding phenomenally high prices, with a general shortage of manufactured goods, with the factories in all lines of industry on full time and running full capacity and many of them beginning extensive additions to their plants, with labor employed at good wages and with general business brisk and public confidence restored, the new year certainly opens bright with promise for every man and woman in America who is willing and able to work. A year ago I promised you to do my utmost to keep COMFORT up to its high standard of excellence in all respects and to improve it in what-

ever respects I could. Notwithstanding the hard times which prevailed through most of the year and were felt in the publishing business just the same as in other lines of business, I have given you a better paper throughout the year than ever before. Both the serial and short stories have been better than those of any previous year. I think that there has been an improvement in our editorials. I have had a number of special articles written for COMFORT. I have added the valuable veterinary department. I have just added the ventriloquist department, and a little earlier the calendar with the weather forecasts, the birth-month and astrological information. Besides this I have brought out two unusually large special numbers, our August mid-summer short-story number and our great November Jubilee Souvenir number containing thirty-six pages and a supplement. Last spring I also added the wheel chair club. I have given you a large paper filled with high grade matter, and all for twenty cents a year to new subscribers and at the wonderfully low rate of twelve and one half cents a year to old subscribers who renewed their subscription for two years. I have done all this in spite of higher cost of material, stock and labor.

This is COMFORT's Jubilee Year and I have my plans laid out ahead for still further improvements of the paper throughout the coming year. I will mention a few of them and you will note the others as they come. First. I shall give you one or more puzzles every month, probably a prize puzzle each month. A series of interesting articles on current events and appropriate to the season especially written for COMFORT. I shall give you several large special large numbers beginning with our great Washington and Lincoln Centennial number in February on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, a large special Easter number in the spring, a mid-summer short story large number in August, a special harvest number in October, a large anniversary birthday number in November and a large special Christmas number in December. I also have some new very fine serial stories which I shall commence to run in COMFORT as fast as those now running and nearly completed are finished. I want to call your attention particularly to what we say in this number about our coming Washington and Lincoln number as that is a fair sample of what I intend to make these other special numbers this coming year. I think that you will agree with me that there is no other paper or magazine published anywhere that gives anything like so much or so good for the money.

You probably wonder how I can afford to do it for the money. I have had many inquiries on this subject from people who could not understand how it could be done. Well, I have managed to do it thus far and live out of it because of COMFORT's enormous circulation and because I have the most improved machinery for doing all parts of my mechanical work and the best of skilled labor and buy my stock and material in large quantities at the lowest cash prices, and you get the benefit of all this in a first-class paper at a low subscription price.

But how long can I continue to do it under present conditions? I fear not long. I fear that I may be obliged to raise my subscription rates this winter. Just a year ago in my "New Year's Call" I told you substantially the same thing and I found it necessary to raise the rate from fifteen cents to twenty cents a year in May, and that is the rate now to all new subscribers, although I still permit subscribers to renew their subscriptions for two years for twenty-five cents.

During January I shall carefully look my year's business over and take an account of stock and in February I shall decide whether I can afford to continue the present low subscription rate or must raise it. For on one thing I am determined, that in no event will I economize by lowering the high standard of the literary matter. If compelled to raise the subscription rate, of course the first change would necessarily be to put up the two year renewal rate which is only twenty-five cents now. It is more than likely that I may be obliged to do this, but you all have this present month of January in which to renew your subscriptions two years from date of expiration for twenty-five cents. Any time after February first the rate is likely to be advanced.

Speaking of charity in the early part of my talk reminds me to say a word about COMFORT's great mercy work. COMFORT is one of the very, very few papers which has a department devoted to systematic mercy work. COMFORT has two such departments, and both are accomplishing great results in relieving human distress and misery. One of them is COMFORT's League of Cousins conducted by dear, good, cheery Uncle Charlie, himself a shut-in and a great sufferer, though you would never suspect it to read his articles each month sparkling with wit and bubbling over with mirth, is devoted to organized mercy work of a general nature and accomplishes a marvelous amount of good during the year besides having a most elevating and refining influence on the league members in particular and on our readers in general.

The other is COMFORT's Wheel Chair Club conducted under my direct personal supervision. Last spring I offered to give one first-class invalid's wheel chair to some destitute, deserving shut-in for each and every two hundred and fifty new yearly subscriptions at twenty cents each sent in singly or in clubs by persons who order the same credited to the COMFORT's Wheel Chair Club instead of claiming for themselves the regular club premiums to which their subscriptions would entitle them. This great and worthy charity has also met with such favor that I have arranged to give two wheel chairs a month since early last summer, and the good work is still going on. I call your attention to the Wheel Chair announcement for this month on another page of this paper. Here is an excellent opportunity to aid the poor and suffering without cost to yourself by soliciting subscriptions to COMFORT now, before the subscription rate advances.

I also call attention to our exceedingly liberal cash prize offers to club-raisers printed in this paper and suggest that this is a good time to put in your best work on these while the present low subscription rates are still in force.

I have made you a very long call and have talked a lot about COMFORT, but you will pardon me because COMFORT has been the happy means of bringing us together and we are all interested in its success, and I ask your kind assistance in continuing and promoting its success.

Wishing you many happy returns of the day, good bye until another year.

Sincerely yours,

William A. Gannett

January 1, 1909.

PUBLISHER OF COMFORT.

P. S. Please address all letters to "Publisher of COMFORT" same as on subscription coupon which you will find on page 24, so that they will be delivered promptly at my publishing house. Don't address W. H. Gannett, as mail so addressed goes to my residence in the outskirts of the city and then has to be all sent back into the city and makes delay. In sending silver in letter wrap it in paper and tie between pasteboard.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

twelve inches. I will return the favor in some way.

Remember, "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." These words have cheered me many times.

MRS. FRANCES LOCKARD, Box 43, Moscow, R. D. 2, Idaho.

Croup

Take a woolen cloth and wring it out of cold (or ice) water and cover the throat and chest of the patient and then cover it with a cotton cloth, leave on until it is warm and then apply again.

I hope Mrs. Dewey received my card.

Mrs. W. P. MULHAIR, Daviston, N. Dak.

Mrs. E. Belinda, Highland Falls, N. Y. would like to hear from someone who lives or has lived on the Isle of Pines.

My husband and I live on a two hundred acre farm. He does all his farmwork and I do all of my housework. We are rather a lonely couple. Our children, a son and a daughter, are both married. Reading is my most pleasant pastime. If any reader of COMFORT wishes to do a kindly act to an old COMFORT sister any reading matter will be appreciated.

The sisters' corner interests me more than all other reading matter. My heart is in the good work done by COMFORT readers. The shut-ins have my sympathy. Any sister who will write to me I will answer all letters gladly.

NAN E. TIPPIT, Dundas, R. D. 1, Ill.

Can anyone send me a pattern of a fox in cross stitch, also directions for making baby mittens in crochet, without the thumb?

Mrs. R. MILLER, Box 104, Shepherd, R. D. 5, Mich.

For Diphtheria

Roast an onion with sulphur in it, squeeze out juice, give the juice, bind onion on the throat and give sage tea made into syrup with honey and give honey and salts often.

I would like letters as I am lonely, my husband died three years ago and I live with my two boys on a small farm. I wish those who are successful with chickens would write.

MRS. RETTIE GARMAN, Cork, Ky.

Mrs. Nicholas Linden will you please send me directions for knitting men's socks?

MRS. NETTIE WHETSTONE, Defiance, R. D. 11, Ohio.

Can some mother tell me what to do for baby's teeth? His first four seem to have dark rings near the gums not decay, but rather a roughness

and I would like to clean them if possible. I would like to receive letters from young mothers, I am twenty-three years old.

Mrs. AUDREY DAVIS, Nora, Ky.

If any of the sisters know anything about Idaho, Washington or Oregon, I would be glad to know about the climate, etc., and where we could get cheap land. My husband and I would like to locate in a Danish settlement, as we are from Denmark. I certainly would be glad to return the favor, if anyone could tell me anything about these states. Also if anyone knows of a tobacco cure.

To cure corns, soak bread in vinegar, bind on corn day and night. It will come out by the roots if you will be patient. Yours,

Mrs. BERRY BEEK, 1554 48 Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

1776. What does that mean? Revolutionary war stories. Good ones. All in next February COMFORT. Be sure you don't miss it. The Washington and Lincoln special number.

Mrs. Coley, 833 St. Louis St., Springfield, Mo. has been married twenty-two years December 4, 1908. Letters and post cards requested.

Reading matter and letters are requested by a lonesome sister.

MISS IDA MOORE, Round Peak, N. C.

I would like a letter party on December 25. I am more than sixteen and not quite a bachelor girl. I am five feet two inches tall, dark brown hair and gray eyes, weigh one hundred and ten pounds.

MISS ZELLA M. DAVIS, Box 53, Red Bank, Pa.

Mrs. H. B. Scurlock, Coatsville, R. D. 1, Mo., desires to be remembered on her birthday, March 3, 1909.

Miss Esther Harris, Box 36, Lyons, R. D. 4, Nebr., a seventeen-year-old school girl, who is healthy, happy and a lover of out doors, wants to hear from young folks.

Miss Lena E. Clifton, Miller's View, Texas, has been a semi-invalid for eleven years, and is alone a great deal. She would be delighted with reading matter, stories or magazines. Remember her.

Mrs. Viola Owens, Black Gum, Okla., a mountain girl of nineteen, living in a beautiful, but lonesome spot, would like her mail increased by letters from COMFORT readers. As would also Mrs. M. C. Falles of Warsaw, Mo.

Mrs. M. G. Meredith, Pennville, Ind., a dear, smart old lady (only eighty-seven) who lives alone, keeps house, and is happy though lonely, invites some of the sisters near her own age to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

MR. EDISON

Says: "I Want to See a Phonograph in Every American Home."

What This FREE Loan Offer Means to YOU

This offer means that you can have an absolutely free trial of an Edison Phonograph, that you can enjoy right in your own home the grandest entertainer the world has ever known. This offer means that you can give at your home just such concerts as would cost \$1.00 to \$2.00 a seat in the opera house of a big city.

Indeed, you cannot imagine how many uses and pleasures you will find in a phonograph until you have one in your own home. Suppose you accept the great free loan offer for a few days. Send over for a few of your neighbors, of course. Tell them to bring the children too, for there is no end of entertainment, concerts and vaudeville for children and for grown up people with the Edison.

For an Evening's Fun

And then for an evening's fun with this phonograph which I am so pleased to lend. Everything that is bright and clean and wholesome. How much better than the theatre! Never a questionable joke, never a vulgar song, never an evil suggestion for the youthful mind. Only the best and the cleanest and most wholesome is chosen for the Edison gold moulded records.

Just think how much all this means, and you can have it all free just by signing your name and address. You want to make your home attractive, don't you? You may make it anything you wish. Let it be bright and cheery and inspiring. Let it be a place attractive to your sons and daughters in the long winter evenings.

Amusing the Children

We are always trying to think of something to amuse and interest the children. Don't you think "mother" would enjoy just as well as the children, the stirring marches, the bright dialogs, the funny minstrel jokes, the late "coon songs" or one of Cohan's breezy, sunny hits.

And how about yourself? Don't you ever feel just "weary", not tired enough to go to bed but too tired to read? Put your slippered feet to the fire and sit down with "mother". Let your children operate this wonderful instrument—your 6 year old child can learn all there is to know about the simple perfected Edison in five minutes, and the children will enjoy the responsibility. See how much the soothing music or songs or stories will rest and refresh you. Why don't you try it for a few evenings? Why haven't you done it before? You have only yourself to blame if you do not accept my free loan offer and borrow for a few days at least the "king of entertainers."

NOW, I OFFER A FREE LOAN: So many families have been made happy and bright with this perfected Edison invention, I just wish I could talk to every reader of this paper and tell you how much such a treasurehouse of entertainment means in your home. But I can't talk to you personally so I'll send you an Edison Catalog free and our offer for a free loan of the Edison Outfit, provided you send me your name and address.

HERE IS A PICTURE of the latest style genuine Edison Standard Phonograph with its neat, handsome black horn. There are other models which you may borrow. Send for our Edison catalog and you can make your selection. We also include in our wonderful free loan offer our very latest improved newest style Parlor Grand equipment. This includes a beautiful new style hand decorated blue and red floral horn nearly 3 feet in length and 7 feet in circumference, also adjustable tone modifier, automatic stop, automatic dusting brush, and the newest phonographic accessories, all sold at a slight extra cost. Just send your name and address and I will send you the free catalog and the full explanation of the FREE LOAN. Send your name and address today.



I think every reader of my paper who either rents or owns a home, no matter how simple or how small a home it may be, ought to be willing to accept this free loan and enjoy the free concerts—for the sake of your family and your friends. Anyway you ought to send your name and address.

For the Phonograph, as the reader may know, is the Wizard's pet and hobby. Though he has patented hundreds of other wonderful inventions, Mr. Edison's constant care and experiments have made the Edison a perfect musical instrument.

Read the Free Loan Offer

Thomas A. Edison

Several times before I have offered to LEND the readers of this paper free of charge any of the latest style Edison Phonographs described in our new Edison catalog.

Why, then, have YOU not favored me with your name and address—just your name and address—so I could send you this New 1909 Edison Catalog? Address F. K. BABSON.

The free loan means just what it says. You may borrow a latest style Edison direct from us, take it to your home, and let the machine talk, sing, laugh and play for you; hear the wonderful marches, waltzes and two steps, the laughable minstrel show—all that endless variety of entertainment. After a few days of music and merry-making, return the outfit at our expense. That is all. I do not charge you one cent for the loan.

ALL I ASK is that you invite some of your neighbors and friends to your home to hear these grand Edison concerts—of course you would do that anyway. Let your friends realize the wonderful improvements in the latest style Edison. Tell your friends, please, that on a special offer, they can now get the very latest style Edison at the rock bottom price either for cash or for easy payments of \$2.00 a month; the rock bottom price (without even interest) at \$2.00 a month.

I DON'T ASK you to sell an outfit or to take any orders. In fact, at the rock bottom price I would not allow a commission to anyone. If after hearing all the wonderful music and recitations, five or six of your friends want a genuine Edison at \$2.00 a month (and at the surprisingly small rock bottom price) tell them to send their orders to us; if you yourself want to keep the machine either for cash or at \$2.00 a month, you may; if nobody buys (and that may happen) I am just as willing and just as glad I let you have the free use and the free loan of the machine for I certainly shall have proved to you and to everyone of your friends the wonderful superiority of the latest style genuine Edison over all other talking machines, even those machines which talk twice as much; and you and your friends will remember and talk about those grand free Edison concerts all the rest of your lives.

Now Without Any Obligations

I will consider it a favor if you will allow me to lend you an Edison for your free concerts, and I want to send you now our FREE EDISON CATALOG so that you can select the machine you want. Even if you do not want to borrow the Edison right now I wish you would send me your name and address so I can send you our free catalog.

Your name and address, either a postal or in a letter, or on the coupon—that is all. Then mail it to

F. K. BABSON,
Edison Phonograph Distributors
Suite 2071, Edison Block,
CHICAGO

OUR FREE CATALOG COUPON

My name is
My address is
Just fill out the above (no obligations of any kind), mail this coupon to F. K. BABSON, Suite 2071, Edison Block, Chicago, and get our free catalog, no letter necessary, the coupon will do.

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

WRITE TODAY For Our Big Free Catalog

It tells all about our Easy Credit Plan and how we send \$1000.00 worth of watches for \$14.50.

SPECIAL THIS MONTH \$14.50

A High-Grade 17-Jewel Genuine Elgin in Hand Engraved Case, only

No Money Down, \$2 A Month

OUR \$1,000 CASH OFFER and photograph of Elgin Factory are FREE with our Catalog. You can't afford to buy an unknown, off-brand watch or a watch of any kind until you have our Big Free Catalog. Just your Name and Address on a postal will do.

Largest Watch House in America
HARRIS-GOAR CO., 1408 Grand Av., Kansas City, Mo.

Mark Baby's Grave

with a symbol of sacredness that lasts forever.

Headstones \$4 up
Monuments \$11 up

Best blue or white marble—neatly lettered—easy instructions for setting—free catalog.

W. J. MOORE
371 Third St., Sterling, Ill.

Lady Isabel's Daughter

or,
For Her Mother's Sin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"Don't touch me—don't lay a hand on me," broke out my lady, in an awful voice. "If your hand brushes mine, Archibald Levison, I swear to you, I will plunge headlong into the mere and seek peace in death. Stand there and tell me all. You have roamed me to madness, and it will be dangerous to plant another blow. Go on, tell me the story of your expectations—tell me how long and how often this blackmail is to be, that I may know the measure of my miserable life."

Monsieur Bloushar took his station against the flowering vase, and without preliminaries began to talk. My lady listened in apathetic silence. Her eyes were fixed on the spotless lilies tangled on the bosom of the mere, and kneeling and looking thus, fate brought back to her the memory of the song she used to sing:

"Mere pangs corrode and consume—
Dead when life dies, in the brain—
In the infinite spirit is room,
For the pulse of an infinite pain!"

It is two by the stable clock. The terrible interview is over, Monsieur Bloushar has revealed his plans and departed, and on the brink of the Ravenswood mere, my lady kneels alone.

The sounds of music no longer float down the shadowy Oak Walk. "I have wrecked my darling's honor and I do not care to live, I want to die—oh, please most merciful father, answer the prayer: Let morning find me dead."

If the agonizing wall be answered, she sees no sigh in those dark purple heavens as she issues from the Oak Walk. The moon is shining brightly, and it looks down upon her as she walks out of the shadow of the trees, her white velvet robe crushed and mud stained, and utterly ruined, the black cloak fallen back, the dark veil removed, and the terrible look on her sweet young face fully revealed.

She stands a moment looking up at the moonlight sky, and in the numbness of her brain, she hears not the faintest sound.

"I must keep it from Lionel—I must keep it from my husband—he would drive me forth in horror if he knew," she says hollowly. "My past must be a sealed book to Lionel for—"

She never completed the sentence. Even that numbed brain must hear that cry of mortal anguish, and my lady drops her eyes with a smothered shriek as it floats to her now—drops them, cowers away like a guilty witch, for my lord stands face to face with her in the moonlight, a letter in his hand, an awful look frozen on his handsome face.

See first page illustration.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WE TELL OUT MY WIFE AND I.

My lady never spoke—somehow all strength seemed to forsake her when she looked up and found him standing there, and recoiling with one shuddering breath of terror, she leaned against the gnarled bole of a mighty oak and closed her eyes.

It was a striking tableau, that white-robed figure clinging spiritlessly to the great tree, with the black Oak Walk yawning behind it like a great hungry maw; my lord confronting her, his face hard and white as marble, his blue eyes glittering, his proud lips set; and, over all, the moon sifting its impalpable mist like powdered diamonds, while the great dark outlines of the grand old court loomed somberly up against the silvery brightness of the star-studded, moonlight sky, and filled the background with gleams of light and blotches of spectral shade. An awful tableau, that my lady never forgot.

For a full minute Lord Beresford stood and looked at her, his eyelids never twitching, the muscles of his mouth never relaxing from that hard, icy, pitiless compression; then with a cold bow, he stepped out of the path.

"Pray do not be disturbed at my intrusion, Lady Beresford," he said, with frigid hauteur. "So small a matter as a husband need not disturb the equilibrium of Madame La Contesse's nerves. The path is quite clear—you may proceed if you choose. Doubtless, being too ill to honor society with your presence, or to grant your husband the favor of a private word, you are in haste to return to your couch and let the sleeping draught continue its beneficial work. I commend you, Lady Beresford, on the skill of your medical adviser. Half England owes a debt of gratitude to the discoverer of the marvelous potion which lays my lady in a slumber that will last until daylight, and in the next moment allows her to masquerade through the gardens until two o'clock in the morning. Pray publish the chemist's name in tomorrow's Times, your ladyship—it will be a genuine boon to other women of your class; an added glory to the name of Beresford!"

The cold, calm voice never raised—it kept that tone of pitiless contempt, that quiet limit of frosty sarcasm, to the very end—and my lady, leaning there in all the spiritlessness of utter despair, opened her great dark eyes and looked at him in solemn terror, but never spoke, never moved—only crouched there, a little white speck in the shifting moonshine, and drew her breath in flutters and spasmodic gasps.

"Will your ladyship proceed?" my lord went on in that quiet tone of contempt. "It is quite

unnecessary, this tableau vivant at two o'clock in the morning. Let it be dispensed with now and—I trust you are listening, my lady—and forever after, if it is repeated I warn you there will be trouble. Pass on, madam, and take that with you."

"That was a crumpled ball of paper, Pierre Bloushar's letter, thrown contemptuously at her feet."

"Take it and be more careful of that man's billet-doux in the future, Lady Beresford, or the name whose first blot has come from your hands may achieve the added infamy of murder from mine! You understand me, I believe? As this is the first to my knowledge, so let it be the last. I know you for what you are, and I tell you I will not have your name coupled with this shameful wretch until it is everlastingly uncoupled with mine."

"Lionel!" It was the first word my lady had spoken, and she spoke it now as though life went out in its utterance. "Lionel, you are killing me! Oh, if you only knew—"

He tossed his head with a short, bitter laugh. "Pardon me, Lady Beresford, but I do know," he returned, calmly. "The mask is quite off. I know and realize what you are—where you have been. Just Heaven! and you can stand there and look me in the eyes, you can face me with this outward show of affectionate regard when I tell you I know you. The ice melted here—a hot wave of passion, of wounded pride, of trampled honor, surged over his heart and swept all before it. "You can face your blinded dupe and have no fear," he went on stormily. "You can 'hold your course without remorse,' and look unflinchingly into the eyes of the man whose honor you have wrecked, whose name you have tarnished. My God, have you no fear that Heaven may strike you down in all your insolent strength. You traitress, you liar, whose sins have found you out, if you have no fear for yourself, do you not tremble for the safety of your lover?"

My lord had been prepared for almost any demonstration, but not for the one shrill, agonizing shriek of horror that rang in his ears when he pronounced that last dreadful word, not for the sudden slipping downward of that spiritless figure, not for the sight of her crouched there in the dust before him, with death looking out of her glazed and sightless eyes. She went down like a reed cut by a sudden blow from the sickle, and lay there in a white still heap, utterly motionless as a stone.

There was a moment's pause—solemn, awful impressive—and after it:

"Let me die Heaven—my life has nothing

left. It is ended—ended," broke out my lady in a hoarse whisper. "A lover—oh, God, and he can think that he can believe me so utterly degraded and debased."

"Even that, Lady Beresford, when the proof of it lies in the letter at your side," responded my lord, with a catch in his voice. "The letter of one guilty wretch to another. I found it at your door, madam, twisted and dropped in your haste to be at the rendezvous—will you blame me that I credit the evidence of my senses. Will you brazen the wretched face out when I tell you that you are lost to every sense of honor—and I know it? Pray, my lady, the next time you seek to gull me with the shallow pretence of a 'sleeping draught,' be sure I do not hear your voice when your maid comes to deliver the pretty lie. It is my right to know where you spent the charming evening, madam—a husband's right to protect his honor from the wiles of a shameless woman—and I assert it now. Who is the wretch you have been to meet? Do you hear me, Lady Beresford? Who and what is this man for whose sake my wife can play the role of Guinevere—this Lancelot, for whom my honor is sacrificed without a quail of conscience or a shadow of remorse. Do you hear me, madam? Who is he, and what is he to you?"

My lady let her dark head droop, and locked her hands in a spasm of unutterable woe.

"He is nothing to me—less than nothing. I hate him," she said in a low suppressed whisper. "More than that I cannot tell you, Lionel—though you struck me dead at your feet this instant, I—I should be silent for—for your sake. Call him my lover if you will—God knows I am innocent of the charge. I never saw him before this dreadful night, and—and I wish I had died before I knew of his existence. I have been a true and faithful wife to you, my husband; I have held your honor 'far above rubies,' and by the sacrifice of my wretched life, so shall I hold it to the last. Be content, Lionel—bear with me a little—this dreadful thing is killing me, dear. Don't send me to my grave with your love dimmed. You promised once, that come what would you would never doubt me. Oh, my husband, I call on you to remember that promise now. The stars were never more true to Heaven than I to you. Don't doubt me, Lionel. Be content to know that I am bearing the cross to keep the burden from crushing out your dear life, and if you ever loved me—"

My lord swung round suddenly, and threw out both hands with a frantic gesture.

"If I ever loved you," he broke out in a voice that rang the passionate changes of a proud

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Two More Wheel Chairs Given by COMFORT in December

Sixteen in All Since We Began Last Spring

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:

I regret to say that during December, the Christmas month, when of all seasons we should be the most thoughtful and liberal to the poor and afflicted, the COMFORT subscriptions sent in to be credited to the Wheel Chair Club have fallen off.

Quite likely this is largely due to the fact that in December everybody's resources are so taxed in providing the Christmas presents which they feel called upon to give to family or friends that many people think they cannot afford to do much if anything for charity until the Christmas strain is past. If you would bear in mind that, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," you would find time even during your Christmas preparations to solicit a few COMFORT subscriptions to go toward our Wheel Chair Club and that Divine Providence would fully reward you. It costs you nothing but a very little time.

I am giving the two Wheel Chairs in December, as above stated, although the subscriptions fall considerably short of earning two, trusting that you, my friends, will rally nobly to the support of this most worthy charity in January.

For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Club instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a first-class invalid's Wheel Chair to some worthy destitute crippled person, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

The names of the recipients of the two December Wheel Chairs are: Florence Bushfield, 337 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J. Mrs. Estie O. Mitchell, Crossville, Ala.

I invite your attention to the following touching letters from people interested in the good work, Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher COMFORT.

Released from Eight Years of Imprisonment by a COMFORT Wheel Chair

BARNWELL, S. C., Nov. 29th, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have received my COMFORT wheel chair, and I thank you all for it from the bottom of my heart. As soon as it was unpacked, I was helped into it, and rolled out into my yard. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD BEEN OUT OF MY ROOM IN EIGHT YEARS. The wheel chair is beautiful and rolls so nice and easy. I am so glad I can be wheeled out, and enjoy the beautiful sunshine and fresh air once more, for I have been so lonely shut up in my room so many years. I lost my mother in March, the last member of my family. Once more I thank you, and God bless you all. Your grateful friend,

MAMIE KEMP.

A Club of 31 Subscriptions and a Letter Full of Heartfelt Sympathy from a Lifelong Sufferer

IRVINGTON, N. J., Nov. 28th, 1908.

TO MR. WILLIAM H. GANNETT, PUBLISHER OF THE BEST HOME PAPER IN THE WORLD, AUGUSTA, MAINE: DEAR FRIEND—You will please find inclosed herewith a list of thirty-one names and addresses of people who want to become members of dear old COMFORT'S large, happy family for one year. You will also find inclosed herewith a P. O. money order for \$3.20. Each one of these thirty-one subscribers has paid twenty cents for a one year subscription. And now as a favor to me (which I hope you will grant me) please send the December COMFORT to each one of my subscriber friends as a present, and let January, 1909, be the beginning of their year, and December, 1909, their year's ending. I give these thirty-one subscriptions to the wheel chair contest to be used in helping to win wheel chair No. 12. I am unable to help the shut-ins in any other way, therefore I am very glad to help you in the wheel chair contest. And like you I have a kindly feeling for those worse off than myself, and more so for those than I am unable to walk. I have suffered pain of all kinds and even do so now at times. And those people who have never been sick and in pain, really do not know how we, that are in pain, must feel. We all know, or ought to know, that Mr. Gannett is a good man, kind-hearted, a lover of justice, and full of charity, faith, and just in all his words and dealings. Therefore, we the readers of his COMFORT, should do everything in our power to help our more than friend in his present good charitable work in the way that I, and you all know he would like to have us all do. In winning a wheel chair yourself and giving it to a poor cripple, or in helping him win one of these chairs, is I think the most valuable prize of all to win or help win. Now why can't we all put our shoulder to the wheel and push this good work along? Let us prove to the world at large that we are all readers of the COMFORT, the best home paper in the world. And just for a little fun let us see how many wheel chairs we can win by next spring. I have made up my mind to get more subscribers, and I will and hope all other readers will do the same. Now wishing you the best of luck in your work, I will close.

A friend, EDWARD HENRY OBERT.

This Lady Never Tires of Helping COMFORT'S Mercy Work

CAPE CHARADEAU, MO., Nov. 17, 1908.

MR. W. H. GANNETT, AUGUSTA, MAINE: DEAR MR. GANNETT—It has been several months since I have had the opportunity of writing you, though not because I haven't wanted to help you in your excellent work. What a blessed sweet spirit God has placed within your heart and how obedient you are to Him; may you ever continue in the same loving spirit. Feel assured that He is much pleased with you, His child. Oh, how He would rejoice if all His children did their work as you do. Here I come again with my little aid to you and the dear shut-ins, but I love them, and my heartfelt sympathy goes out to them. Will send you one dollar for five one year subscriptions for COMFORT which I want credited to the invalids' wheel chair club. Would help much more if I could. Am sure when your dear paper (COMFORT) reaches those people they will think it one of the best. I think it the best. May God's richest blessings rest upon you. I am, yours in Christ,

MAMIE DAVIDSON.

This Poor, Helpless, Friendless Shut-in Enjoys Her COMFORT Wheel Chair in the home.

SEVILLE, WILCOX CO., E. D. I, GA.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: There is no tongue or pen can ever express how thankful I am to you and our dear Mr. Gannett for my lovely wheel chair. I am utterly unable to tell you how much I appreciate your kindness. I wish I could send you a picture of myself sitting in my wheel chair, but I have no one to take it. I cannot tell you what an enjoyment it is to me to sit in the chair and be rolled around the house. God bless you for all your goodness and kindness to me a poor, helpless, friendless shut-in. God bless and reward you all. Gratefully yours,

EMILY WHITFIELD.

Two Shut-ins in Our Family Share One of COMFORT'S Wheel Chairs and are Made Happy

BARNWELL, S. C., Nov. 29, 1908.

DEAREST UNCLE CHARLIE: The chair has arrived, and to say we are delighted is putting it mildly. We cried and we laughed, while poor Mary Kemp kept beating her frail hands together for joy. I kept pinching myself to see if I was awake, and if it was not all a dream. Mary and I will share the chair. God bless you all. Your sincere and grateful friend,

MRS. K. M. POZ.

(Mrs. Poz is seventy-four years of age and herself an invalid.)

Sends a Club of Eight Subscriptions for the Wheel Chair Club and Praises Uncle Charlie's Work.

SALIDA, CHAFFEE CO., COLO., Nov. 13, 1908.

W. H. GANNETT: DEAR SIR—Inclosed find list of seven new subscribers and my renewal for two years. These are to go in the wheel chair club. Who would want a premium when there is such a good cause to help with. All honor and love to that true and noble man, Uncle Charlie. Wishing you all every success in every way. I am respectfully,

Mrs. J. W. HICK.

Thanks for November Jubilee Souvenir COMFORT from One of the Shut-ins

TAMPOCO, ILL., Nov. 18th, 1908.

DEAR FRIENDS—I have received the Jubilee Number of COMFORT and thank you very much for your effort in our behalf to make beautiful and entertaining, more beautiful, than usual the number which comes at a time of the year when our thoughts are liable to be gloomy in contemplating the future. Many are shut-ins that read it, myself am. When the winter begins to send her advance currents, cold winds and cloudy days, then I must fall back on my friends, the books and papers, for my sunshine and entertainment. Thanking you again for your paper and the glimpse into your home life, believe me ever your sincere friend, and well wisher.

MRS. K. R. CONKLING.

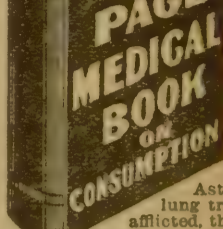
A Club of Five for the Wheel Chair Club and a Nice Letter from a Crippled Boy

SHADE, KY., Nov. 27th, 1908.

MR. W. H. GANNETT, AUGUSTA, MAINE: DEAR SIR—My stepmother received one of Jubilee Editions of the COMFORT and we all enjoyed reading it so much and became interested in the wheel chair problem for the shut-ins. I am a little crippled boy for life, but God blessed me that I can walk, run and go most anywhere I want to, yet I am a cripple and will always be. I have got up a club of five subscribers and hope to brighten the life of some other poor cripple. It is such a pleasure for me to help them. I have beat my stepmother, she has a promise of four subscribers, but I have five already. May God bless you in your good work. We can all be a help in the world if we will put our shoulder to the wheel. Yours for the cause,

ERNEST A. FORENER, Age 12.

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 2789 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

These 4 Rings Free

Send your address and we will send you 12 bead set gold wire initial bangle rings to suit 10 cents each. When sold send us the \$1.50 and we will send you ALL FOUR of these Solid Gold Laid Rings. To each customer you get a prize ticket entitling him to a package of 25 Fine Art and Rich Colored Flower Post Cards FREE.

BOND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 196, CHICAGO.

36 Post Card Views 10c

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

STOMATITIS.—I have a mare about eight years old. She grew thin, and did not eat her feed with a good appetite. She stood with her head down very low, sometimes with her nose on the ground, then we put her on green feed such as alfalfa, also soaked wheat. She appeared to have crazy spells, going through a wire fence several times; she got away on Saturday and was gone till Tuesday morning. We noticed she had a very sore mouth, her teeth being cankered and her jaws seemed to be locked. Was very restless, would lie down a few minutes, but would not put her head on the ground, then would get up and walk around. Her muscles trembled, would stamp with her hind feet, was very constipated all this time and her kidneys failed to act. This same trouble is very frequent around here. She has been fed on dry feed. J. T. W.

REPLY.—The mares are picking up an irritative poison, possibly a weed of some sort and should be kept away from pastures where such plants grow. A full dose of physic should be given at the outset of the attack. Swab the sores in the mouth once daily with a five per cent. solution of permanganate of potash after once having scraped the ulcers and lightly applied lunar caustic pencil.

LAMENESS.—I have a young mare that was struck with the point of one tooth of hay rake just above the hoof on the back part of hind leg, making small cut; this happened over two months ago and she is very lame yet, what can I do for her? J. B. P.

REPLY.—Clip the hair from entire hoof-head and blister thoroughly with cerate of cantharides. Repeat in three or four weeks if necessary.

TUBERCULOSIS.—I have a cow that lost her calf when about seven months and about two weeks since. I was away from home so this is the nearest I can guess at the time. The cow is now quite thin, she seems to have some kind of trouble in her throat, it and the root of her tongue seems to be swollen some, eats very little, runs at the mouth and nose, has big drops of sweat standing on her nose. The cattle feed on wild range, browse on young maple, willow, deer lence, pea vine, thistle, and other wild grasses, the rest of the cattle are in good shape on the same feed. There is no veterinary that I could call for help and therefore would like very much to know what is the trouble and what to do. (2) How can a person test his own cows for tuberculosis without the expense of calling a veterinarian?

REPLY.—(1) Tuberculosis may be suspected but it is more likely that the cow has "wooden tongue" (actinomycosis of the tongue) and that often is curable by applying tincture of iodine two or three times a week to the sores on the tongue and giving a dram of iodine of potassium in water twice daily for periods of two weeks with ten days' intervals between such periods. It would be well, however, to keep her apart from the other cattle and to test her with tuberculin. (2) The Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, Madison, Wis., published a bulletin giving full instructions how to test with tuberculin. Write for a copy and if the supply is not exhausted it probably will be sent, although such publications are intended for residents of the state.

POISON WEED; DEHORNING.—What is the best home remedy to do for cattle when they get a poison weed? We have lost a valuable steer by poison weed which grows plentifully here. (2) What will keep horns from growing on young calves? It is the fashion here to dehorn cattle. (3) Has there ever been a remedy found for blackleg in cattle? P. J. C.

REPLY.—(1) Medicine has to be given according to the nature of the poison eaten. Tell us the name of the poison weed and we may be able to help you. Prevention of course is best. A physic usually is indicated. (2) When calf is young and the horn buttons can just be felt under the skin of the poll shave off the hair and after dehorning the skin just above the horns rub in caustic potash until a crust forms and the horns then will never grow. See that the caustic is used carefully so that neighboring skin is not burned. Also wrap one end of the caustic stick in paper to protect the fingers. (3) No remedy has been found for blackleg, but it is prevented by vaccination.

CHRONIC SORE.—I have a horse that has a sore on the point of his shoulder that I can't cure permanently. I can heal it up by not working him. As soon as I start working him it gets raw again. There is no discharge from it at any time. F. M.

REPLY.—External applications are useless in such cases. Have the sore removed by dissection; then treat as a common wound by keeping clean and applying two or three times daily a lotion composed of sugar of lead, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, six drams; water, one pint; shake well. Label bottle "poison".

LAMENESS.—I have a six-year-old horse that got contracted tendons and rotting frog. If we drive her five miles she gets stiff in her front feet. In good condition, fat and healthy. Mrs. L. E. T.

REPLY.—If tendons are affected clip off the hair and blister parts with cerate of cantharides and if necessary repeat in three or four weeks. As the frogs are rotting it is evident that the animal stands on a filthy floor. Provide a clean, dry box stall and bed with baled shavings or sawdust. Pack calomel into the clefts of the frogs and repeat daily until "thrush" is cured.

CAT MANOE.—My cat has the mange. What will cure it? Mrs. D. D.

REPLY.—Clip off the hair and after washing thoroughly with Castile soap and water rub resinol ointment upon the sores. Repeat the application but not the washing several times a week. Feed the cat very lightly and make it live outdoors as much as possible.

CONTAGIOUS ABORTION.—I have a drove of forty cows and since last February have been losing more than half of the calf crop by abortion. The trouble seems to be worse now than when it started, for we have lost five in succession while only one is living. We have lost at all stages from about two months carriage till maturity. When full grown, if not pastured for the new cows. If the cattle are purchased or high grades are valuable then employ a qualified veterinarian to give the necessary treatment and possibly in eighteen months or so the disease may be got rid of. Obtain a bulletin on Contagious Abortion from the Dept. of Agric., Washington, D. C.

REPLY.—The disease is due to germs which are spread by the discharges, dead calves, afterbirths and service of the bull. If the herd is a common one it would be best to sell all of the cattle to a dealer in "canners" and start afresh after thoroughly disinfecting and whitewashing every place the cows have been in-doors and as far as possible providing clean pastures for the new cows. If the cattle are purchased or high grades are valuable then employ a qualified veterinarian to give the necessary treatment and possibly in eighteen months or so the disease may be got rid of. Obtain a bulletin on Contagious Abortion from the Dept. of Agric., Washington, D. C.

CALLOUS.—I have a mare that was kicked, about four months ago, on the ligament just above the knee, and it left a kind of gristle which doesn't seem to be sore or bother her in traveling. Mrs. G. C.

REPLY.—Each other day rub in a small bit of twenty per cent. oleate of mercury. Hair should be removed before using the ointment.

WOUNDED HOCK.—I have a seal brown mare that got cut in her right hock joint about one week ago. I am treating it myself. A few stitches should have been taken to properly close the wound. Being unable to do this I fear the result will be a large joint or knot in other words. Please tell me what treatment to give to prevent above mentioned result if possible. J. F. R.

REPLY.—The stitches would be likely to do more harm than good. Cleanse the wound, then wet it well

with peroxide of hydrogen twice daily and afterwards dust thoroughly with compound alum powder which you can buy at the drug-store. Such wounds, however, are apt to result in permanent swellings even where professional treatment is given.

BRAIN TROUBLE.—I have a chicken that is crazy. She will start to turning around and around and finally she will start and run around and circle and she will do this way for as much as ten minutes, just as fast as she can and when she stops she cannot sit down and will stand and look behind as though afraid. Mrs. V. E.

REPLY.—The brain is affected, possibly with some parasite, and the hen should be destroyed if still affected when this reaches you. In some instances indigestion may explain the vertigo and in that case recovery may be spontaneous.

SLUGGISH HORSE.—I have a mare four years old that is in good flesh and receives sufficient amount of grain, but seems to have no vigor. Is there any way by which she can be built up? C. M.

REPLY.—She is cutting teeth and may not do well until they are in place. Give some ears of old, hard corn to chew on daily. Lance the gums over the cutting corner teeth. Swab mouth twice daily with a solution of a tablespoonful of alum in a quart of water. Cut down the grain ration and increase the outdoor exercise.

BONE TUMOR.—I have a twelve-year-old mare that has a hard lump like a bone growth on her right front ankle for years. She is not lame to notice. The ankle joint is stiff and while standing will lift that foot, sometimes resting it on the toe of foot. Is there anything I can do to reduce the lump? It is the size of a small orange and about as round. H. McC.

REPLY.—The bony growth (exostosis) cannot be removed. The soreness and possibly the lameness may be relieved by blistering with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and one ounce of cerate of cantharides used two or three times at intervals of a month.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare eight years old, that is lame in right shoulder, has been so for one year. Is worse after driving on hard roads, stands with foot forward and doesn't put any weight on foot, is sore in the bones of the shoulder. J. W. C.

REPLY.—We conclude that the foot is the true seat of the lameness, but the muscles of the shoulder very likely have wasted away in sympathy. That would be natural in a case of chronic foot lameness. Remove the hair from hoof-head and blister repeatedly with cerate of cantharides at intervals of six weeks.

COUGH.—I have a cow that has suffered with a hard, racking cough for about four months, her eyes run some. Otherwise she seems to be very healthy, has a good appetite, and gives her usual amount of rich milk. I thought it might be indigestion and have been giving her a good stock powder, but I don't see very much improvement in her condition. A. S. L.

REPLY.—As it is quite likely that the cow has tuberculosis have her tested with tuberculin as you would not care to keep her if she has that disease. If she proves free of tuberculosis wet all food, see that stable is kept clean and well ventilated and give her an ounce of glyco-heroin three times daily until cough subsides.

LAME BACK.—I have a cow that gets lame in the back at times. Her milk seems to be good, but when she takes these spells she doesn't give hardly any milk. Can you tell me the best feed to make a cow give more milk? J. G. H.

REPLY.—It may be rheumatism and possibly she is living in a damp place. Give her a dry, sunny stable when weather will not allow her to be outdoors. At times of attack give half an ounce of saltpeter three times daily in water, after physicking with epsom salts. Feed bran, glutin meal, hominy, dextrose meal, dried brewers' grains and such like protein foods to stimulate flow of milk. Hand rub under thoroughly with alcohol once daily when milk falls.

PUFFS.—Will you please tell me what to do for my coming two-year-old colt. Early this spring I noticed him going very stiff on his hind legs. After lying down he had lots of trouble to get up. I could not find out the trouble until the middle of this summer then a lotion composed of two parts each of tincture of iodine and alcohol and one part turpentine. When the skin becomes sore stop use of lotion for a time but repeat treatment later if necessary. Such puffs often prove permanent.

SWOLLEN FETLOCK.—I have a horse who was "knuckled" in the fore foot about two years ago through a runaway. I cured the horse entirely of the "knuckle" but now the fetlock swells up frequently to twice its natural size from the hoof to the knuckle. Horse is not lame but has much heat and soreness in the knuckle. What would you advise me to do? Horse also has a short, dry cough. Can you tell me what to do for it? MRS. I. O. B.

REPLY.—Have the weak fetlock joint line-dred and blistered by a graduate veterinarian if you are sure by observation that the swelling does not come from interfering. If interfering is the cause suitable shoeing will be necessary. For the cough wet all food and give half to one ounce of glyco-heroin two or three times daily.

SITFAST.—I have a horse that has a sore on back caused by saddle. It is very hard and will not heal. I. H.

REPLY.—Cut out the hard center (dead hairy skin or scurf) and then heal the wound by applying three times daily a little of a solution of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc. Label bottle "poison". Shake well before using.

FOAMING CREAM.—I have a heifer that was two years old last March. The first of April she calved. For a month past the butter will not gather; it foams and looks something like whipped cream. She is half Jersey and will be fresh the middle of April. She is splendid for butter or has been until now. A. W. R.

REPLY.—You probably allow the cream to become too sour. Keep it cool, at 60 or below, till the day before churning, when if it has not developed any acid, warm it to 65 or 70 degrees when it will soon be the velop sufficient acid and churn readily. When the first or lactic acid comes it is ready to churn. Do

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not allow it to become so sour that whey gathers on the bottom of the vessel. Cool the cream to 60 before beginning to churn. Scald all milk utensils.

FOUL IN FOOT.—We have a heifer with one sore foot (between its toes). About two months ago she began to limp and her leg was swollen to the knee and seemed to be hot and feverish, we put tar and wagon grease on the sore and it seemed to be better, but about two weeks ago she began to limp and it seems as bad as ever. G. M.

REPLY.—Cleanse the foot and cut away all loose and under-run horn. Then swab with a solution of half an ounce of sulphate of copper in water as hot as the hand will bear and at once wrap the part in oiled paper saturated in full strength coal tar dip and held in place by bandages. Repeat the treatment once a day until well. The trouble is due to dirt and a germ (bacillus necrophorus) getting into scratches about the hoof head or between the toes.

INJURED PUP.—I have a fine puppy, a fox hound, that is down in its hips, and its right hind leg is drawn so it can't put its foot to the ground and has been that way for two months. Mrs. G. H. W.

REPLY.—We strongly suspect that there is a fracture of the pelvis or of the femur and such an injury could not now be remedied. In that case it would be best to put the pup out of its misery, but before doing so it would of course be best to have an examination made by a veterinarian.

THIN MARE.—I have a mare that seems well and hearty and eats all you give her and yet keeps thin in flesh. I had her teeth fixed and I am feeding stock food to her and yet she is getting thinner. R. C. S.

REPLY.—Stop feeding stock food. Give her at least one quart of black strap molasses twice daily in food which may consist of cut hay, bran and corn meal with molasses night and morning and whole oats at noon with long hay at night. Mix the molasses with two parts warm water before adding to the cut hay and ground grain.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare nearly five years old that got her left hind leg very badly cut on the wire two or three years ago, the leg slowly got well, leaving a bad scar. She doesn't limp much with that leg but while standing holds the other hind right foot nearly clear of the ground and foot and ankle seem slightly stiff and she limps with that leg when she runs, the right hoof seems smaller than the other. I do not work her. Mrs. H. M. L.

REPLY.—She may have developed a ringbone from putting so much pressure on the right foot when lame on the left foot; it also is possible for a horse to become foundered in one foot in this way. Clip the hair from the hoof-head of the right foot and blister several times with cerate of cantharides at intervals of three or four weeks if the first blister does some good.

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR, dear cousins, and may it bring a new blessing every day to each of you. And it will, my dears, if you try to make it so. Perhaps, there will be days that are dark and dreary; perhaps, there will be times when you think that you never can be happy again; perhaps—but let us not talk about happiness. Be brave and good and make the best of the bad and the Lord will not let you go unrewarded. There is so much that you can do to make life cheery, and bright and worth living that you won't find time to do it if you don't keep busy at it every day. So here's a Happy New Year again to you all, and let us get to work just the same as if it weren't the new year, 1900.

The first cousin of the new year I talk to is Worried Girl of San Jose, Texas, and she has the same old worry—she has two beaux and she doesn't know where she is at. One has proposed to her whom she doesn't want, and the one she does want tells her he loves her, but she loves him, but he will not, or has not proposed. Well, that isn't a happy way to begin the new year, is it? Still it might be worse, and she might be married to the one she doesn't want. I think if she will wait and not worry, it will come around all right.

Tena-nora Fanny-mary, Loneaoning, Md.—So long as he is nice to you, trust him with the other girls. (2) Forget him and find a substitute who is faithful. (3) His nationality should be no objection, if he is all right otherwise. (4) If you love him what difference if he is much older? Better happy with age than miserable with youth.

Troubled, Halseville, Ala.—Don't marry your cousin, no matter how much you love him. Still if you want to take the risk, there is no law in the Alabama statutes against it, though there should be.

O. M. H. Hennessey, Okla.—The only "eye flirtations" I ever heard of are those that girls with pretty eyes know better than I can tell her. Have you pretty eyes?

Brown Eyes, Paducah, Ky.—As you are but fifteen and he is twenty-one, and your parents have no objection to him except his age, can't you try right hand and wait until you are twenty-one and he is twenty-seven, then you will both be just the right age for the parental blessing? Neither of you love very much if you can't wait till you are old enough to marry. (2) Tell your blue-eyed chum that it will be good for her to wait as long as you do.

Arlene, Lakota, N. Dak.—He cares for you as much as he cares to, whether that is as much as he should or not. My dear, you cannot tell, nor can I, what to do to make young men do fair. Only we can drop them when they do not make good. You may do as you please. I know what I would do. (2) It is all right to write to your men friends as long as you write only friendly letters. (3) Why bother about your ring he has, when you have a better one of his?

Sensitive Plant, Manchester, Va.—Don't wish to be wise, dear cousin, but make the effort to be by forgetting the one who drinks. You don't know how to handle them at all, and only make a mess of things by trying to. Let them all go to ballyhoo and turn your attention to something else. The men only make fun of you.

Anxious Girl, Richmond, Va.—I think it will be wiser and nicer if you take the doctor's advice and not call on him again. If he cares for you at all, he will find a way to see you; but if he does not, every effort you make to see him will only drive him farther away from you. Take my advice.

M. M. Tyndall, S. Dak.—You may ask questions, but not merely to be asking.

Chums, Mound City, Ill.—I don't know any better way to make a young man sit up and take notice than to accept the attention of other young men. If that does not bring him to you, might as well let him alone permanently. (2) Engaged girls as a rule do not exchange post cards with other young men, though they might to a limited extent with friends.

Girlie, Gloversville, N. Y.—Dear, dear, you are just like the others; the minute a young man pays you any extra attention, or notices you, you almost have a spasm of curiosity to know what you should do to prevent his getting away. Now, in this case, don't you do anything except what you have been doing. Your mother has invited him to call, he has accepted, and you just wait till he comes. If he does not call, you will see him again at the end of six months, sure, and you can ask him then if he intends to wait another six.

Two Friends, Canastota, S. Dak.—You may go to the dance with the one who drinks, but you should get his promise that he will stay sober so you won't have to go home with the one who does not drink. (2) Of course a girl should not let a young man hold her hand while out driving, but she must always will. Neither should she kiss another good by when he goes away, but she must always will. Really it is awful, but I know of no way to prevent it. I wish I could believe the young men were entirely to blame, but I cannot.

Twins, Ithaca, Wis.—If the custom of your lodging place is for lodgers to receive callers in their rooms I suppose you may do as the others do, but I do not like the custom. (2) Cousins, boys and girls, kiss each other, as a rule, but don't you be too free with your kisses, even to cousins. (3) If it is yet early, you may sit on the porch with your escort home. But don't let him make his visit too long.

May, Manor, Texas.—You cannot gain a man's love, unless he wants you, nor you, nor he, nor anybody can make him want to if he does not want whether he wants to or not. Love is a queer thing.

Blue Bell, Howard, Kans.—People who write to each other should write just as often as they feel like it. They talk that way when they are near, and they should write in the same way when they are apart. As to the present of a watch from him, I cannot say. You must judge for yourself. A watch is not a customary present from a man to a girl unless they are something more than mere friends, and still more friends sometimes give each other watches. Do as you please.

Agnes, New Albany, Ind.—He has done as much as you should expect him to do, which is more than he should have done. If you want to meet him on that sort of an introduction, you may, but I don't like that kind of meeting. You had better write and ask him to call.

M. M. Columbus, Neb.—Ask him for your letters if you want them.

Lonesome and Brown Eyes, Tracy, Texas.—You girls are too young to be asking questions about beaux. When a girl writes me that "one boy is jealous of another," I think a spelling book instead of a beau is what she should know more about.

There, dears, all of your questions are answered and some of you think I haven't been a bit nice, but really I have, and you will know that I have after you think it all over. Just the same, let us not forget that this is Happy New Year. Now cheer up and be gay until we meet again. By, by.

Cousin Marion.

Every woman can secure a decorated dinner set free. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 21.

Don't Delay Any Longer.

If you suffer from any ailment, you should not allow it to get a bit older before you send for Vita-Ore. Give it a trial and a chance to cure you, as it has thousands. Read the offer on last page.

Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

said the Vanderwent that was, but seemed to be no longer.

Mr. Lynmore's carriage was at the door, for he had intended to visit the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, as he was a trustee of the institution; but the exciting events of the forenoon compelled him to postpone the visit. Betsy Ann was out of patience in the front store, but the honor of an introduction to Mr. Lynmore pacified her. She was invited to take a seat in the carriage with Job and Charlie.

"Why do you say that that young man is not the son of Mr. Vanderwent, Mr. Seagrain?" asked Mr. Lynmore, after the carriage had started. "His identity seemed to have been proven beyond a shadow of a doubt. I was entirely satisfied myself."

"How did he prove it?" asked the old man. "In the first place his features are just the same as the child's, and he had a scar on his left temple, just where the lost child had a wound, caused by falling through a scuttle in the old store."

"Just so; and he knew that my boy had that scar," added Job, taking off Charlie's hat, and brushing away the hair from the place indicated. "Tim Twitterton made that wound himself, and I know the time when he wore a plaster on it. He done it last summer when he was down at Oslip."

"The catfish of crime!" ejaculated Aunt Betsy. "Klinder easy," added Job, giving her a deprecating glance.

"I looked the evidence all over myself, and I thought the case was made out. It appears that the first Mrs. Vanderwent and her son sailed in the Gladwing from Liverpool—"

"It wasn't no Gladwing," interposed Job.

"That was the ship."

"Beggin' your pardon, 'twan't, nuther. 'Twas the Albatross."

"The Albatross?" exclaimed Mr. Lynmore.

"That was the name."

"How do you know?"

"I took the boy out of the whale boat myself."

"What boy?"

"Why, my boy, Charlie, here."

"Do you mean to say that he is Mr. Vanderwent's son?"

"I callate that he is; but of course I don't know for sure."

"Are you sure that it was the Albatross?" asked Mr. Lynmore, anxiously.

"That's what everybody said, and it was in the newspapers."

"Do you know the captain's name?"

"I do—Captain Penguin."

"Was anyone saved from the wreck?"

"Why, yes, my boy here."

"Anyone else?"

"One poor fellow was picked up by the Phyre Island life boat; but he got a crack on the head that made him deranged, so that they couldn't get nothin' out of him. He was sent to the mad house, I am told."

"He was, and that man was Captain Penguin himself. He has recovered from his insanity, but is completely broken down. He lost every dollar he had in the world by the wreck of the 'Albatross,' and has been in the Sailors' Snug Harbor for the past six years."

"Sho! You don't say so."

"He says that he was the only person saved from the wreck."

"I suppose he thought he was."

Mr. Lynmore stopped the carriage and ordered the coachman to drive to the store. On his arrival, he requested Mr. Blastwood to go down to the Sailors' Snug Harbor, and bring Captain Penguin to the house of Mr. Vanderwent as soon as possible. The party were then driven to the senior partner's residence; and Charlie was delighted to find that Fanny and her mother were spending the day there.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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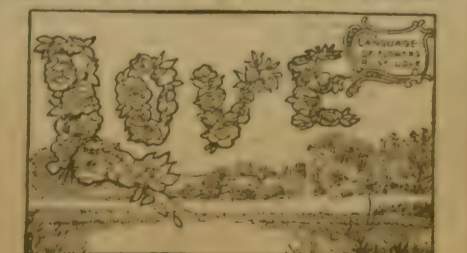
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LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS



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We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay** on receipt or later. Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who **send the 25 cents for charges.**

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SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



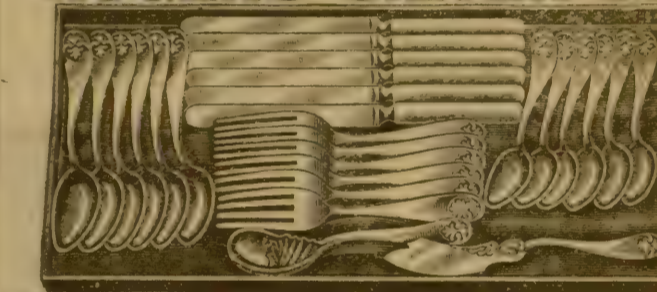
I WILL mail, **free of charge**, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can **cure yourself** at home without the aid of any physician. I will **cost you nothing** to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about **twelve cents a week**. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **I have nothing to sell.** Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or hips, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS: will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use. **Wherever you live** I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

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OUTFIT NO. 3 consists of a Pencil, a Tube of Glue, One Ounce each of Gold, Silver and Velvet Tinsel Crystals, and Fifty selected assorted Post Cards with instructions and fifty transparent mailing envelopes, all of which are free for a club of but 5 yearly 20-cent subscriptions to COMFORT.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty (20) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. S. E. P.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that your grandfather's second marriage was not a valid one, unless he procured a divorce from his first wife; (2) we do not think you have a very good chance to recover the property he left your ancestor at this late day.

Mrs. F. P. B.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you cannot at this time obtain any portion of the money left your father for your brother, without first obtaining proof that your brother is dead, and it may also be necessary for you to prove that he left no widow, issue or will.

Mrs. A. W.—Under the laws of the state you mention, and upon the statement of facts submitted by you to us, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of the man you mention leaving no will and leaving no issue, his estate would descend one half to his widow, if one survive him, and the balance to his father, mother, brothers or sisters or their descendants in equal parts; if none of these are in existence, then that the whole estate would go to the widow, but that it will be necessary for the widow to elect to take this share, as otherwise we think she will be limited to dower in the real estate, containing only of a one third interest for life.

E. S.—Upon your statements to us, we do not think you have definite enough information to make any move in the matter you mention. We think you should be very careful not to circulate the story you relate to us, as you might make yourself liable to this woman for an action for slander.

Clifton Girl.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the marriage you describe was, and is a legal and valid one.

G. M.—We are of the opinion that outside of a few of the well-known holidays the various states recognize different holidays, many of the holidays being proclaimed each year.

L. J. F.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the heirs of the man you mention should commence an action or proceeding to set aside the conveyance of his property to his one son.

O. D. H.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that your marriage was a legal and valid one; (2) that your husband would not be entitled, in case there is no will, to any portion of his foster-mother's estate, unless he was legally adopted; and (3) that she can leave a will giving something to him. We think he can cut him off from any share in her estate, will there he was legally adopted or not.

A. D. E.—We have no legal remedy to suggest for such a case as yours, we can only say that if you do the best you can, we think in some way your support will be provided for you.

J. S.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that you are limited in time to the time specified in your original contract, and that, if no time was specified, you should be limited to a reasonable time taking all the circumstances into consideration.

O. O.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you have no claim against the father of the man you mention, as he is dead, and is an ancestor or joint maker of the note; the only thing we can suggest for you to do is to bring suit upon the note before the statute of limitation runs against it.

M. M.—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion that it will be necessary for your husband to join with you in any conveyance of your homestead property, and that, upon your death leaving no will, your estate would descend, in case you leave only one child or the issue of only one child and a surviving husband, one half to each, but in case you leave more than one child or the lawful issue of deceased children, then the surviving husband is limited to one third and the balance would go to the children. We think that, if the mortgage you hold is in your name, you can assign that and turn over your other property to your son without your husband's consent.

Mrs. T. A. P.—Address your communication to the Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D. C.

G. H. M.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that, if your husband, who died by the terms of his father's will had a vested interest in his father's estate, then he could dispose of his interest by his will, but that if he was only a life tenant the property would go under the father's will. Your statements would indicate that he had a vested interest. The time or class of property disposed of by that will are immaterial. The principal ground for setting aside a will is lack of testamentary capacity by the testator, undue influence, that the will is not drawn or executed in conformity to law or that it does not reflect the testator's true intent. Under the laws of the state where you say this brother died we think that the foreign executor can qualify and act, but will probably be compelled to give bonds in double the amount of the estate.

P. E.—In your communication to us you should give us the name of the state in which you reside. We think that willful, continued and obstinate desertion and extreme cruelty are grounds for an absolute divorce in some states but not in all states. Adultery is a ground for absolute divorce in all the states.

Mrs. E.—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion that neither husband nor wife without the written consent of the other can bequeath away from the other more than one half of his or her property, and that the will must be signed by two or more competent witnesses.

Miss S. F.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that such matters as you mention should be regulated by your municipal ordinances.

Honolulu.—We are of the opinion that marriage licenses are required in all states and territories except Alaska, New Jersey (if residents, otherwise required), New Mexico and South Carolina.

Miss C. B. McK.—Under the laws of the state you mention, and upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you have attained your majority and that you are not legally under the control of your parent any longer, except in such ways as you voluntarily place yourself under his control.

Mrs. E. B.—Upon your statements to us, and under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion: that your husband has no interest in your real or personal property during your lifetime, but that upon your death leaving no will he will receive a life estate in one third of your real estate and one half of your personal property also; the balance going to your own relatives; that in case you leave a will you cannot cut him off from his one third interest for life in your real estate but you can bar him from any interest in your personal property; that you should leave a will naming one of your own relatives as executor to accomplish the result your letter would indicate your desire; that you cannot sell your real estate without your husband's joining in the deed; that the rent or repairs of your house which you say you occupy, is subject to whatever arrangement you and your husband can make covering the matter; and that, if he refuses to come to any arrangement, you can move out

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and rent the house to someone else and let him provide a home for you somewhere else.

Mrs. J. J. H.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that there is practically no chance of recovering the property you mention.

J. D. B.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that in all probability your wife's decree of divorce against you awarded her the custody of your child; if this is the fact, you would be guilty of contempt of court in taking possession of your child and could be punished for doing so; (2) that the statute of limitations would not run against the crime you mention during the time you were without the state and the indictment would still be good unless it had been quashed.

T. F. D.—We are of the opinion that the time you can be compelled to contribute to the support of your son is governed entirely by the original order, and that, the circumstances have changed, you might apply to the court to have the order modified or set aside.

Anxious G. M.—We are of the opinion that the custody of the little girl in the case you mention is dependent largely upon the circumstances of the case; the husband could bring a proceeding for this purpose, and the court after hearing both sides will determine upon who shall have the custody of the child.

I. B.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that ordinarily it would not be, depending, however, largely upon the circumstances.

A. D. S.—We are of the opinion that A's interest in the property can be disposed of to meet such obligations as he has made himself liable for.

A Fateful Wedding Eve or The Pirate's Daughter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"But what surprised me most was a quare red flame, that seemed to shoot up from the cliffs and then vanish. I didn't take much notice of nothing at the time, for my thoughts were with the poor, dyin' woman, and when, in less than an hour, I heard Master Carroll's voice, I knew by his broken tone all was over."

"I went down at his call, that she lay, as she had prayed for, on her husband's breast, and he a-shakin' like a reed in a wind storm. 'Take her,' he said, 'take her, my poor girl. You have been a better friend than I—take her. Alas! it is not in my power to render the last sad rites to the beloved of my heart. Take her, for I must be gone. No, no, Carroll, I go alone, Devere awaits me in the hut on the cliff. Stay, my son, your mother will need you a little longer.'"

"And a-grippin' Master Carroll's hand for one moment, as if his fingers were steel, the pirate was gone out in the darkness."

"And that night, chile, I and Aunt L. pe had risen and stood toweing in the shadow, like some grim priestess revealing a hidden past, 'that night the walls of the Fisher's Hut were cursed by the foulest crime—the crime of Judas!'"

"Trustin' the word of one he thought his friend, the man who had shared his gains and fattened on his perils, trusting the slimy, lyin' tongue of Jonas Devere, the darlin' man who had risked all things to take his dyin' wife in his arms, went to the hut on the cliff and met his death! They was a-watchin' for him. Old Devere had been in the business long enuff and vere could afford to turn on his partner. They was a-watchin' for him on the cliffs, on the shore, and on the sands, the sojers that had come from the barracks."

"When the ole villain was to meet him in the hut, 'twas to give the word to the hunters. They was to capture him alive, but that wasn't in Jonas Devere's plans; he knew that could never be done, nohow. He was too afraid of what would come out of the trial, for Devere Manor, child, and all its grandeur, is the price of blood—of blood!"

"So they gathered around Carroll's father, twenty to one, and he fit, child, fit like blood that was in the snares, fit until his head's blood run out from twenty wounds, and he fell on the stone floor of the Fisher's Hut, cursing the man that had betrayed him—an awful curse, for fling that with his dyin' breath that it might stand, in the face of winds and waves, as his witness-stand until the vengeance of God and the vengeance of man should fall on the villain that had betrayed him. Stand as a warning to the traitor and perjuror, of the doom that would surely follow him to death, a death as dreadful as his own!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

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Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

"At least let me get you some water," he said, and going to a table where there were an ice pitcher and goblets, he filled a glass and brought it to her.

She drank thirstily and passed the goblet back to him, looking up with a grateful little smile for the service.

He bent impulsively and touched his lips to her forehead.

"My darling!" he breathed.

Again the quick color flooded her face and tears sprang into her eyes; how she had longed for years to hear those tender tones!

The sight of her tears moved him deeply.

He put down the glass, and kneeling beside her drew her again into his arms.

"Oh, my love!" he whispered, a great sob heaving his broad chest, "you have been cruelly deceived, but set me at rest upon one point—tell me that you love me yet. I have never been untrue to you in thought or deed. I have lived a lonely solitary life. I have been heart-broken without you. Virgie, you were the one love of my whole life; now tell me if your heart is still mine."

She bowed her head upon his breast, melted by his fond words, and sobbed in an agony of grief for her lost happiness; she twined her arms about his neck and drew his face down to her tear-wet cheek.

"Oh, Will," she murmured, brokenly, "I have ruined all your life and mine! I should have come to you, in spite of all, and to learn my fate from your own lips. We have lost all these years when we might have been so happy. You know that I love you; every day, every hour of my life, my heart has cried out for you. I have literally been starving for your love."

He needed no stronger proof of her devotion; he knew that she loved him as fondly now as in those months of their early wedded life, and he folded her still closer to him, kissing, again and again, those dear lips, which for eighteen years had known no caress save what she had received from her child.

Their reunion was perfect and complete, and for a little while, they could think of nothing, speak of nothing save the joy of being once more all in all to each other.

But at length Sir William insisted that she should tell him all the story of the past; how the first suspicion of his treachery had taken root in her mind, and all the circumstances attending her quitting the hotel in New York where he had left her.

He was amazed when she related Mrs. Farnum's instrumentality in the matter. It had never occurred to him that she could have been connected with it, although he had known that she was in America at that time.

He was furious upon learning how she had garbled the account of his cousin's engagement to Margaret Stanhope, and how his sister had purposely misrepresented facts in order to accomplish their separation.

He understood at once the whole plot, and recalled many things which went to prove that her ambition for him and her unreasonable prejudice against Virgie had been at the root of the whole matter.

"Did she dare write such falsehoods?" he cried, as Virgie repeated some passages from her letters.

"Yes," she replied, "I copied both letters. I knew that some time there would come a day of reckoning between you and me, and although every line had been burned into my brain, as if branded there with a hot iron, I was resolved that you should have all the evidence against you, and know whence my information came."

"Have you those copies with you, darling?"

"Yes; they are in my trunk."

"Will you go and get them for me? I want them now," he said, with a pale, set face.

Virgie left the room to comply with his request, but returned almost immediately with an

envelope and a package in her hands.

"These are the letters—both are inclosed in one envelope," she said, "and this is something that belongs to your sister, Lady Linton," and she handed both to him.

She then told him how strangely her uncle had become possessed of that package so many years ago, and how she had but recently discovered to whom it belonged. She desired that he would now take charge of it and return it to her ladyship.

"It must be something very important for Miriam to be unwilling to trust it in the house during her absence," Sir William remarked, as he examined the seal and read the sentence penned upon the wrapper.

He laid it carelessly upon his knee, while he drew the copies of those miserable letters from their envelope.

But in so doing he changed his position slightly and the package, which a moment before he had laid down, tumbled to the floor.

It struck on a corner and the wrapper, which was old and brittle, burst from end to end, revealing a book about six inches long by four wide, which flew open midway as it escaped confinement disclosing pages closely written in Lady Linton's own hand.

"Ah! a diary," said Sir William, as he stooped to pick it up.

Then he gave a violent start as a few words caught his eye, and every atom of color fled from his face.

Lady Linton wrote a very bold, almost masculine hand, and it would hardly have been possible for anyone to be so near the book and not catch something written there.

The words which the baronet saw were under the date of August 15, and read thus:

"Another letter from that girl in New York."

He lifted his glance for an instant to Virgie—hesitated, then resolutely bent his eyes again upon the page and read on, while Virgie wondered at the act.

"Will she never have done sending her whining, nauseating love-missives to W?" said the diary. "My patience is exhausted watching the mail-bag, lest by some chance he should get one, and all my nicely laid schemes be upset just as success seems so sure."

He turned a few leaves, glancing with lightning-like rapidity over them until he came to another entry that arrested his attention.

"The plot has worked to a charm. Myra says she accepted the whole story for a fact, and believes W. really untrue to her. She claims though that the child is legitimate, and says she will yet prove it. She threatens divorce, not wishing to hold a man unwillingly bound, ha! ha! If she will only carry out that project, my heart will be at rest."

Still further on he read:

"The girl has gone—disappeared, and no one knows whither. Her last letter was really quite tragic, but, thank fortune, it was the last; she said it was a final plea, but the paper writhed and seemed almost like a thing of life as I burned it. It nearly gave me the horrors. But I can afford to suffer a few stings for the sake of keeping that low-born girl from disgracing the house of Heath. W. will get over his moping by and by, and marry again besting his rank; but if he does not, why, Percy and Lillian will be the gainers."

The book dropped from Sir William's nerveless fingers at this point, for a terrible passion was raging within him as the heartlessness, the treachery and cunning of his sister were revealed. He remembered everything now; he realized how his sister had schemed and plotted the ruin of all his hopes, out of spite against the innocent girl whom he had married, and in

the hope that he would choose a wife from the English aristocracy.

Surely Mark Alexander's prophecy had come true, for that mysterious package had indeed proved useful to Virgie in this crisis of her life.

Sir William was amazed, shocked, and moved to fearful anger at his sister's daring wickedness.

She had robbed his mail bag for months, intercepting both his own and his wife's letters.

She had also been guilty of falsehood and treachery of the worst kind, hardening her heart against his sufferings, ignoring the agony of a beautiful young wife and mother, and all the while eating his bread, educating her children at his expense, and lavishly spending his money to gratify her own extravagant tastes and whims.

"Will, dear, you positively frighten me! What troubles you? Your face is terrible to look upon," Virgie said, laying her hand gently upon his arm to arouse him from the stern reverie into which he had fallen.

He started at her touch, took the fair hand and raised it lovingly to his lips, while a smile, that was like sunlight after a tempest, broke over his face.

"I believe," he said, "that you will not marvel when I tell you all that I have read; no, I will not tell you," he added, "it would be cruel to make

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you live over the past again as you would if I should reveal all my sister's treachery to you. Suffice it to say that all our sorrow has been the result of a cunningly devised and—yes, a fiendish plot that originated in her brain.

Under ordinary circumstances I should regard a diary as something sacred to its owner, but the few words that caught my eye as I picked the book up made me feel justified in reading more.

"But, Virgie," Sir William concluded, sternly, "I shall never forgive Miriam Linton for the ruin which she wrought eighteen years ago."

Then he read the letters and his fire grew hotter and fiercer until he came to that portion where Lady Linton sent the money to Virgie and advised her to "go away to some quiet place, where she was not known, and might be able to bring up her child in respectability, so that its future might not be hampered by its mother's mistakes."

At this point, his anger reached a white heat.

Sir William dashed the paper to the floor, his face one crimson sheet of flame, and pressed to his breast the woman he so passionately loved.

"My poor, wronged darling, how dared she write such horrible things to you?" he cried, in a shaking voice, "and to send you that paltry hundred pounds! What must you have thought of me, to be guilty of such a dastardly act, after taking away all the fortune that your father settled upon you? I wonder your love did not all turn to bitterest hatred. Oh Virgie! Virgie! I feel as if I could not bear it, even though you are all my own once more," he concluded, great drops of agony starting out upon his face.

"Don't, Will," she whispered, clinging fondly to him, "it is all over now; let us forget it, if possible, and enjoy to the utmost our new-found happiness."

"Forget! I can never forget. I will never forgive this terrible wrong," he said, sternly. "Oh, love, nothing can give us back those lost years; nothing can ever make me forget that for more than eighteen years I had a lovely daughter and never once looked upon her face to know her as such. Miriam Linton is a sister of mine no longer."

TO BE CONTINUED

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For selling 10 pieces late style jewelry at 25c each, send us the money, \$2.50, you get two beautiful gold laid rings; engraved band and brilliant flashing stone set. We trust 30 days, taking back all not sold. Address: **THE CARTER CO., Providence, R. I.**

ALL THE NEW SONGS AND MUSIC 10c

Send for yours today. **TEEL MUSIC CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERFECTLY REMOVED

I have a GUARANTEED safe and positively SURE way to take hairs off face, arms, etc., like Magic. HAVE THE TRUE SECRET. Write for information. I send it scaled FREE. Address **HELEN DOUGLAS, 20 E. 22 St., New York**

SILK EMBOSSED POST CARDS

Floral, Birthday and Motto; lovely designs; beautiful colors; 10 cards with 3 mos. trial subscription to our popular magazine, 10c; 50 cards and 1 yr. sub. 50c. **HOUSEHOLD CARD CO., Dept. 71, Topeka, Kan.**

FREE! FREE!

You can receive this elegant gentleman's outfit without expense. A fine pair of Silk Hosiery, Strong, Serviceable Suspenders, a beautiful dressy, neat Tie, of latest style and pattern, also a full size white Dress Shirt warranted throughout.

We are creating a tremendous demand for our Orien Porous Plasters to cure Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sick Kidneys, Lost Nerve Force, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sprains, etc., etc., and will pay well for agents.

DON'T SEND MONEY

We will send six Orien Plasters to responsible people to be sold at 25c. apiece, the money 25c. to be returned for us, and upon receipt of same will send ALL FREE this Gentleman's outfit.

Persons: G. L. L. & Co. will be pleased to own these gifts for exchanging dress-suits and social calls and every woman will be proud to present either her Father, Husband, Brother or Sweetheart with one of these elegant gifts today and we will send goods by return mail and guarantee a safe delivery of the Premium. Address **THE O. O. PLASTER CO., 24 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.**

RHEUMATISM

I want to send every sufferer who reads this paper a pair of Magic Foot Drafts TO TRY FREE.

Send Me Your Address Today

Write me. I'll send you a \$1.00 Pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan external remedy that is curing thousands. To Try FREE.



FREDERICK DYER, Corresp. Sec'y.

No matter where the pain, whether acute or chronic—muscular, sciatic, lumbago, gout—and however stubborn or severe, you'll get the Drafts by return mail. Then after you get them and try them, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, keep your money. I take your word.

I make this unequalled offer because I know what remarkable cures the Drafts are performing—cures after 30 and 40 years of suffering—cures after doctors and baths and medicines had utterly failed. Won't you try them? I am sure you'll be glad if you do, and you cannot lose a penny. Send no money—just this coupon with your name and address plainly written. Do it today.



FREE \$1.00 COUPON

Magic Foot Draft Co., 156 Oliver Bldg. Jackson, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—Send a \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts free to try to

Name _____
Address _____
As explained above.

39¢ A GALLON FOR READY MIXED PAINT

Write us and say, "Send me your new paint offers," and we will send you free, by return mail, our two Paint Books, the most valuable and attractive ever offered. One text book, "How to Paint," tells everything about painting; the other, complete Sample Book with exact shades of every color of house paint, barn paint, enamels, stains, varnishes, etc., shows harmonizing color schemes and our wonderfully low prices. We sell direct from our factory the highest grade ready mixed paint possible to make, at one-half what you must pay at others. Our paint is guaranteed ten years; smoothest, easiest working, covers double the surface, lasts twice as long as other paints. WRITE TODAY for the free Paint Books and learn your building look like new. Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Ladies' Size Watch FREE

We offer a guaranteed watch that is Ladies' size, no larger than 5 1/2 inches; a fully warranted American movement, guarantee it to keep correct time and give you satisfaction, can be had in either hunting case or open face styles. Write us today and we will send you 24 Iris Crystal Japanese spar and Spratling Luck Cross hat pins to sell at 10c each, also premium sheet carrying the most wonderful line of values for selling 24 of these hat pins. Write at once. Logan Day Co. Dep 37 Chicago.

TWO RINGS FREE

Send name and address. No money, and we will mail you 12 boxes of Comfort Cough Tablets. Will cure a cough in one day. Sell them for 10c a box. Send us the \$1.20 and we will send you these two beautiful Gold laid rings FREE. No money required till tablets are sold. We take back all not sold. COMFORT MEDICINE CO., Providence, R. I.

MORPHINE

and other drug habits are positively cured by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitué FREE by mail in plain wrapper. Regular price \$2.00 per bottle. DELTA CHEMICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

1129 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Startling in sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. C. Kinsman, Box 802, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Brown Eyes, Moscow, Ida.—You had better not try to get the ink out of your Brussels carpet unless you know something of the effect of acids upon colors. Ink can only be removed by the use of acids, and the chances are that the colors of the carpet will go with the ink. Hot water and soap are about the only safe things to use unless you are a skilled carpet cleaner.

E. M., Lincoln, Neb.—We are not acquainted in Silver City, N. M. Write to the postmaster for the address you want, enclosing a postal card for reply.

E. J. C., Wichita, Kans.—Castor and Pollux were the twins sons of Leda, Jupiter being the father of Pollux and Tyndarus the father of Castor. They were famous heroes of mythology. Haven't you a library in Wichita where you can read up on their history? It is interesting reading. "S. P. O. R." the letters on the Roman banners stood for *Senatus Populusque Romanus*—the Senate and People of Rome. The letters are not "S. P. O. R." as you give them. (3) Violet ink is a matter of taste, but it is not in general use for business correspondence.

E. S., Wooster, O.—We haven't such a list and do not know where you could get it, unless your own town druggists could supply you. Have you tried them?

O. S. O., Arcata, Cal.—If you do not know any bookellers in your nearest city, write to Brentano, New York City. Ask price before purchasing.

W. N. B., California Junction, Ia.—Write to Alexander Munster, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.

E. R. D. E., Twin Falls, Ida.—Write to F. W. Devoe, No. 103 Fulton street, and W. H. Powell, No. 983 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

G. A. J., Manitowoc, Wis.—We have only New York list. Write to Hargood's, No. 300 Broadway, Mrs. C. Cramer, No. 500 Fifth Ave., J. C. Carpenter, No. 154 Sixth Ave., Gaffney & Smith, No. 58 West 21st street, New York City.

Berea, Ohio.—We desire to apologize to Berea, Ohio, and to thank various COMFORT readers for making it possible for us to do so. In November issue replying to "J. H. W." who asked for the college at Berea, O., we stated directly that there was no such town. Just how this slip of the pen occurred we do not know. Now to make good we state that there is a town named Berea, Ohio, that it has Baldwin-Wallace College with one of the finest musical conservatories anywhere on earth. Berea has 3,000 people, is in Cuyahoga County, near Cleveland, and it is founded upon the famous Berea sandstone, known wherever houses are built. There, if that doesn't make us square, Berea is hard to place. Incidentally we wish to state that all the corrections we received came from readers not living at Berea, which shows how well Berea is thought of away from home.

S. R., Crawfordville, Ark.—Unless you know your violin is a Stradivarius, 1736 and can prove it, we think you have one of the thousands of violin frauds to be found all over the world. Write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago. They are experts.

Lewis Froese, White Lake, S. Dak., would like to hear from C. S. R., Wake, Va., inquiring in this column last month for a pearl market.

A. J. B., Wheatland, Ind.—The only way to have your book get into print is to submit the manuscript to publishers. Indiana has several and become a leading literature producer and you ought to have a good show. Write to A. C. McClurg & Co., and to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. They will attend to copyright if they accept. You can sell outright or on royalty, the latter being the usual way.

M. T., Sunshine, N. C.—We do not find it in our newspaper list, and unless you have seen a recent copy, we think it is out of publication. Drop a line to Postmaster, Boston, Mass., with a postal enclosed for reply.

E. W., Annandale, Minn.—A fair English education is all that is needed for mechanical engineering. Write to Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass. There should be schools of manual training in your own state, though we do not know of them. Suppose you write also to University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

A. T. B., Rutland, Ill.—There is no list of such dealers. See advertisements in Chicago newspapers.

A. G., Columbus, Ind.—COMFORT no longer interests itself in chancery matters. You will have to consult a lawyer and let him proceed regularly.

B. C. W., Ridgway, Pa.—Evergreens are sold in every city and town in the country where Christmas is observed. They are sold by various dealers and it is impossible to give you addresses. You must make your deals months in advance.

J. F. O., Teer, N. C.—Submit sample to your state geologist and get an authoritative opinion as to its quality. With that behind you, you should be able to find the necessary money to develop the business.

A. F., Garrett, Ill., O.—Write to H. O. Granbury, Oshkosh, Wis.

L. H., Rolla, Mo.—Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

W. H. S., Grind Stone City, Mich.—If you take the paper from the post-office you will have to pay for it. You will avoid all liability by simply refusing to take it from the office. The P. M. will notify the publisher if declined.

E. B. P., Enosburg Falls, Vt.—New Thought Magazine, New York City.

H. L. H., Wakeeney, Kans.—Dealers pay very small prices for old books except such as have established values. You can do much better by selling to collectors. Suppose you advertise your books in Kansas City and St. Louis papers. But do not, unless you know you will get more than the ads will cost you.

Subscriber, Finchville, Va.—Submit your old button to the Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va., with full description. You will get information there if you can get it anywhere.

Kitty, Cadillac, Mich.—Charles Heywood Stratton, known as General Tom Thumb, was born at Bridgeport, Conn., in 1838 and died at New York in 1883. The record does not mention the name of the man whom his widow married, nor the date.

D. F., Miller, Neb.—To have your story published you must send it to the editor who wants to buy it. You can only learn who he is by sending it to editors all over the country. You know the names of magazines and Sunday newspapers, which publish stories and if you do not you should not be writing stories. (2) Inquire of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, about the books.

E. M. M., Redclyffe, Pa.—Before writing verses for songs and recitations to sell, we advise you to make a study of the market for such matter. A publisher will get out a book without cost to the author, if the matter is such that he believes it will sell. Submit your manuscript to publishers.

D. C. D., Whitefield, N. H.—The only firms we know of selling remnants are the kind you do not want. You must apply to large wholesale firms in Boston and New York who may accommodate you as a special favor.

N. J. C., Summit, Miss.—Such positions and such work are not given to unknown persons. And usually not to any, except those who may become directly connected with the firm needing their services.

B. S., Stephens City, Va.—The first requisite for holding office is that you have political pull. If you want to be State Librarian you must prove to the political authorities that you are a power in politics. The other qualifications are secondary. (2) Mrs. Sarah Siddons was not an authoress, but an English tragic

actress, and one of the most famous women of the stage.

Joe Connors, Rockford, Wash., would like to hear from some COMFORT reader where he can get a picture of William, Prince of Orange, crossing the Boyne, 1690.

J. E. M., Albany, Ore.—COMFORT no longer prints a list of heirs. See answer above to A. G., Columbus, Ind.

Mrs. Ella Hughes, Huntington, Fla., would like to buy a new or second-hand phonograph outfit from some COMFORT reader, size five by seven.

A. J. B., Ironton, O.—Write to Editor Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

C. H. A., Cerglean, Ky.—We hardly think you can light your house by electricity made as you suggest. However, write to Howard Beidelman, No. 1931 Broadway, and August Jordan, No. 109 West 29th St., New York City, for expert information.

Subscriber, Wayland, Mich.—You should find such a firm in Detroit. Consult advertisements in Detroit papers.

Western Girl, Longmont, Colo.—Try Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, Mass., John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, O., Siegel, Cooper Co., New York, John Wansmaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

One bright, warm day, late in December, Judge Kent appeared surprisingly better, though his articulation continued very indistinct, and his daughter understood him best because she close watched his lips. The doctors had made their morning visit, and, wrapped in his dressing-gown, the sick man asked to be rolled into sunshine.

Eglah tucked a lap robe carefully about the reclining form, and he feebly lifted the one hand he could move, and pointed to the glass door.

"That way; not through library."

She unlocked and opened it, wheeling the chair out on the colonnade, and some change in his countenance arrested her attention. Bending down, she found tears on his cheeks.

"You opened this door the day Herriott came. Because you heard him tell me about Keith, you married him. You burned the papers—you saved me."

"No, father; no!"

She fell on her knees and hid her face in his gown.

You tried to keep me from knowing you heard Herriott, but I saw you. You married him for my sake. My blessed child! When I am gone, I want you to remember no other man ever had such a daughter. My Eglah—

After a moment he sighed, and with great difficulty added slowly:

"My dear, kiss me, and always—always you must know—how precious you—are, precious—"

She kissed him twice, dried his cheeks, and, as he turned his head on the pillow and closed his eyes, she rolled him up and down the colonnade, hoping that during his nap he would forget. He often slept soundly in this way, soothed by the motion like a child in a carriage.

Was he laboring under some delusion of an enfeebled brain—did he dream? Or was it possible he had actually seen her leave his room on her errand of rescue?

A half hour later a veil of cloud drifted across the sun, a blast of wind leaped out of the north-west, and, fearing a change of temperature, she turned the chair toward the door and wheeled it inside.

Leaning tenderly over the sleeper, his quiet, cold set face told her he had gone to that bar of final trial where, in his Maker's infinite mercy, only He who fashions and reads human hearts and sees entirely around the circle of circumstance, can justly judge.

A low, long-drawn, quivering cry, as of some creature mortally stricken, summoned Mrs. Mitchell, who found the girl huddled over the still form, his gray head lifted to her breast.

Holding her solitary vigil that night beside him, her cheek laid on his shoulder, her hand clasping his icy, interlocked fingers, she found a solace which surprised her in the assurance that he had known the significance of her sacrifice—that he loved her better in consequence of all she had ventured and suffered in his behalf. Her supreme dread had been his discovery of the cause of her marriage, but now and then the scowling menace from which we cower, breaks in smiling, tender benediction. To love, it prompts and sustains in crucial hours of self-immolation, is occasionally added a transforming exaltation that sublimates the unworthy objects for whom the sacrifice is borne; and the most pityingly merciful of all angels—Death—extinguishes life with one hand, while the other smooths scars of character, levels unlovely angles, lifts shadows of sin, and gives to memory that magic mantle whose halo never fades.

DON'T BETRAY YOUR IGNORANCE. After the LINCOLN CENTENNIAL in February, everybody will be talking about Lincoln and Washington. Post yourself on this subject by reading February COMFORT. Lots of good things in it that you would not miss for a dollar.

With singular and unnatural calmness, Eglah had arranged the details of the funeral service next day in her father's church. She telegraphed Father Temple to meet her in Washington en route to the North, and asked Mr. Whitfield to go with her until her cousin joined her on the train.

To lay her father to rest among his enemies in Y— was unendurable; she would take him to the cemetery in his native state, where his parents and sisters slept, and erect a monument there in sight of his constituents who had honored and loved him.

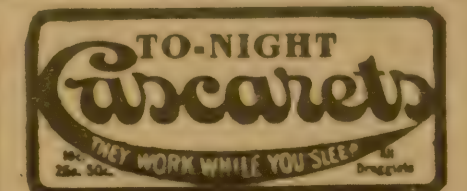
It had grown very cold; there was no fire in the long drawing-room, where portraits of Maurices and Vivians stared imperiously down at the alien lying motionless under the great cut-glass chandelier. Silent and fearless the girl kept watch. The undertaker had mentioned the date to be inscribed on the casket plate, and she recalled her Arctic calendar. This was the solstice, the sunless midnight, the core of Polar winter. Tomorrow the sun would begin to climb back to Mr. Herriott, but the sun of her life had set forever. A shudder shook her, and she nestled closer, laying her lips against her father's throat. Eliza laid heavier wraps around the stooping shoulders, placed a hot blanket under her feet, and now and then kissed the girl's bowed head, but no words, no sob, profaned the sacred silence.

When the body was carried to the chancel of the crowded church, she walked alone, followed closely, by the few who best understood her isolation. Shrouded in black, she sat still and silent as her dead; and some persons present who had cause for bitterness against "reconstruction judiciary" forgot their wrongs in genuine pity for the proud and lonely mourner.

Under a fragrant pall, woven of smilax and his favorite double white violets, that covered the casket and fell to its handles she bore him away to the stony hills of New England.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT subscription and read the next chapter. Will the words, Eglah hears from old Amos Lea, soften her heart?



BIG DOLL FREE

This great Big Doll, dressed in satin, lace and ribbon, with jointed body, black head, curling hair and lovely complexion. She closes her eyes when she lies down. She wears a beautiful, stylish dress, big picture hat, lace trimmed underwear, pretty slippers, and stockings that take off. We also give with her a pretty set of Bamboo Doll's Furniture. This Doll and Furniture are just what every girl wants. Send us your name and address for 34 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10c. a package. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you this beautiful doll and furniture at once.

Bluine Mfg. Co.
806 Mill St.,
Concord Jct., Mass.

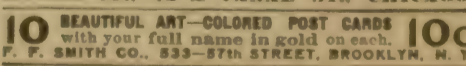
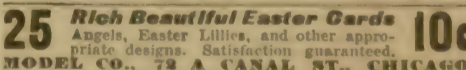
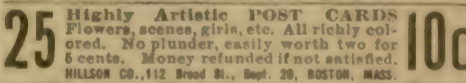


VIOLIN FREE

This is a fine, handsome, clear-toned, good-sized Violin of highly polished, beautiful wood, ebony-finished pegs, finger board and tail piece, one silver string, three gut strings, long bow of white horse hair, box of resin and fine self-instruction book.

Send us your name and address for 24 packages of QUAKER SHEET BLUINE to sell at 10c each. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you this beautiful Violin and outfit just exactly as represented.

FRIEND SOAP CO.,
Dept. 972, Boston, Mass.



NAME OR GREETING

GOLD TINSELED LETTERS





The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

R. C. D., Walton, Ky.—What you think is catarrh we think is indigestion as the symptoms indicate that trouble. A change of diet and care in what you eat and how you eat it, that is, that you thoroughly masticate every mouthful of food, solid or liquid, before you swallow it. There is really more in how you eat than what you eat. There may be a slight touch of nasal catarrh which may disappear if you get your stomach to working properly. The other trouble we think will disappear gradually, though you should consult a physician who could examine your condition personally. It is not safe for you to trust to long distance treatment, or treatment by yourself.

Subscriber, Millersport, O.—Such remedies are harmless, which is often their chief virtue. Sometimes they will produce the results they claim and sometimes they will not. When in doubt don't take them.

C. R., Wilburn, Va.—Stop taking medicine and take care of what you eat and how you eat it. See advice to "E. C. D." above. Your "feeble digestion" is so because you do not put into your stomach what it can take proper care of. Try simple food, milk, eggs, rice, cereals, fruit (cooked) very little meat and that principally lamb, chicken, drink no coffee or tea and before meals take quarter teaspoonful cooking soda in glass of hot water, and if distension of stomach continues, take the soda after meals. The difficulty with most of you sick folks who are not very sick is that you will not follow advice when you get it, and especially when it demands that you do what causes you more or less inconvenience.

M. M. C., Alnwick, W. Va.—The child is over nervous and you should not let her sleep alone. When she awakes in the night frightened, you should at once make the room as light as possible and have her get up and walk around, or have something for her to eat that she is fond of. It is not a case for medicine, but proper care.

D. C., Rockbridge, Wis.—If the doctors disagree you should consult a specialist. No one can venture an opinion until he has examined you, and seen for himself. Symptoms are of very little value in such cases.

E. E., Berea, Ky.—There is no sure cure for piles when they have become established. They may be relieved, but when your system runs down a little from indigestion or other causes they will appear again. Keep your digestion right and your bowels in good working order and you will reduce the possibilities to the minimum. You may get at the drug-store a better remedy for local application than we can give you.

E. S., Vinton, O.—Write a letter to Church of Christ, Cincinnati, and state your needs. The head official will answer your letter. Possibly there may be a church at Portsmouth, or at Columbus. One is as good as another wherever it may be. (2) Have you consulted the advertisements in COMFORT for treatment of the bed wetting? If not, do so.

C. A. W., Nat'l Soldiers' Home, Va.—If the physicians at the Home cannot handle your case we hardly think we can try our hand. Suppose you change your opinion of them and follow their advice strictly instead of finding fault with them. Certainly Uncle Sam is not trusting the health of his old soldiers to men who do not know their profession.

C. A. B., Merriam, Kans.—If water affects you so seriously don't use it for bathing purposes except sparingly. Many thousands of people have lived to a healthy old age without taking an all-over bath more than once in a lifetime. Take your baths if you must have them, in hot water in the summer time and put salt in the water. In winter try the dry tub.

A. B., Lorraine, Miss.—You might try it and note results. In any event it is not apt to do any harm, and may do good. We never hesitate to recommend a patent medicine if it can show good results. You should have continued using the one that gained flesh for you instead of quitting it because you doubted its wholesomeness. Have you tried a quarter teaspoonful of soda in a glass of hot water after meals to correct the belching? If not do so. Stop drinking tea and coffee. If you use them, especially coffee. Read in this column where we have said to others troubled with indigestion. That advice will apply to you.

P. L., Blakesburg, Ia.—Uric acid does not come from the stomach but from the kidneys, although if the stomach is not working properly in digesting the food which you put into it, the kidneys become affected and uric acid results. This in its turn affects the entire system and rheumatism, gout and other troubles follow. Good digestion you will see therefore is necessary to health—it is the prime necessity, in fact. Just what your condition now is we cannot undertake to say definitely, but indigestion is the cause, and you must cure that, if possible, or you never will be well. Read the advice we have given to patients in this column as to what to do for indigestion and follow it. The cure for your heart palpitation is to get rid of your indigestion. Take a quarter teaspoonful of soda in glass of hot water half hour after meals and see if it does not lessen the palpitation.

G. S. M., Webster, Kans.—Write to Editor, New Thought Magazine, New York City.

Flowers, Crestline, Kans.—Plants in a room will not affect the health of those living with them if the room is supplied fully with fresh air. The plants, as well as the people, need fresh air, and neither will have good health if they cannot get it. Don't put too many people or too many plants in a room unless the windows are kept open night and day. A half dozen or so of the ordinary house plants may be kept in a living or sleeping room without injury if it is well ventilated at all times.

Old Lady, Heber, Ark.—Head noises, so-called, are due to various causes, one of them being indigestion. Ask a doctor about it, one who can examine you and say whether or not you have indigestion. The itching in your back, indicating poor circulation, may also be due to the same cause. We believe that the majority of the ills of human flesh are due to the way people feed themselves. Read what we say in this column to others about indigestion.

B. L., Owego, N. Y.—We do not recall the prescription, but we advise you to get a pimple lotion at any drug-store in your town, which will be as good or better than any you can have compounded. There are many of them, and one is as efficacious as another. And they cost very much less.

M. J. R., Valhalla, N. Y.—Ordinarily grape juice is a very excellent thing to drink, but too much of it is like too much of anything else. If you find the quantity you are taking helps your rheumatism continue to take it. Rheumatism is one of the ills which we do not believe can be thoroughly eradicated from the system. Change of climate, that is getting to a dry climate, hot or cold, is the best remedy. If you are able to apply it.

J. B. J., Mt. Vernon, O.—Vaseline rubbed into the roots of the hair is good for it unless your hair is inclined to be greasy. Rub a little thoroughly into the roots, about once a week.

M. N., Salina, O.—Scorbutic is not a disease to be treated through a newspaper. You must consult a physician who can see you as often as is necessary.

A. J., Olympia, Wash.—The jarring you mention is probably the result of nervous contractions. The rheumatism has affected him until his entire system is out of condition. We know of no climate much worse for him than the damp one you are now living in. Have you tried Arizona? He can never be cured, but the dry air of either of those states will benefit him more than anything else he can do or take.

Everybody can secure a decorated dinner set free. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 21

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

THIS BIG BOOK IS FREE



If you are going to do any building or remodeling write and get our wonderful Catalogue No. 143 of Building Materials, showing the lowest prices you ever heard of on doors, sash, windows, moldings, etc. We can save you about one-half on building materials.

WE FURNISH

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Lady Isabel's Daughter

or, For Her Mother's Sin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

heart's pain. "If I ever loved you, Lady Beresford—just Heaven, how I have loved you, and this, this is my reward. If I ever loved you, do you say? For what did I break my mother's heart? For what did I drive her from the home of her ancestors and hound her into living death? For what did I perill my name? For what have I torn myself from every tie? Thrust from me every friend? Deafened my ears to the warnings of those who loved me, and counted all the world a thing well lost, so that I gained the love for which I am cursed tonight? All this was for love of you, Lady Isabel Beresford, all this was for the evanescent fancy of a country solicitor's daughter—a woman who has betrayed me, a wretch who has down to a lover's arms and laughed in secret over my besotted folly. It was a fine thing to hook a romantic young earl with a princely fortune at his back that was the 'Open Sesame' to every exclusive door; a pretty plot for a country solicitor's daughter to throw over her light-love for a few brief weeks and gull the idiot who was fool enough to think of marrying her. But the light-love wouldn't burn under a bushel while his belle madame glittered in jewels and rolled in luxury. He wanted his share of the gilded fish you had hooked, he wanted his share of the blood-money which was bought at the sacrifice of a noble name, won at the cost of a dazzled husband's honor. My God! and you paid it. Nay! do not open your lips to pollute your soul with another lie. You paid this wretch to keep his peace while he basked in the sunshine of your smiles, and now, like the ready trickster you are, you tell me it is for my sake that you withhold the trickster's name. Merciful Heaven! and such an abandoned creature is the woman I have loved, the woman I have made my wife! Countess Beresford, I demand this man's name."

There was no reply—her senses seemed to have left her, and she crouched there in deep silence, with her little head folded on her breast. He took a step forward, and his white face convulsed.

"Do you hear me, madam?" he said in a hard, pitiless voice.

"I hear you, my lord—yes!"

"Tell me this man's name."

"I—I cannot!"

"You mean you will not, do you not, madam?"

The crouching figure dragged itself erect, and the wonderful dark eyes looked straight into his.

"I will not then, my lord! You have heaped upon me every epithet of ignominy and shame, you have branded me with vices whose very names were, until now, a stranger to me, and—and I have borne it all, I have bent my shoulders to receive the cross, but though it crush me to earth, for your sake, and yours only—I will—not—speak. Be content to know that I am dying, and let my last hours be those of peace."

In a little while you will be free of the wretched woman whose greatest fault has been her idolatry of you. Over my grave others may tell you all—it would kill me with the bitterest agony the heart can feel if I lived to see your face when you learned the truth—and when I am gone, Lionel, when the shadow of my life has gone forever out of yours, and you know the dark atonement which has driven me to death, maybe there will come to you a sweet, new pity for the wretched life who suffered in silence to spare you the agony the truth must surely bring. I shall sleep well when you learn it, but if I could be sure you never would learn it in this life—not even after I am dead—I should have no fear for your future peace, no shadow to mar the hour of my death. I am only asking one thing of you now, Lionel—by the memory of the past, by the ashes of that sweet trust, that perfect faith you gave me once, promise that you will grant it. It is a simple task, my husband. Believe that I am more sinned against than sinning, believe that I am as true to you as the stars to heaven, and never let me hear that your love has faded with your trust. If, by the sacrifice of my life, I could undo the past, Lionel, if it were given to mortals to recall the days that have gone by, you should be free of your wretched wife—the bride that went with you to the altar and felt that earth held nothing half so dear as your love, my husband, would have died at your feet and been happy to know that she had saved you. But it cannot be, dear. A higher hand than ours has marked the decree irrevocable. Please, Lionel, bear with me and love me to the end—it is such a short way off!"

There the pathetic appeal ended, and my lord listening in scornful silence, tossed his head, as the last word went out in a wavering, choking sob.

"Is the farce over, Lady Beresford?" he broke out, coldly. "You are a matchless actress, madam, but acting cannot gloss over the treachery, nor gild the blackness of the sin! You do well to invent that pretty speech—it might have made your fortune on the stage—but it in no way accounts for that man, and until he is accounted for, there is a gulf between you and me, as impassable as the days are irrevocable that divide us from the past we shared. I might go to Lady Mount Severn and demand the meaning of the words I heard her speak in confidence to your father tonight; I might go even to him and command the past of his child or the balm for wound of honor which society gives at the sword's point, but both have deceived me, both have lent themselves to your infamy, and if I cannot wring the truth from my wife's lips, I will not degrade myself to an inquiry from her confederates. From you the truth must come, and if not in proper season, I swear to you



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I will seek and I will find your cowardly lover, and choke the truth from him, if I—

"Lionel, not that—ah, God, not that," broke in my lady, in a voice of utter horror. "You lay hands on him? You pollute yourself by touching that man? Oh, no, no, no. For my sake, for your own sake—for God's sake!—shun that man as you would a pestilence. No good can come of it—you would curse the hour as the blackest of your life."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Ginger Cookies

One cup of syrup, one cup of sugar, one half cup butter or lard, if lard is used put a pinch of salt, one cup cold water, with one level teaspoonful soda dissolved in water, one teaspoonful ginger, knead, roll out thin, bake.

MRS. E. CUNNINGHAM.

Bean Dressing

Soak three slices bread in cold water, squeeze dry, add three cups cold or fresh cooked beans, salt, pepper, butter or drippings to taste, a generous portion sage to flavor, and bake. This we

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think a good, economical, nourishing dish, and makes such a good change of an every-day vegetable.

MRS. MARY DAVIS.

Butter-scotch Pie

Bake a crust for pie. For inside of pie take one cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, yolk of one egg, two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix all together, then stir in one cup of milk, put over fire and cook until thick, stir in a little vanilla, and put in crust. For icing use the white of egg beaten and some sugar. After you put on the pie set in the oven and brown.

Marble Cake

Light Part.

Two cups sugar, whites of four eggs, half cup butter, one cup of cream, three or four cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Dark Part.

Two cups sugar, one half cup butter, yolks of four eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg, half teaspoonful of cloves, three or four cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in loaf, taking a spoonful of each alternately.

S. C. WARD.

Shoofly Pie

One teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in one cup of boiling water, add one cup of molasses, put on to boil and stir till light, let stand till you get crumbs ready for use. Three cups of flour, one cup of brown or granulated sugar whichever you prefer, half cup of butter, rub this well together. Then line three pie plates with good rich pie crust, pour in molasses and stew crumbs on top. There is no top crust to these delicious pies.

MRS. E. C. LEWIS.

Lemon Pie

The grated rind and juice of one lemon, one and one half cups sugar, two cups warm water, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls corn starch (or flour can be used) and a little butter, boil until it thickens put in baked crust. Beat the whites to a froth, put on top of pie, set in oven to brown lightly. This makes two pies.

SAMANTHA CRIPE.

Cocoanut Pie

Beat four eggs until light, add gradually a cup of sugar, add two level tablespoonfuls of flour moistened with a little cold milk, add pint of milk, pint of cocoanut, mix thoroughly, add teaspoonful vanilla, bake in pie pan lined with light paste.

Mock Duck

Take one round of beef steak, season with salt and pepper, prepare a dressing as for turkey spread over the steak, roll and sew it up, fasten three or four slices of fat pork on the roll with tooth picks, put in oven and roast, baste often.

WINNIE HISSEY.

Suet Pudding.

One cup suet chopped fine, one cup milk, beat together and cool, add one cup molasses and one half cup flour, one half teaspoonful soda, then add flour to make stiff. Steam three hours. Fruit may be added if liked.

Sponge Drops

Beat separately, then thoroughly together, the yolks and whites of four eggs, add one cupful of sugar and beat, then one third of a cupful of boiling water and beat again, next add by half cupfuls, beating all the while, one and one half cupfuls of flour, pour a tablespoonful into each patty pan and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven, or drop on buttered tins.

Fudge

Bring four cups light brown sugar, one of milk, and one half cake of melted chocolate slowly to a boil, then cooked until it "balls" when dropped in cold water. When of this consistency, stir in a piece of butter the size of an egg, then remove from the fire, and beat until thick but not hard. Pour into buttered tins, and when partly cooled, mark off into squares.

IDA E. WAKE.

Plain Cake in Layers

One egg, well beaten, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful butter (do not use more), two thirds cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and unless I am very sure about the good quality of the baking powder I also add a big pinch of soda. Flavor as you choose and stir in enough flour to make a very thin batter, stir the baking powder into the flour, and if directions are carefully followed you will have a nice light cake.

ESTELLA FREELAND.

Why this great revival of public interest in everything pertaining to Abraham Lincoln just now? Because the Centennial anniversary of his birth comes in February. You must surely read COMFORT'S Washington and Lincoln February number. It will be a big thing.

Loaf Cake

One pound flour, one pound sugar, three quarters pound butter, two pounds currants, one pound raisins, one cup milk, one teaspoonful soda, one ounce mace, six eggs.

Seed Cake

Five cups flour, three cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, one half teaspoonful soda, one of cream of tartar, one half teaspoonful caraway seeds, three eggs.

One-egg Cake

Three and one half cups flour, one and one half cups sugar, one half cup butter, one cup milk, one egg, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one half teaspoonful soda, pinch salt, essence of lemon. I have made it time and again with water instead of the milk.

I make an icing of the white of one egg just a pinch of salt, beat till foamy then add one teaspoonful of lemon, it makes it a lovely color, stiffen with powdered sugar, spread on white cake is warm, not hot, before the icing hardens. I sprinkle shredded cocoanut over top, this is a cheap and good cake, can be made without the icing. I add the yolk out of the egg that I take for the icing to the cake as it is not generally wanted for anything else.

MRS. HARRIET M. KLINE.

Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Can Some Reader of Comfort Give this Song?

"Do not tell us that our loved ones,
Lose their earthly memories quite
When they sing among the angels
In the Heavenly Mansions bright.
For I know that we shall know them
Though the angel robes they wear,
We shall know those gone before us,
We shall know our loved ones there."

Weighing the Baby

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

"Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record: 'Only eight.'"

"Softly the echo goes around:
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl;

"And, stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly: 'Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair.'"

"Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.

"No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing monotone,
Patient and faithful until death.

"Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

"Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shines in this human guise,
Within so frail and small a thing!

"O! mother, laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet."

Buena Vista, or The Dying Soldier

On Buena Vista's bloody field,
A soldier dying lay,
His thoughts were of his mountain home
Some thousand miles away.
He called his comrade to his side,
For much he had to say,
In briefest time to those who were
Some thousand miles away.

My father, comrade, you will tell,
About this bloody fray,
My country's standard say to him
Was safe with me today.
I've made a pillow of it now
On which to lay my head,
A winding sheet you'll make of it
When I am with the dead.

I know it will grieve his inmost soul
To think that never more
I'll sit with him beneath the oak
That shades his cottage door.
But tell that time-worn patriarch
That mindful of his fame
Upon this bloody battlefield
I sullied not his name.

My mother's form is with me now,
Her wail is in mine ear,
And drop by drop as flows my blood
So drops from her the tear.
But comrade when you tell to her
The tidings of this day,
Speak softly comrade, softly speak,
What you may have to say.

Don't speak to her in hurried tones
The blighting news you bear,
The chords of life might snap too soon,
So comrade have a care.
I am her only cherished child,
But tell her that I died
Rejoicing that she taught me young
To take my country's side.

But comrade, there is one I fain
Would look once more upon,
She lives upon the sloping hill
That overlooks our lawn.
Tell her that I shall never more
In springtime's pleasant hours,
Go forth with her in merry mood,
To gather woodland flowers.

Tell her that as I dying lay
With life receding fast,
Her voice, her form, her parting words
Were with me to the last.
On Buena Vista's bloody field,
Tell her I dying lay,
And that I knew she thought of me,
Some thousand miles away.

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Little Rosewood Casket

Is that little rosewood casket
That is resting on my stand,
Is a package of old letters
Written by a cherished hand.
Will you go and get them sister,
Will you read them o'er to me,
For oftentimes I've tried to read them,
But for tears I could not see.

Read those precious lines so slowly
That I'll not miss upon my bed
For the cherished hand that wrote them
His last work for me is done.

You have got them now dear sister,
Come sit down upon my bed
And press gently to your bosom
This poor throbbing aching head.

Tell him that I never blamed him
Though to me he's proved untrue,
Tell him that I'll never forget him
Till I bid this world adieu.

Tell him that I never blamed him
Not an unkind word was spoke,
Tell, oh! tell him sister, tell him,
That my heart in coldness broke.

When I'm dead and in my coffin
And my shroud's around me bound,
And my little bed is ready
In the cold and silent ground.

Place his letters and his locket,
Place together o'er my heart,
But the little ring he gave me
From my finger never part.

You have finished now dear sister,
Will you read them o'er again,
While I listen to you read them
I will lose all sense of pain.

While I listen to you read them
I will gently fall asleep,
Fall asleep to wake with Jesus,
Oh, dear sister, do not weep.

How to Spell Chicken

In a little country schoolhouse,
Where the little darlings go,
There lives a little penny
By the name of rag-time Joe.
And when it comes to spelling
His rag-time brain works fast,
He is the best learned scholar
For he holds down his own class.
One day the teacher called his class
To spell one sort of bird.
This kind of bird was chicken,
And they couldn't spell the word.
So the teacher called on rag-time Joe
To spell this word to them.
He didn't hesitate one bit.
This is how he began:

CHORUS.

C—that's the way to begin
H—and that's the next letter in,
I—and that's the third
C—that am the season word
K—that's the thing in
E—I'm near the end
C-H-I-C-K-E-N that am the way to spell
chicken.

Parson Johnson gave a concert
In the little church one night,
He hired himself a lot of townies
That could sing and could recite,
When the curtain arose that evening
Everything went wrong you know,
Till one ducky loudly shouted
Let's hear from rag-time Joe.
He sang a rag-time new song,
It didn't take so well,
He said I've gone wrong at first,
So I guess I'll have to spell
Then he told the audience
He'd composed a chicken song.
And when he spelt this word to them
He took the house by storm.

CHORUS.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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100 for 25c. A. B. MORGAN, 3024 Verma Ave., Chicago.

MEN and women to demonstrate and canvass. Something new. **GAFFET CO.,** Topeka, Kans.

24 LANGUAGE OF FLOWER CARDS **10c** etc.
From nature, Love, Friendship, Hope, Power, Think of Me, Courage, Be Wise, etc. **WILL SPENCER CO.,** Dept. 15, Chicago.

MONEY \$50 for \$1.00 shot. "Unik \$555 Secrets," etc. Prof. E. Rogers, Horse Shoe, N. C.

LADIES make Sanitary Belts \$15.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. **MODERN SUPPLY CO.,** Dept. 16, Lawrence, Ill.

6 Tinted Post Cards **10c**
Floral designs, all different. Richly colored. Your name tinted in gold or silver. J. LEE, 17 W. Madison St., Chicago.

\$90 monthly and expenses to men and women to advertise, leave samples and collect names. Write at once. **SILVERTON CO.,** CIO, Chicago.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Ad. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

10 COLORED POST CARDS FREE
Flowers, Birthday, Beautiful scenery, Pretty Girls, etc. High-grade. Noteworthy. All free to anyone sending for who will send a stamped envelope. **NOVEMBER POSTAL CO.,** 11, 1010 15th St., Chicago.

WATCH FREE! Sell 15 packs of Dr. Stultz's Tooth Powder at 10 cents each. When sold send money and we'll send watch. Dr. C. A. Stultz, Box 1, Woodboro, Md.

These Two Rings FREE
Send for 10 pieces of our jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. Return our money and we give them 2 rings. Address: **EAGLE WATCH CO.,** Dept. 9, East Boston, Mass.

A GENUINE 21 JEWEL \$50.00 GOLD WATCH. \$3.75
\$1.75 buys an elegantly engraved Decatur, Bayview, East Water, Wood, with an engraved dial. Who and Sir, Richard Roe, Esq., President, GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS and a handsome "Gold" watch chain and charm. Send us third and write if you want Dades and Gents, Watch & watch chain & we'll give them. Our Free Examination: A doctor will examine the watch & watch chain at our express office & find fully equal to a \$25.00 watch. Watch cost \$2.75 and expenses and they are yours. **RELIABLE WATCH CO.,** Dept. 42, Chicago.

75 HORSE CLIPPER
SEND US \$5.75 with this ad and we will send you by freight this Horse Clipper, with the understanding that you will find it the best Horse Clipper on the market, perfectly satisfactory in every way, otherwise you can send it back and get your money and freight charges refunded. Weight, 37 pounds. Freight is very little. This Clipper is guaranteed in every way; best material and workmanship, low price, and perfect satisfaction in every way, otherwise you can send it back and get your money and freight charges refunded. Order at once, or write for our free Catalogue of Horse Clippers and Sheep Shearers. Address: **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.,** CHICAGO, ILL.

EASY MUSIC CHEAP.
NEW CHART OF CHORDS for the PIANO.
A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher.

There have been many so-called easy methods and charts devised, but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-instruction, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs at sight, as well as dance music, waltzes, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere.

To introduce this CHART in every home, we will send free with each chart the "GIANT ALBUM of Songs," containing 144 songs, with words and music, including the great hit, "I Won't Be a Nun."

To introduce our popular songbook, COMFORT, and new songs, we will send it one year for only 20 cents; for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, we will send you one of the CHART OF CHORDS and GIANT ALBUM or 144 Songs free.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

3-Piece Toilet Set

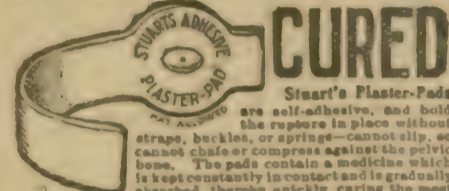


GIVEN AWAY

The three-piece Toilet Set shown above is beautifully decorated in natural colors on a cream-colored composition. The comb is of the same shade. It is not only beautiful, but serviceable, and will last for many years. The handles are of the best quality. The mirror is French bevel plate. Given free for just a few minutes of your time. Write today for 24 New Mountaineer Pins, which you can quickly dispose of on our special offer at 10c each.

GEORGE E. MILLER, Dept. T 121 East Kinzie Street, Chicago.

RUPTURE CURED



Stuart's Plaster-Pads are self-adhesive, and hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles, or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a medicine which is kept constantly in contact and is gradually absorbed, thereby quickly curing the most obstinate cases. Hundreds have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Guaranteed under National Pure Food & Drug Law. Write today and "Trial of Treatment," FREE with interesting book, will be sent to you.

Address **STUART PLASTER-PAD CO.,** Box 24, St. Louis, Mo.

Build a \$5000 Business
of your own and escape salaried drudgery for life. 30 cents a day will do it. I will send you "Free Pointers" for a postal. **W. A. Shyer,** Free American Collect's Service, 211 State St., Detroit, Mich.

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOKS
Catches two fish to common hooks and fish are caught by even tenebrous bait. Write today for our One Hook Free Offer. **KAUR NOV. CO.,** Dept. 3, Des Moines, Iowa.

PILES
If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of **Infallible Pile Tablets**, and you will ever bless the day you read this. **Infallible Pile Co.,** Dept. 73 Marshall, Mich.

THIS GOLD RING
Selling seven boxes "Merit" Blood Tablets. 30 days allowed to sell Tablets, return money and get ring. Address "Merit" Medicine Co., Room 10, Cincinnati, Ohio.

25 Valentine Post Cards 10c
The prettiest cards we ever sold. Every one printed in many beautiful colors on fine card board and nearly all are different designs. Beautiful lace effects, looking just like real expensive lace valentines; satin and silk effects, dainty cupids, heart, bird and floral designs. No copies. We manufacture these cards or we could not sell them at so low a price, for there is no cheap trash in the whole collection. Send today. **NEW CARD CO.,** Dept. 20, 325 Lewadale Ave., Chicago.

GOLD WATCH FREE AND RING
American Movement Watch. Solid Gold Plated case, warranted time keeper, one Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given free for selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c ea. Write for them. When sold, send us the \$2.40 and we send Gold Watch and Ring.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 20, East Boston, Mass.

ROOFING SAMPLES FREE
BEFORE YOU BUY shingles or prepared roofing from anyone write us and ask for Roofing Samples, and we will send you free by return mail a complete set of all kinds of good sound roofing materials, including felt, flint, asphalt and rubber roofing and complete Roofing Catalogue, the greatest roofing proposition ever made. 63 cents per roll and up for good roofing, much cheaper than shingles. Much better quality and lower price than sold by others.

DON'T BUY a single roll of roofing, shingles until you learn our roofing offer. Write today. **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are so perfect in the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most attractive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up copies of two years or more at a stretch. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SIX TOWELS.



Cleanliness is next to Godliness is an old saying true today as ever. Few words are necessary to acquaint our readers with the value and use of a supply of nice towels. They are an indispensable quantity among us all. We have selected as a gift for our agents a set of six huckabuck towels of good size, 16x29, made of high grade material. Such towels as we offer are usually sold at retail in most stores at 25c. each and are a good value. By arranging to use a quantity, and buying of the makers in whole cases, we can present six for a small number of subscribers.

Club Offer. We will send you at our expense a set of six towels for a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 20 cents each, or a club of three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A POST CARD ALBUM

That Will Hold Fifty Cards



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive. One cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Post Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined at any time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are distributing as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 4 ten-cent six months', or 3 yearly subscribers to this paper at 20 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of six Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A PAIR OF

Nottingham Lace Curtains

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to All Who Send a

Club of Only 7 Subscribers



The Curtains are full width and just the width needed to adorn the home with. Every one of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 or \$8.00 a pair. They are now offered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of only 7 yearly subscriptions at 20 cents each to our monthly, we will send our magazine one year to each subscriber and one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium, or you may send three 3-year 50-cent subscriptions for one pair of Curtains and we will send three pairs for only 13 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or seven 3-year 50-cent subscriptions. Magazine goes to the subscriber each month for a term paid for and Curtains to you. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

OUR BOY'S PRINTING OUTFIT

Make Money Printing Cards



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickel pinners to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer cannot be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, we will send you this Printing Outfit all complete as described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5000 COPIES "ST. ELMO" FREE

A Jubilee Edition of This Famous Book for a Club of Three

Anticipating our Jubilee Anniversary Year of COMFORT when we celebrate our Twenty-first Birthday, and not to be outdone by the Editorial Department, the Premium Department has not been idle.

In addition to the regular variety of premiums, we scoured and scraped to obtain at least one premier inducement that would almost compel one to subscribe or get a club of subscribers for COMFORT, and after looking over the markets, compared, duly considering premiums heretofore made a special jubilee offer of a bound "St. Elmo." We negotiated, six of 5,000 copies at a special price most attractive offer conceivable. "St. Elmo" in COMFORT and was so splendidly tribute nearly 20,000 copies in com-subscribers. We are now offering you from new type plates on heavy book attractive lettered linen binding, making a quarter for clubs of only member the story but did not obtain a making our previous offers, and all eated in "A Speckled Bird," will to obtain a copy of Mrs. Wilson's ous Anniversary Offer made here



Remember, we have a million and a quarter subscribers and but 5,000 books. We cannot duplicate our order nor repeat this offer, therefore it will be well to safeguard yourself by sending a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each by return mail and these subscriptions will be credited in your behalf towards the distribution of the 538 cash prizes, all of which is fully explained on page 30 of this edition. Remember, a club of only three yearly subscribers to to COMFORT at 20 cents each secures a bound volume of "St. Elmo," delivered post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two

Solid

Steel Blades



Our Boys "Square Deal" Jack Knife

This two-bladed Jack Knife is for good sturdy work, where a reliable and dependable knife is wanted. Has two tempered steel blades, one large blade three inches long and one half an inch deep with a two-inch blade three eighths of an inch deep. The handle is cocobola wood set between polished steel bolsters. Brass lined, brass riveted, is solid and substantial. Has nicked plate inset for initials to be engraved. The illustration is the exact size of the knife, it is a large and handsome knife that will give excellent service and prove good every time. This knife is American made and one of the best, and we selected it because it has quality and quantity to satisfy man or boy.

Club Offer. For a club of only 5 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 20 cents each, or two 3-year 50-cent subscriptions, we will send you one of these Knives post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Big Lot of Real Silk Also Plush and Stamped Satin

REMNANTS

FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.



ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILT" making is again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will love. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all RECKITE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give with a 6 months' subscription. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. We are going to offer the elements for a big OFFER. Our packages contain from 25 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get a subscription and a lot introduced into every home; then you can select as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself. So remember these pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needlework, which COMFORT describes each month. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price, made from these remnants.

Grand Offer. If you order our great assorted lot and subscribe AT ONCE, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches, being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery.

Five Skeins Embroidery Silks Free. In order to work your stamped satin and other pieces, we also send absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is very nice; but we know if you ORDER ONE subscription, we will give you several rich, bright and beautiful stamped satin pieces; each piece contains nine square inches, being stamped by hand with a graceful design for embroidery.

BEST WAY. We send one of the above complete assorted lots FREE to all who send 3 trial 10c. 6 months' subscription to the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you to further advertise to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package our great book with Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used, it has no equal. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc.

The book illustrates over 100 of these besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitch, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Painting.

Club Offer. For a club of only three six-months' 10-cent subscriptions, or two yearly 20-cent subscriptions, we will send you one Big Lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin pieces, 5 Skeins Embroidery Silk, 36 Square Inches Plush and a Great Book on Embroidery. Three lots for a club of five at 20 cents, \$1.00 in all, and six lots for a club of seven at 20 cents a year. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

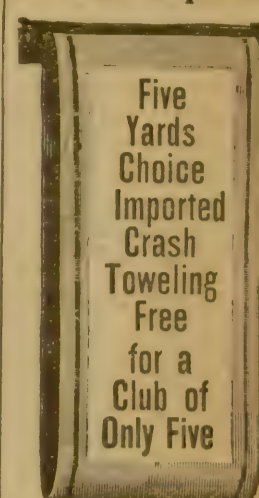
GREAT BARGAIN, 22-PIECE HOUSEKEEPING SET



THIS ABOVE ILLUSTRATED COMBINATION ASSORTMENT of fine quality HOUSEHOLD LINENS and towels is indeed an ideal set and an UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. PROCURED DURING the summer months prices when the MARKETS WERE LOWER. FOR YEARS we collected together the various articles, making up a COMBINATION AT ONCE EXCELLING ANYTHING YOU HAVE BEEN OFFERED. Suitable and USEFUL IN EVERY HOME, particularly pleasing to a bride or young HOUSEKEEPER. In fact practically INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSE and so attractively offered owing to the LOW PRICE conditions of the market you cannot resist sending us a club. This package contains the complete assortment of 22 SEPARATE PIECES as described above. Read carefully. 1 Imported Floral Damask pattern Table-cloth, good weight and well woven, with fringe on four sides. Will cover any ordinary table. Size of cloth 54x92 inches. 12 Floral Damask, imported, fringed pattern table napkins similar to the above, size 16x18 inches. 5 Yards of very good quality absorbent roller or dish toweling, width 17 inches. 1 Imported Fringed Bureau or Dresser Towel in a very pretty pattern, size 16x45 inches. 4 Genuine Hemmed Huck Towels of excellent quality and finish, will wear well. Size 14x27 inches. 2 Fringed Turkish Towels, pure cotton, good weight, size 12x29 inches. 1 Round, Fancy Hand Drawnwork Fringed Dolly. Very pretty for cake basket or for use under table lamp. Size 9x9 inches. Every item in the entire assortment is both attractive, pretty and useful. COMBINED WITH UTILITY THEY ARE DURABLE, WILL WEAR and launder satisfactorily. It would prove quite an expense were you to buy these items singly at the stores.

Club Offer. For a club of only twenty yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will forward by express one complete 22-Piece Housekeeper Set. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5 Yards Imported Scotch Crash

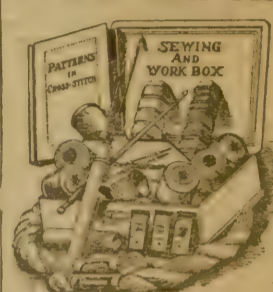


This bolt of toweling will make two roller towels 2 1-2 yards long, or four hand towels 45 inches long, or six dish towels 30 inches long. It is all pure linen heavy weight bleached crash with red stripe border, and is imported direct from the mills in Scotland where the finest of this class of goods is made. The width is 16 inches.

Club Offer. For a club of only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send you one of these five yard bolts of Crash.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WORK BOX ASSORTMENT



Our readers who are interested in needlework will welcome this privilege of obtaining a complete assortment of useful materials and utensils to work with. We have arranged this work-box assortment to meet all the wants of the busy sewer. The box itself is a little more than a foot long, up to imitate a leather-bound case, as it is covered with pebbled paper that closely resembles real leather. There are eight separate compartments in each case, one, the larger, in the center, has a cover and is for "Odds and Ends," such as needles, thimbles, etc. Then there are places for the thread, tambo and silk, so that each will have its place, and not become tangled, which annoys one.

The following assortment is found in each box: Two Spools White Thread, One Spool Black Thread, One Ball Red Tambo, One Ball White Tambo, One Dozen Sewing Silk, One Silver-plated Thimble, One Crochet Set of two bone and one metal hook, One Illustrated Book on Cross-stitch, Two Blunt-pointed Needles, for Cross-stitch Work, Three Packages of Needle Thread, 16 yards each. The contents differ in each box but there will be found as much variety as mentioned above.

Club Offer. We pack carefully and send at our expense one of these complete Work Box Sets for a club of only 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE

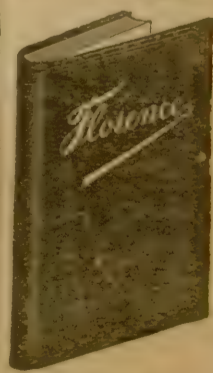


After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges. It is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School Workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient new Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible to their pleasure. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most is the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each. Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the FAMILY BIBLE elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purpose, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition below.

OUR OFFER. We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift for only 4 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 20 cents each, or two 3-year 50-cent subscriptions, delivered post-paid to your home. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

Learn All About It in Our Diary Birthday Book.



Do you know its derivation, meaning and history? We have a series of Girls' Birthday Books embracing one hundred names, including ADA, AUNES, BERTHA, BLANCHE, CAROLINE, DORA, EDITH, KATE, MARY, REBECCA, and sixty others. No matter what your name is. Don't you want it stamped in gold on one of these Elegant Books? You certainly ought to have one to use as a record as they are designed to be a source of pleasure and interest.

Each Book has the name of a girl or woman on the title page and also stamped in gold on the cover, and contains a history of the name and of famous women who have borne the name. For example, Mary is described as one of the most popular of girls' names, derived from Myrrh or Star of the Sea (Mara), being the name of the Virgin Mary and many other Marys famous in history, thus each name is treated with a long historical sketch. As a Diary or Record Book it is designed for perpetual use, as the pages are arranged with the date and a blank space providing excellent opportunity for a Baby Record of important events in the life of the little one, or for a young or older lady, married or single, a life record of important events may be recorded and there kept forever, and as the book is arranged for perpetual use these records range from time to time forming a connected story of important life happenings. Each page is decorated with a short selected sentimental verse or motto from works or words of authors or philosophers of renown, as "Where there is a mother in the home, matters speed well." "Grace in woman has more effect than beauty." "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." "Love and you shall be loved." "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." "In the smallest cottage, there is room enough for two lovers." etc., etc. Each book is bound in limp Morocco, with full gilt edges, including a silk book marker, and is carefully boxed for mailing. This is a very unique book and has personal interest to the owner.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or 4 six-months' 10-cent trial subscribers, we will send you one of these Birthday Name Books with your name stamped in gold on the cover. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BIG FUR SCARF FREE!



LADIES, this big handsome fur scarf is nearly 52 inches long—made from warm, soft and glossy Black Lynx Fur. It is ornamented with six heavy tabs, fastens with a pretty chain clasp and is the most popular shape and style ever known. It is warm and dresy and will give years of the greatest satisfaction.

Send your name and address and we will send you 24 pieces of our Jewelry Novelties to sell at 10c. each. Return our \$2.40 when sold and we will send you this Fur Scarf. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.,
Dept. 79, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

WE GOLD TINSEL

YOUR NAME AND GREETINGS on Beautiful Embossed Flowered Postcards. Remember your Friends, their Birthdays, or on any Holiday.



We will send you six handsome cards with your name and greeting gold tinselled on the cards for 10 cents. Write quick and get our plan to take orders for this beautiful tinseling work and earn good money.

CONKLIN CARD CO., Dept. 131, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ADJUSTABLE BRACELET

The most comfortable Bracelet ever worn. As shown, this Bracelet is made up of dull gold plated oval sections, interlocked at centers, with fastenings at ends. Double row of discs make it possible to wear either side. There is no right or wrong side. It will always conform to every movement of your wrist and will wear for a long time.



Club Offer. You may send us two 10-cent six-months' trial subscriptions to COMFORT, or a 20-cent yearly subscription, with 5 cents additional, for one of the above Adjustable Bracelets.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Missing Relatives and Friends

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department with our April number. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 20-cent subscriptions, or one 3-year 50-cent subscription, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 20-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 20-cent yearly subscription for every seven words.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Felicia Troversoni, suspected to be in either Canada or Montana, please write her mother, Mrs. Barney Troversoni, White Horse, S. Dak.

Samuel Eskew, last heard of in Crowder, Mo. Information regarding him gratefully received by his daughter, Mrs. Sina Raymer, Threlke, Ky.

Would be pleased to have information of my brother, Walter Thompson, last heard of in Canada. Mrs. L. C. Snodgrass, Alden, Okla.

Wish to hear from William Mott, Claire Williams and Michel Miller, last heard off at Sault Ste Marie, Mich. Write to Mrs. Cora Stevenson, No. 2825 E. 22nd. St., Minneapolis, Minn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Uterine Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 280 D Joliet, Illinois.

One Million People Know It.

One million people have tried Vitu-Ore on the thirty day trial offer and it is the only thing that it does. You should try it, too. See offer on last page.

25 Fine Postals 10c.

Black, Frosted, Embossed, Pierced, Pretty Girls, Birthday, Greetings, Religious, Historical Views. All highest grade. Sent published. No comics or cheap cards. Retail 5c each. This great offer made to introduce our beautiful wholesale catalog and secure cash. Send today. SOUVENIR CARD CO., 312 E. Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

RUPTURE

CURED WHILE YOU WORK. SAMPLE FREE TO ADVERTISE. SURE HOLD CO. WESTBROOK ME B 202

PILES

Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

BED WETTING

Cured. 25c. Free. C. H. ROWAN, Dept. 16, London, Can.

COMFORT'S PRIZE

Here is a problem to try the wits of clever Puzzlers. A lady brought twelve pieces of chain to have made into an endless necklace of 100 links. The Jeweler charged 25 cents for cutting and mending each large link and 20 cents for every small one. How much should the lady pay?

49 Prizes Offered

19 Cash-Prizes ranging from \$5.00 to 50 cents each, and 30 other Prizes valued at 25 cents each make it an object for you to tackle this mathematical problem.

Prize Offer

We will give, subject to conditions stated below, for the neatest, shortest and best expressed solution of this puzzle, a

First Prize of	\$5.00 cash	For Fifth Best a Prize of	\$1.00 cash
For Second Best a Prize of	3.00 "	For Sixth Best	1.00 "
For Third Best	2.00 "	For Seventh Best	1.00 "
For Fourth Best	1.00 "	For each of the 12 next best	50 "

For each of the thirty next best, a package of one dozen elegant assorted Souvenir Postal Cards valued at 25 cents a package, delivered free.

Conditions.

Every person competing for these prizes must send in his or her answer to the puzzle before February 28, 1909, and must send with it a club of at least three 6-months' subscriptions to COMFORT at 10 cents each, or two 1-year subscriptions at 20 cents each, or his own two years' renewal for 25 cents and one other subscription for six months or more at regular subscription rates.

Directions.

The lady in the above picture took the twelve pieces of gold chain shown in the circle around the picture, consisting of 100 links in all, 50 large links and 50 small links, to a jeweler to have the twelve pieces joined together to make an endless chain necklace of 100 links in which each pair of large links should be connected by a small link. The jeweler agreed to cut and solder only such links as were absolutely necessary to put the chain together as ordered, and to charge her for each large link cut and soldered 25 cents, and for each small link cut and soldered 20 cents. The jeweler charged her \$2.70 but she objected to his price.

Now You Tell Us, in as few words as you can, what she ought to pay, and why.

Address COMFORT NECKLACE PUZZLE, Augusta, Maine.

NECKLACE PUZZLE



HALF MILLION COPIES STANDARD SHEET-MUSIC FREE

FULL SIZE, FULL SCORE, OF EXTRA QUALITY THROUGHOUT

A most wonderful deal in sheet-music. COMFORT obtains 500,000 sheets of music. Panic times compel a dealer to put on the market to the highest bidder this great quantity of first-class music. COMFORT secures the whole lot at its own figure, and proposes to distribute it free among our club-workers and readers. There are thousands of titles all different, the edition is newly printed on regular quality sheet-music paper, clear, distinct and attractive, many covers being handsomely illustrated, all have special title pages, and consist of three, four and five pages, according to length of score. The assortment embraces both vocal and instrumental, waltz, two-step, character, religious, sentimental, classical, comic, serious, patriotic and best of all, many old-time favorite home songs. We publish a partial list of titles, but could not give a complete list using an entire page. Music teachers, pianists, singers, glee clubs, musical organizations, musicians of every sort or kind will be interested in reading over the list. Such privilege as this comes seldom to anyone. It is not a mass of uninteresting or unpopular stuff we offer, but bona-fide, fresh popular selections of music of such a great variety and in such quantity there is something to interest everyone and enough for all. We propose giving away assortments of ten pieces to each one as long as it lasts. We have 500,000 copies, several million readers. Friends and patrons, will you get your share?

Good-bye, Dora Dear.
Golden Shore.

A
A Long Time Ago.
Anawanda.
And This Is What She Did.
A Traveling Man.
A Memory of the Past.
After the Flag.
A Soldier Brave of the U. S. A.
A Ringlet of Golden Hair.
American Flag, The.
A True Love Answered Me.
A Kiss for a Blow.

B
Back to the Farm.
Blue-eyed Girls.
Barefoot Fisher Boy, A.
Baby Dear.
Beneath the Ragged Trees.
Beautiful Eyes.
Banks of the Hudson.
Bessie.
Bonnie Eyes of Blue.

C
Chrysanthemum Dance.
Come, Come to Your Dear Old Dad.
Chrysanthemum Intermezzo.
Come Out on the Beach with Me, Bess.
Celia.
Columbia, Varsity.
Cornelia.
Comrades Together.
Chicken Pie.
Columbia.

D
December and May.
Dream of Heaven, A.
Dreaming of Mother and Home.
Down on the Good Old Farm.
Drill 'Ye Tarriers.
Daddy's Lullaby.
Don't Run Down the Irish.
Down Upon the Delaware.
Down in Old Carolina.
Don't You Go Yet.
Don't You Wish You Wasn't a Populist.
Deserted at the Altar.
Don't Call Me Sweetheart.
Dear Little Girlie, A.
Days of Yore.

E
Evelyn.

F
Fancy of a Summer Day.
Flag of Fort Monroe, The.
Father's Got the Tin.
Florida.
Flowing to the Boundless Sea.
From Revellie to Taps.
Farewell, Sweet Luddell.
Faithful Waters, The.

G
Garden of the World.
G. A. R. Overture.
Jallant Line of Blue, The.
Jod Spare the Children.
Jod-bye, Darling.
Jod-bye, Mary Dear.
Jay Coney Island.

H
Hungarian Dances.
Happy Past Cannot Repeat.
Help Me Across, Mama Dear.
Heart of My Heart.
Her Eyes are Alice Blue.
How Did Adam Get the Apple.
Hanging on a Strap.
Heartache.
How Shall I Ignore.

I
In the Shade of the Old Bamboo.
I'm Happiest When I'm Dreaming.
I Love Mother Best of All.
I Wonder If You Love Me.
If I Only Had the Coin.
I'll Come Back Soon.
Inspector March.
In the Old Bay State.
I Only Know That I Love You.
Is This the Way to Heaven.
I'll Think of You.
I Long to Be Back South.
I Have Sought a Love.
Divine Colorado.
I'm Lazy and Looking for Work.
In the Cool Breeze by the Stream.
In Ohio, Where I Was Born.
Irishman's Farewell.
I Wonder If You Love Me.
I'd Rather Be in Dixie Land.
I Long to Go a Rowing.
I Want to Go to Heaven.
If All Were Rich.
In Dreams Thou Art Mine.
Love.
In Love We to Each Other Cling.
I Tried to Tell Him.
I Loved You Better Than You Knew.
I Have Come Back.
I Love You Still.
I Would See a Way.
I'm So Lonesome.

J
Jennie Dear.
Johnny Jones.
Janice.
Johnny, Meet Me at the Fair.
Just Promise You'll Be True.
Jamestown on the Bay.

K
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Kitty Donahue.

L
Land of My Childhood, The.
Love in the Summer Time.
Longing for Home.
Love Me, Sweetest Bellein.
Love Finds a Way.
Little Cottage, The.
Lucille.

M
Marriage Bells.
Mother is Waiting For You.
Melody and Song of Beauty.
My Jack a Dandy, Oh.
My Rubie in Blue.
Mary O'Brady.
Mushroom Meadows—Waltz.
My Gipsy Queen.
My Wayside Flower.
Mary and Moses.
My Dear Old Irish Home.
My Dream of Love.
My Old Ohio Home.
Message from Heaven, A.
Mabelle.
My Little Soldier Boy.
Mother.
My Love Remains the Same for You, Sweet Catherine.
My Bonnie Tessie.
Mine.
My Faithful Julia.
My Little Mary Ann.
My Anna Bella B.
My Dream of Love is O'er.
My Ideal.
My Marriage Bells—Waltz.
Normal College Waltzes.
New England Ballads.
My Gentle Lady Lou, J.

N
Nancy's Vacant Chair.
Motor Girl, The—Waltz.
Millionaires.
My Only Beau.
Morning Glory Vine, The.
My Sweet Kathleen.
My Rose.
My Early Captive Prize.
Mocking Birds Sweet Song, The.
Mae.
My Happy Home.
Montana.
My Atlantic City Bride.
My Beautiful Star.

O
Only a Woman.
Old Bay State, The.
Only a Flower from Home.
Oh! Robin Sing to Me.
Old Soldier's Pride, The.
Old Bachelor, The.
Oh! Skidoo.
Oh! Tell Me.
Oh! But for Gold How Happy We Would Be.
Old Folks at Home.
Oh! Tell Me.
Oh! Mother Do Not Weep.
Oh! Babe, Come Home.
Oh! For a Ride with Johnnie.
Only a Bunch of Faded Pansies.
Oh! Sweet is Old Killarney!

P
Papa's Darling.
Pretty Nancy Lee.
Pretty Near to My Heart.
Pleading.
Pretty Little Mamie.

R
Repentance.
Richmond on the Pike.
Remember, I'll Always Be True to You, Jack.
Robin's Advice.
Riding in Your Motor Car.
Red Rose with Rose Red.
Ripples of the Silvery Tennessee.

S
Sunshine of Thy Love, The.
Scenes in New York City.
Sweethearts that Used to Be.
Song of the Foundation.
Susan Green.
Stone Outside Murphy's Door.
Slumber Song.
She is Buried Where the Weeping Willows Wane.
Stay at Home, Patzy.
Sweet Emma.
Sally Ann.
Sacawee, Waltz.
Sweet Magnolia Tree, The.
Shadows.
Spring.
Sometimes at Night.
Sweetheart, You and I.
Sweet Katherine.

T
The Story You Told Me in the Gloaming.
The Stars and Stripes.
Teddy, Our Teddy.
The Man That's Got the Roll.
The Man of Shiam.
The Boys that Fell by the Way.
Texas Girl.
The Aero Car.
That's Home for Me.
Twelve Months Ago Tonight.
The Awakened Harp.
There is Room in My Heart for Thee.
The Girl with the Coaxing Eyes.
The Young Old Man.
The Furious Torrent.
The Song and Melody.
The Happy Past Cannot Return.
Twang.
Theodore Roosevelt.
The Sage and the Song.
Trials of House Hunting.
The Dying Soldier Boy.
The American Boy.
The Queer Old Man.
The Text that Draws the Crowd.
Twilight Whispers.
The Last Good-bye.

U
Upper Ten and Lower Five.
Uncle Sam, You're a Queer Old Man.
Universal Straw, The.

V
Village Bell, The.

W
Wondering.
When the Robins Sing.
Walt of the World.
Widow Maloney's Butter.
We All Go to Work But Father.
We'll Never Say Good-bye.
Why Don't You Play Fair.
Won't You Let Me Hold Your Hand.
What Millions Cannot Measure.
When the Robins Home-ward Fly.
Will You Love Me When My Hair Has Turned to Gray.
When Summer Comes Again.
Wedding Bells.
Where the Old Missouri Flows.
Will the Angels Tuck Me In Wasted Treasures.
When the Summer Picnic Season It is On.
When She Was a Maid.
Whola Halahoo—Indian.
Where the Hand Goes Always Give the Heart.
When Will You Come Again Sweetheart.
When the Roses Bloom Again.
While We Floated Down the Swance River.
Why Don't You Look Into My Eyes.
When June Comes Again.
Who Could Resist a Kiss.
When the Roses Were in Blossom.
Won't You Come Back.
What Shall We Name It.
What Will She Do.
Won't You Be My Mama.
When the Honeymoon is Over.
When the Wild Rose is Blooming in the Lane.

Y
You Dear.
You and I.
Yes, Love, I Promise.
You Can't Stop an Irishman.
Yes and No.
You Must Not Worry, Dear.
Your Daddy Was a Soldier Boy.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Comfort Postal Requests

James I. Greenwood, Day Court, Gloucester, Mass. Lou Lorence, 214 Dearborn Ave. Chicago, Ill. J. W. Spencer, Pleasant Plains, R. D. 1, Iowa. Elsie Greenwood, Durant, Okla. Miss Elsie White, Oakwood, Ill. Mr. Frank Kline, No. 904 N. 19th St., Mattoon, Ill. (No com.) Mrs. Lulu Buell, Cor. 17 and Dewett Sts., Mattoon, Ill. Walter F. Ray, 70 North 5th Ave., Long Branch, N. J. Miss Goldie McCormick, Jefferson,

LADIES \$1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my Never-Failing ERGO-KOLO Monthly Remedy. Safely relieves longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days without harm, pain or interference with work. Mail \$1.50. Double-Strength \$2. Booklet free. Dr. Southington K. Co., AF-515 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

116 POST CARDS FOR ONLY 10c
Join our post card club and get cards from all over the U. S. Send 10c. and we will send you Club Membership ticket and 16 fine view post cards by return mail. Also a 60c. due bill. Williams & Co. 3661 Archer Ave. Dent. 2 Chicago.

First Announced in Our November Number Offered

**PROGRESSIVELY COMPOUNDED PRIZES GIVE
ASTONISHING RESULTS TO PRIZE WINNERS**

You never heard of any such thing before. No, nor anybody else, because it is an entirely new proposition, just invented by us especially for our Jubilee Year Prize Offer. It is a very simple process, but it produces surprisingly large results by doubling up prizes for those who win month after month. This is it. If you win a prize any month it will be paid you immediately, and you will receive your regular club premiums too, as fast as the clubs come in. But that is not all. If you win a monthly prize the next month, that is for two months in succession, we will immediately pay you double the amount of your second month's prize. You need not win the same prize both months; any prize one month and any prize from \$1.00 to \$50.00 the next month will do the doubling act on the second month's prize. We will also double for you whatever monthly prize you win the third successive month; and so on if you continue to win. Understand, that if you win one monthly prize, all monthly prizes won by you in consecutive months thereafter will be doubled for you.

Name _____ P. O. _____ Co. _____ State _____

PETITE STEREOSCOPE And Fifty Views

As Good as a Circus for the Children. A Nice Compact Metal Stereoscope, 50 Fine Pictures of Family Scenes, Pets and Wild Animals and a General Natural History Exhibition.



Free for a
Club of Four

We are able to present a very interesting, entertaining, practical and instructive little article where illustrated. This strongly metal-made adjustable Stereoscope with its good, powerful double lenses, gives a joyful entertainment to all. The Pictures stand out real and lifelike and give a pleasing and lasting impression when viewed through this Scope. It is the most instructive and entertaining idea ever devised for giving and out of mischief. The 50 Views are all carefully selected with the idea of pleasure and profit. There are Home Scenes of Domestic Pets, Farmwork Scenes, Trained and Wild Animals, Hunting Scenes, Views from the Arctic as well as the Tropical Countries, Horses, Camels, Bears and Buffalo Scenes, Exciting and otherwise, so that a regular menagerie can be picked out from the Home features. The Entire Outfit takes apart and folds up, being packed in a nice box to ship by mail, post-paid, the 50 Views being all packed in the metal holder and placed inside the box when sent to you. We send one of these complete outfits for a club of only 3 subscribers to this paper, at 25c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CATHEDRAL ANGEL CHIMES Three Sweet Musical Bells

A New and Striking Musical Novelty, Suitable Both for Ornament and Amusement



Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 6 beautiful Angels, 3 candlesticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and turbine motor. Above all shines the Star of Bethlehem, the entire machine being ten inches high and six inches broad. It is made of fine bright silver nickel-plated metal and is so constructed that when the candles are lighted the Turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the Turbine Motor to revolve, the pendants strike gently on the Bells 6 in succession, and as the Bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing, not only to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal angels and other parts lends delight to the occasion and entrances the old or the young. A set of Cathedral Angel Chimes should be in every home, to be used at all times, or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting or dining-room, making a splendid centerpiece decoration, and one never tires of the sweet chimes tinkling to the candles' rays. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by renewing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Balls, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Anyone can do it and we warrant everyone to work to perfection.

Club Offer. For a club of only 5 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or 2 three-year 50-cent subscriptions, we will send out a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

24-Inch Centerpieces.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly embroider these simple designs. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidered shirt-waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern to aid you. To be



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN. CARNATION PINK PATTERN. done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the sweetest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and permits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

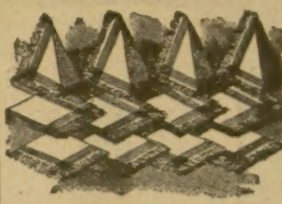
Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.



WILD ROSE PATTERN. WHEAT PATTERN. **Club Offer.** For only 2 yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send two of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For early subscriptions at 20 cents each, we will send the entire set of four Centerpieces. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TABLE NAPKINS



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than his wife's effort to serve his meals temptingly. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

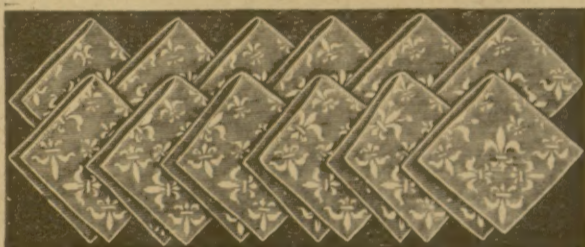
Club Offer. We will send you post-paid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 6 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or a club of 3 three-year 50-cent subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



These napkins are similar in quality to the above, and can be supplied in the Fleur-di-lis pattern to go with the table-cloth. Actual size 20x20 inches.

What a splendid opportunity to obtain a fashionable white table-cloth and a dozen napkins. Our illustration conveys a splendid idea of the figure or woven pattern, and the lustrous finish compels the pattern to "stand out" prominently. We will supply the complete set or either singly.

Club Offer. For a club of 17 subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents, we will send you a Table-cloth and one dozen Napkins, or for a club of 9 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, you may have either the Cloth or Napkins, sent at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Handy Hand Bag



Sensible, practical bag for ladies' use, a splendid style of shape, has large opening to accommodate many articles. Is made of calf-faced Sheepskin ornamented by fancy cording with pink edging on top, has two silk cords with leather tassels attached besides having two strong leather handles double stitched the entire length. The special tanning of the leather for these Bags produces a soft pliable finish, making the Bag nearly as soft and light as a kid glove, yet thicker and more durable. The Bag is seven inches wide and eight inches deep, ample accommodation for change purse, keys, handkerchief and small bundles. Is a woman's best shopping companion, always ready, always handy. The silk draw-string feature is a constant pleasure and convenience, the Bag is so handily opened or closed. We have these Bags in black only, the most serviceable color.

Club Offer. Send us only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each and receive a Bag, post-paid, at once. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mercerized Damask Table-cloth

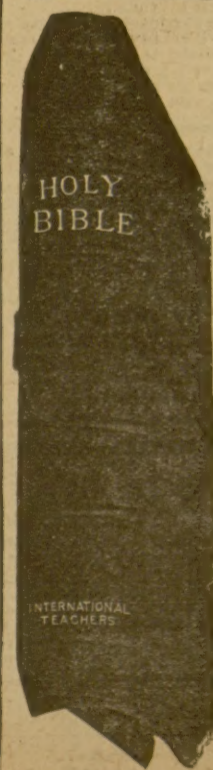
The above illustrated, mercerized floral damask table-cloth is in full pure white bleached material closely woven, and supplied in a beautiful Fleur-di-lis pattern with a high lustrous finish which has the appearance of fine linen. This is not cut table damask, but each cloth is woven in a pattern with an appropriate border running around all four sides. The quality is very serviceable. Size 58x86 inches.

Mercerized Dinner Napkins

Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE ILLUSTRATED

With 32 full-page half
tone pictures and 16
full-page colored maps-
GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James'
Version of the Old and
New Testaments.



These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetic Books, Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT'S Word Square Puzzle Answered

This Puzzle appeared in our November Jubilee Souvenir Number



12 STROKE SOLUTION.

On November 9, we received the following correct solution of it in twelve straight strokes, from Apollonia Konseknik of Weston, Luz Co., Pa., who writes that she has been a reader of COMFORT for ten years. She also says: "It took me many hours to solve it. First I thought it was easy, and then I thought it was impossible, but at last I got it." We have paid her the \$5.00 which we offered for same. She begins with the C at the lower left hand corner and her first stroke runs up to T at the upper right hand corner, and she can easily follow her lines from that on.

On November 13 we received from Miss Emma Root of Winthrop, E. D., 2, Iowa, the following correct solution in thirteen straight strokes. She began with T at upper right hand corner, ran to C in lower left, etc. We have paid her the \$3.00 which we offered for same. As we have not received suitable photographs of these two ladies, we cannot show their pictures in COMFORT until later.

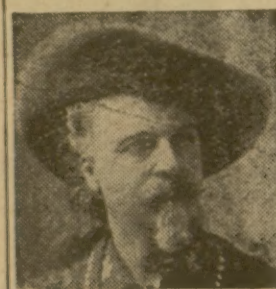
COMFORT'S Checker Puzzle Contest does not close until the last day of December. We shall award and pay the prizes early this January and answer them in February COMFORT.



13 STROKE SOLUTION

BUFFALO BILL HIS OWN STORY

TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS



Just published, his own story of his own life. Every reader of COMFORT knows of Buffalo Bill, the most famous Indian Fighter, Buffalo Hunter, Frontiersman and Scout the country ever produced. This thrilling story from his own pen reads like some preposterous tale. Every line and every chapter is exciting, but interesting because it is cleverly told, also splendidly illustrated. A book of over

250 pages, large clear type, extra heavy book paper, with many special half tone plates illustrating important features of the book. Bound in strong stained mottled covers, illustrated with a large clear full page sepia toned photograph of Buffalo Bill in his plainman's costume. This is strictly an American story by one who has literally grown up with his country. A career beginning in '57, when the lad was but eleven, the reader is carried chapter by chapter through a life of wild and rugged achievement never equaled. This is Buffalo Bill's great work, there is no other similar story, any more than there was ever another Buffalo Bill. You should read this book, everyone should read it, and read it now, while it is fresh off the press. All the big city newspapers are printing notices about the book and are to print the story serially whenever arrangements can be made. Public schools should adopt this book as a supplementary volume of American History. Teachers will do well to obtain a copy and read it to their pupils. We have a limited quantity, all we could obtain at present, and shall distribute them at the following:

Club Offer. Send us only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, for a copy of this special edition of True Tales of the Plains by Buffalo Bill, which will be sent post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Genuine Revelation of the Animal Kingdom

A Complete Encyclopedia of Zoology.
Thrilling Adventures. A Panorama of
Pictures. A Monster Menagerie.
THE STANDARD WORK FOR ALL HOMES
GREAT BOOK FREE TO ALL CLUB RAISERS



It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of all animals and shows them as they live.

Wood's Natural History is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding habits, haunts, peculiarities and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interestingly told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations. This mammoth Encyclopedia of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8 1/2 inches, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred illustrations by special artists. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people, who traverse mountain and moor, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heart-felt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the goat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the canary, no boy, no hunter, no student in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of offers. Every teacher in the land should provide herself or himself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for school use, it excels Wood's Natural History; because, in the first place, it will so absorb the attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in his work; and, in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.

Special Club Offer. As long as our limited supply lasts, we will mail one copy of Wood's Natural History to anyone who will send us a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE! AS BIG AS BABY, FREE

Indestructible Dolls to be Stuffed that Stand Up or Sit Down Will Not Come Off. These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cut, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lively than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk



and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or one of lighter weight.

We have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send one, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of 2 new yearly subscribers at 20 cents each.

Remember We send this magazine a fine one year to the subscribers you secure and send the dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 for securing 3 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each. 4 dolls free for a club of 5 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or you can send two 5-year 50-cent subscriptions.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VITAE-ORE

DO YOU KNOW IT?

Do you know what Vitae-Ore looks like, what it tastes like, what it does? Do you know that you can get a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore to try for thirty days, to see what it is, to see what it does, without paying a penny. Do you know that hundreds of the readers of this paper have tried it and are using it? Do you know that many of your own neighbors have tested it and "swear by it"? Do you know that Vitae-Ore has been curing sick and ailing men and women of all kinds of diseases for over twenty-five years and is doing it every day of the week? If you don't know all this, we want you to know it. That is why we pay a lot of money to print this big advertisement in this paper, so YOU WILL KNOW IT, so you will get to know Vitae-Ore itself, so you will profit by its use, as have thousands.

Try It At Our Risk!

We want you to get a full-sized One Dollar package, on thirty-days' trial. All you need to do is to write us a few words—three short words will do. Just say "I WANT IT" and the full-sized package of Vitae-Ore will be sent to you, enough to last you for one month's time, with everything prepaid, and you need not pay one single penny if it does not benefit you—not one cent. If you do not care to write a letter, just fill out and send us the coupon printed near the bottom of this page. All we want to know is that you will try Vitae-Ore, that you will give it a test as many of your friends and neighbors have done, and we will be glad to send it to you. Don't send us any money, for we want no money until you have tried it, until you are satisfied with the good work it does for the sick. Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitae-Ore is, read what it has done for others and send for it today. Don't delay a moment, for you may lose this advertisement or forget our address. Do it now! Send today and give Vitae-Ore a chance to cure you.

READ WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

(For Both Internal)
(and External Use.)

War Veteran Goodrich Has Neither Ache Nor Pain.

Contracted Rheumatism During The War, and Also Had Kidney Trouble and Piles.



LYNN, MASS.—I cannot say too much for Vitae-Ore. I have been bothered with Rheumatism ever since I came home from the Civil War. Sometimes it was very bad and gave me many a siege that proved it the hardest enemy I ever went against. I also had Kidney Trouble and Piles and have paid out hundreds of dollars to get help. All the remedies I used never did me as much good as a thirty-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore did in two weeks time. It is now over two months since I began to use Vitae-Ore and I have not had an ache or pain about me. I am feeling fine. My joints are now limber and I have good use of all of my limbs. I feel confident that Vitae-Ore has entirely cured me of this disease. It seems hard to believe that so much good could be accomplished in so short a time by any one remedy, but it is a fact, and I will be glad to have you publish it if you wish to do so. I hope all the old Veterans, north and south, will try Vitae-Ore and I think they will make no mistake in so doing, for it seems just the thing for us. E. H. GOODRICH, 656 Boston St.

Was a Very Sick Woman.

Hospital Treatment Did Her No Good and She Lost All Hope of Ever Being Well Again.

ROCKFORD, MINN.—I had Typhoid Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels and LaGrippe, and the three together made me a very sick woman. My Stomach was so irritable that I could retain no food. My doctor tried everything he knew of to stop my vomiting and failed. The only thing I could take was a little tea. The fever lasted five weeks and I was then fed on beef tea for weeks and had to learn to walk with the help of a chair. When my baby was born I became so seriously ill that I again hovered between life and death. We sent 14 miles for a skilled doctor, who advised me to go to a hospital for treatment, from which I came home with no hope of ever being well again. After two months I grew worse again, and as I had noticed the Vitae-Ore advertisement and that it was given on thirty days' trial, I sent for a package, which I used and sent for more. Vitae-Ore surely worked a great change in me and made me into almost a new woman. I grew so much better that I did all of my own work and was husking corn all that fall, taking the treatment all the time. I still take it occasionally and must say that I have never felt so well in many years. I cured my little four year old girl of Diphtheria this spring by gargling her throat every few minutes with Vitae-Ore for six days. I called in the doctor and showed him the Vitae-Ore and he took his medicine back and said, Vitae-Ore is all right." In nine days she was up and playing around. MRS. H. W. PEIKERT.



Suffered Terribly With Kidneys.

Passed Large Kidney Stones, Had Palpitation of the Heart and Was Always Tired.

EDDY, TEX.—Vitae-Ore has proven to be a wonderful medicine for me. I was terribly bothered with my Kidneys and had tried different kinds of medicine until I had decided that none of them would do me any good. There is no telling how many stones I passed; the last one was mighty large and Oh! so painful. No one can realize what I suffered but those who have had this kind of Kidney trouble. I also had Palpitation of the Heart and could not sleep on my left side at all. It seemed like my heart would jump out through my side. I was always tired and could not do anything I wanted to do.



I saw the Vitae-Ore ad, like a drowning man catches at a straw, and when I read "We leave it to you to judge," I thought it was good enough for me, and wrote for a package. I had used it but a short time when I could tell a difference and when the month was up I sent for more. The second week after I commenced it I got back to doing some of my work and honestly believe that I walked twenty-five miles a day for a week, felt all right and slept well at night. Now I cannot praise Vitae-Ore too much, for it has been a God-send to me. I feel almost like a new man, better than for four years past. I eat well, do my work and sleep on my left side. W. T. CURRY.

CURED OF INDIGESTION.

BRIMSON, GA.—I was sick with Indigestion for five years, not able to do anything but sit and wish for death's relief. I had three of the best doctors, but all shook their heads and said I had it so bad that Heart Trouble had taken hold. I tried Vitae-Ore and in five days I could eat anything and have been in good health ever since. One package cured me two years ago and I have not spent one cent on doctors since. MRS. TULA COWART.

This is Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitae-Ore is, and write today for a **\$1.00 Package On Trial.**

HEALTH IS WORTH TRYING FOR!

It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper and envelope, and writing a short letter or just the coupon. That is all it takes. Just a word asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today" or "My back aches" or "That Rheumatic leg is getting worse" or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, ready and waiting for you to turn and get it, is the remedy that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking.

WRITE FOR IT TODAY!

To the Readers of Comfort

No Offer Has Ever Been Made You that can equal this Vitae-Ore 30-day-trial offer in its fairness, liberality and genuine benefit that may be obtained by old and young. No doctor has ever truthfully offered you treatment on these terms—no other medicine has ever been handed out to you in this manner. It is all in the medicine—its virtues and merit allow us to so offer it. And it is not a new, untried medicine, seeking a reputation, that is being so offered, but a medicine that has been tried and not found wanting, a medicine which numbers its cures by the thousands, which has gained a reputation by its curative work over the entire length and breadth of this nation, as well as in Canada and the British Isles. Send for a package today and try it.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

Use Vitae-Ore For

Rheumatism, any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Piles, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood. Use it if there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your Sleep, your Appetite, your Digestion, Nerves or Vitality. You cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a word to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back Health or pay nothing. Send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments, and start the treatment immediately. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS:

THEO. NOEL COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLS. COMFORT DEPT. VITAE-ORE BLDG.

Use this Coupon

If You Don't Wish To Write A Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen:—I have read your advertisement in COMFORT and want you to send me a full-sized ONE DOLLAR PACKAGE of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay \$1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent:

NAME _____

TOWN _____

Street or Rural Route _____

STATE _____